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PUTTING OUT AT THE SEVENTEENTH HOLE, NORTH BERWICK.

A WORD ABOUT GOLF, GOLFERS, AND GOLF-LINKS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

BY PRICE COLLIER.

GOLF in England is first a game, then an avocation, then a tyranny. A real golfer is not like a cricketer, or a football player, or a yachtsman, or a cyclist. He does not rank with these, for a man is a golfer as another is a lawyer, a soldier, an engineer, or a painter. For one may play golf, as he may play no other game, from his first to his second childhood, and he devotes himself to golf first, and then in his leisure moments, to the church, the state, or to business as the case may be. As a certain Scotch clergyman remarked after a hard day's golf, during which some rather tempestuous expressions escaped him: "Ah, mon, I must give it up!" "What," said his companion, "give up golf!" "Na, na, mon, not golf, the meenistrie!"

It has been the writer's good fortune to play over some of the more famous of the seven or eight hundred golf-links in Scotland and England, and to play with some of the well-known exponents of the game, while breathing the atmosphere where golf has been played for centuries. And there at any rate the first few lines

of this paper will be considered as mere platitude, whatever may be thought of them elsewhere by light-minded and irreverent folk who only know of golf, and think of golf as one among many out-of-door games.

A man's social, moral, religious, and financial status may be of importance in other parts of the world, but at St. Andrews the one standard of measurement is your handicap at the royal and ancient game. You may suspect that this is the state of affairs when you play at Hoylake, or Malvern, or Westward Ho, or even at inconspicuous links like Bridgnorth; but when you play at St. Andrews, or at North Berwick in Scotland, you are convinced that to have played base-ball, football, cricket, or tennis, has been a mistake, and that the years passed in ignorance of golf are years to be lamented and atoned for, representing merely a wasted youth.

St. Andrews, the Mecca of golfers, is some sixty miles from Edinburgh, and stands upon a promontory jutting out into the North Sea. The Episcopal See

of St. Andrews is the oldest in Scotland; the University of St. Andrews, one of whose graduates signed the Declaration of Independence, was founded in 1413, and is the oldest university in Scotland; the Cathedral of St. Andrews was, says legend, erected in honor of St. Regulus, who drifted thither from Greece in a boat without sails or oars, with the relics of St. Andrew in his possession. These facts are from the guide-book, for the writer met only golfers at St. Andrews, none of whom had ever seen or heard of any of these things.

If you are honored with a letter of introduction to the secretary of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews from Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, who has done for golf what Gilbert White did for Selbourne, you are received with open arms—and asked what your handicap is!—for even the friends of Mr. Hutchinson are suspected of some skill at the game all on account of his prowess at, and love for, golf. From the club-house, you may walk a few yards, passing on your way between the first tee and the last green, across to the shop of "Old Tom." "Old Tom" is Tom Morris, the green-keeper of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. He is seventy-five years young, and known and respected, not to say loved, by thousands of golfers all the world over. One may have had much of happiness and much of success in the minor departments of commerce, politics, or literature, but even then to play a round of these historic links, with "Old Tom" as opponent, is to be reckoned as a serious pleasure to be numbered with the best of life's other pleasures. There are audacious writers who undertake to describe golf-links hole by hole; but even if my limited space permitted such treatment of the subject, it is but lost time. The hole that you do in "four," you consider "a good sporting hole," while the hole you do in "eight," has a bad "green" and the bunkers are not judiciously placed, and the lies are deplorable. Hence, what



HORACE HUTCHINSON.

one man describes, the next man denies. The links at St. Andrews, to speak in general terms, are a fine, broad course of short, green grass, with a "burn," into which golf-balls have a fatal tendency to dribble, and many bunkers of sand cunningly placed about each and every hole. Each hole has its peculiar difficulties, and makes a different call upon the skill of the player.

Perhaps a little light may be thrown upon the matter by giving the length of each hole, and then playing a match over the course with "Old Tom" himself.

OUT.

Hole.	Yds.	Tom Morris.	The Duffer.
1st "	352	5	6
2d "	417	6	6
3d "	335	4	5
4th "	367	5	5
5th "	516	5	6
6th "	359	6	8
7th "	340	4	6
8th "	170	4	4
9th "	277	5	5
		44	51

IN.

Hole.	Yds.	Tom Morris.	The Duffer.
1st "	290	4	5
2d "	150	3	3
3d "	333	5	5
4th "	385	5	6
5th "	475	6	6
6th "	375	5	5
7th "	334	4	5
8th "	461	5	7
9th "	387	4	6
		41	48

From this it is seen that "Old Tom" went "out" in 44, and came home in the magnificent score of 41, while the Duffer's performance of "out" in 51, and "home" in 48, is merely put in to show the tyro's measure of the difficulties of the links. But only lately a young professional, Andrew Kirkaldy by name, went round as follows, and this score has never been beaten: Out—4, 6, 3, 5, 4, 5, 4, 3, 4=38. In—4, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 3, 4, 5=34,

or 72 for the round. It was a great day for "Old Tom." It was the first time in many years that the old man had done the nine holes "home" in 41. The writer has played with scores of golfers, Scotch, Irish, English, and American, and every one of them has given him to understand that his very best play "is my form," and his indifferent and bad play, "Off my game; eye isn't in it to-day, don't you know!" But not so, modest "Old Tom." He received the congratulations of the crowd, when they heard his score, with the words: "It's as I was tellin' the gentleman," pointing to me. "I was playin' a bit aboo my game this day!"

Out: 5, 5, 5, 4, 5, 3, 4, 5, 4 = 40
In: 3, 4, 4, 4, 5, 2, 4, 4, 5 = 35

Score for the round, . . . 75

The holes are respectively:

OUT.		IN.	
1st hole,	313 yds.	1st hole,	273 yds.
2d "	466 "	2d "	300 "
3d "	440 "	3d "	363 "
4th "	243 "	4th "	260 "
5th "	300 "	5th "	382 "
6th "	270 "	6th "	266 "
7th "	333 "	7th "	380 "
8th "	510 "	8th "	450 "
9th "	246 "	9th "	300 "



CLUB-HOUSE AT ST. ANDREWS. PUTTING OUT AT THE LAST HOLE.

When you have played a match at St. Andrews with "Old Tom," there are still other things to do and to see in Golfland, but nothing with quite the historic interest of that. Still, the three days of golf at North Berwick, on the newly-extended links there, have a flavor of their own. The very first hole at North Berwick, with a huge, yawning sand-bunker one hundred yards away from the tee, and the hole, 313 yards in length on the top of a hill, is a prospect to put one on his mettle. Here it was the Duffer's singular good fortune to be playing a match with the local professional, Ben Sayers, when he made the record for these links. The score by holes was as follows:

Even men who know not the difference between a "niblick" and a "divot" must concede that to cover these 3 miles and 815 yards of ground, and to put a small gutta-percha ball into eighteen different holes, with all sorts of obstacles in front of them while doing it, all in seventy-five strokes, is a feat requiring unusual powers.

It may be seen from the excellent illustrations of the links at North Berwick, that Sayers is a very short man; but his driving power, though not phenomenal as that of Taylor, Mr. Tait, or Mr. Macfie, is still well above the average, while his putting, at least on the occasion of this match, was simply infallible, and

made an opponent feel "creepy," as though other than mere human golfing were behind it.

It is of the links at North Berwick that Mr. Hutchinson writes: "There is no better school for 'approaching' in the world. Accordingly, we see that North Berwick has developed probably the best approacher with the pitching shot off a mashy, in the golfing world—namely, Mr. J. E. Laidlay." This was written, however, before the links at North Berwick had been extended. Now these links offer quite as valuable a school for the longer shots with the wooden weapons as for approaching.

It was here at North Berwick that the writer had the honor to make the acquaintance of another celebrated golfer, the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour. Scotch golfers will forgive us for saying that this gentleman brings, perhaps, as much celebrity to golf as golf gives him, but even this is heresy. For in Scotland all his fame as philosopher, as statesman, as Irish Secretary, is attributed to the fact that he plays golf. The patient, persistent evenness of temper, which alone makes the good golfer, laid the foundation, so goes the Scotch verdict, for the universal popularity which distinguishes Mr. Balfour. Even the Irishmen like him, and liked him in spite of themselves when he was Irish Secretary, and no man can receive a more comprehensive tribute to his tireless good humor than this. Here, too, the editor of the London Times, Mr. Buckle, was taking a fortnight's holiday, and seemed as much elated with his victory over the Duffer—it was one of my "off days"—as though he had overthrown a government. He was 'playin' a bit aboo his game" that afternoon, I fancy, but he did not confess as much.

At North Berwick, so many are the players in a season, that one must needs put his name down in the "starter's" book, at least a day in advance, in order to get off at all. The first tee is surrounded from morning to night by a crowd of waiting golfers and interested spectators. A man's nerves must be of the steadiest when he addresses his ball for the first shot. He may not unlikely hear comments, sotto voce, upon his grip, his "stance," his distance from the ball,

etc., etc., which render his position still more trying. Nor are the Scotch caddies chary of giving a man their honest opinion of his play. "Andy," a weather-beaten Scotchman of sixty, who had caddied for half a century, was of a particularly frank temper. He had none of the humility of the servant, rather did he esteem himself as a companion-in-arms who carried clubs, and advised, for the nonce, instead of playing. "That was a bad shot; I must be a little off it to-day," with a smile seeking sympathy. "Yes, sir," was the gruff reply, "that last was a dom bad shot, to be sure!" Whether it was that ignorance of the nomenclature of the game, or a joke at the expense of such gruff-spoken caddies as "Andy," is not known, but an English newspaper, published in the provinces, announced on one occasion that certain constituents of Mr. Balfour had presented him with a "full set of silver-plated caddies," as a recognition of his services to them, and of his love for Scotland's national game.

One may continue his journey and his visits to Scotch links almost indefinitely. There are Prestwick, and Elie, the home-



LESLIE BALFOUR-MELVILLE, THE PRESENT AMATEUR CHAMPION.



TOM MORRIS GREEN-KEEPER AT ST. ANDREWS, DRIVING OFF. THE BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE ST. ANDREWS CLUB-HOUSE.

green of that famous driver, Douglas Roland, Aberdeen, Dornoch, and scores more. At each and all the stranger is given a cordial welcome, and may have as much golf as he likes.

But there are caddies, and golf, and good golf, too, over the border in England. As good a place to begin with as any, is the Royal Liverpool Golf Club at Hoylake, close to Liverpool. The American devotee of the game who lands at Liverpool, may, if he likes, be playing golf on these beautiful links an hour after he comes down the gang-plank from his steamer. Here he will find, what is so rare at home, namely, the largest and truest putting-greens in the world. Hoylake is the home of Mr. John Ball, Jr., and when one has seen these putting-greens and Mr. Ball at play upon them and up to them, he has seen perhaps the most skilful, certainly the most graceful, exposition of the game that he will see anywhere. These links being near the sea, as are the links of St. Andrews, North Berwick, Prestwick, Westward Ho,

and all the really first-rate links, the soil is of that sandy, smooth, short-grassed texture which golf demands. These links are not so long by several hundred yards as the links at St. Andrews or North Berwick, but they are not lacking in difficulties, and they offer that best of all rewards to the golfers, namely, a perfect putting-green at every hole to crown his efforts in getting there. The professional record for these links is seventy-three, and Mr. John Ball, Jr., has done them in a private match in seventy-two. On St. Andrew's Day, December 3, 1892, the following was Mr. Ball's official score: Out—6, 3, 3, 6, 3, 4, 3, 5, 4=37; In—5, 4, 4, 5, 6, 3, 5, 5, 4=41, or 78 for the round. The length of the holes is as follows:

OUT.		IN.	
1st hole,	400 yds.	10th hole,	560 yds.
2d "	270 "	11th "	360 "
3d "	290 "	12th "	100 "
4th "	420 "	13th "	460 "
5th "	160 "	14th "	390 "

6th "	240 "	15th "	170 "
7th "	210 "	16th "	350 "
8th "	500 "	17th "	320 "
9th "	430 "	18th "	400 "

The scenery all about St. Andrews, North Berwick, Hoylake, Eltham, Malvern, Westward Ho, and at some of the less known links, such as Hagley, Carnarvon, Mitcham, Ludlow, Llandudno, is picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. The links by the sea have perhaps the advantage in this respect, but some of the inland links where you play over the emerald green fields shaded by great oak-trees, with a glimpse of a ruin or a castle here and there, are attractive enough to the stranger. Nowadays there are links everywhere in England, and links of all kinds. Within a radius of three and a half miles from the Victoria station, London, there are more than thirty links, and more links making every year, so great has been the growth in popularity of the game within the last three years. And probably each of these seven hundred and more golf clubs has its devotees and admirers who know every inch of the course, and hold that whatever the advantages of other links their own have their compensating charms of difficulty.

To the American readers who are prone to spend too much upon their pleasures, it may be of interest to have the facts as to the actual expenditure required for the game on a small scale. At Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, there is a nine-hole course, not a good one, but still not so bad but what one may learn to play the game there. The lease of the field over which the course is laid costs one hundred dollars a year. The club-house or pavilion, a simple affair of wood, with a room for the ladies, another for lunching, and another containing lockers, notice-boards, etc., costs about three hundred dollars. One can buy remade balls for from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half a dozen,—quite good enough for

all practise play,—and the best new balls for two dollars and seventy-five cents a dozen. Wooden clubs cost about one dollar and a half, and iron clubs one dollar and twenty-cents a piece, unless you go in for peculiar makes and special shapes, and it is the general experience that eccentricity in golf clubs is mostly confined to dealers and duffers. A man ought to be able to have his golf at a cost of about as follows:

Membership fee, ten dollars (five dollars second and succeeding years); six dozen remade and four dozen new balls, sixteen dollars; clubs, fifteen dollars; repairs to clubs, ten dollars (growing less and less expensive as one improves his play and learns to care for his own clubs); caddies, one dollar a week for thirty weeks, thirty dollars; and for these eighty-one dollars a year, or call it seven dollars a month, a man gets more wholesome exercise, more good temper, and more self-control, than for any other equivalent outlay known to man. Links of this humble description there are all over England and Scotland, and links such as these can be provided and



J. H. TAYLOR, THE OPEN CHAMPION.

kept in running order at a small expense to each one wherever there is even a small company of golfers. The short grass, well-trodden greens, and the perfectly true putting-greens, only time and much play can furnish, but one can have good golf without these.

The gravest danger to the game is that the niceties, the etiquette, of the game will be walked over, and walked through rough-shod, by neophytes who only know of golf as an exercise in smiting small spheres of gutta percha. Touching your ball, or anything growing near it; pushing instead of striking, especially with the putter; grounding the club in a bunker; moving or talking while your opponent is addressing his ball for a shot; asking childishly, "Is that a stroke?" when you have missed or "foozled" a shot; walking on ahead when you have made your shot without waiting for

your adversary to make his—these and other elementary rules that every man should master who proposes to play the game—these are more destructive, far more destructive, of good golf than tees and greens however bad.

In Scotland, and for the most part in England, the game is played with the same becoming courtesy, and with the same strict observance of the spirit of the rules that obtain amongst sound whist players. It is a game which is peculiarly unfitted to be played haphazard, without regard to its rules and traditions, and when thus played, is no more golf than playing marbles is playing billiards. It is true that the St. Andrew rules are here and there defective, particularly as regards "Foursome" play, and there is a movement on foot in England now—to which, if it comes to any thing, we Americans ought to send a representative—to codify the rules and to solve some of the problems now agitating the half a million golfers more or less in England and Scotland. But say what one will of the rules, it may be assumed with certainty that no body of mortal men will ever make a set of rules for this very intricate game that some men will not find fault with. Some men play for years without a dispute or a quarrel, other men never play a match where a criminal lawyer could keep the peace between them and their opponents.

It depends more upon the player than upon the rules, whether a match reaches a satisfactory conclusion or not; and good as the game is, one might rather wish it had never been introduced, than that it should breed the hobbledohoy discord that now exists as to foot-ball. If, as seems to be the case, we must have a Dunraven in every college, let us at least keep that element out of this new game, and take our lickings, and our victories, like men, and not like a parcel of bumpkin school-boys. It is a Scotchman, famous as a novelist, who puts into the mouth of one of his heroes the words: "Mon, the great art is to keep clear o' fechtin' till ye canna' help it. An' then—why, then—dinna' mak' twa jobs o't." That sentiment holds good in golf as in life. If your opponent will not play the game, then refuse to play with him, but "dinna mak' twa jobs o't" by wrangling with him at, and over the game. Such players

as Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, the present amateur champion, Mr. Tait, Mr. John Ball, Jr., Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Macfie, Mr. Mure Fergusson, Mr. Hilton, and many other less well-known players among the gentlemen; and Tom Morris, Roland, Taylor, Sayers, Herd, Kirkaldy, Toogood, and many more among the professional players, would consider it as entirely beneath their dignity to have the least semblance of a dispute, no matter how important the match. Indeed it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that golf is not a game for tricks, and jockeying, and underhand methods. Much of its popularity as a game, and much of its inherent attractiveness, are due to the fact that it is either a gentleman's game or no game at all.

After a man has played a few years, he realizes that golf differs from every other game, in that he plays to beat his own game even more than to beat his ad-



LADY MARGARET SCOTT, CHAMPION LADY GOLFER, 1894-95-96.

versary, hence the element of personal collision is almost wholly eliminated, and only the most cantankerous duffer finds it necessary to be on a footing of outspoken defiance with his adversary.

It is the writer's misfortune that he has seen as yet but little of American golf and American golfers. But study of the scores of the various matches played here, and the little that he has seen and been told, leads him to believe that with the exception of perhaps ten of the leading American amateur players, such players as Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. John Ball, Jr., Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, and others in England, are from a half to a stroke a hole better than our best men.

So far as the lady golfers are concerned, there is little doubt but that Lady Margaret Scott, the English lady champion, entirely outclasses the best Americans,

and would give any of our amateur players all they could do to beat her. She drives a long ball, her approaching is remarkably accurate, and she knows how to put—that most effective, least conspicuous, and most generally ignored of all the strokes at the game.

He is a wise man who learns to play golf while youth lasts, for when age comes with stiffer muscles, slower blood, and fewer opportunities for physical excitement and exercise, golf will stand him in good stead. For golf has the unique advantage

of being a game that a man may play with his cotemporaries, with his children, and with his grandchildren, and still be none the less interesting on account of difference in the age and skill of his opponents. For no matter how many years a man may play, he has always first and foremost that most unruly and most difficult of all adversaries to beat—himself.



MR. JOHN BALL, JR., MAKING AN APPROACH SHOT.

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VICISSITUDES OF THE DEAD.

BY ELEANOR LEWIS.

THERE is one subject which the wise and the most ignorant alike are bound to consider once, if no oftener, in the course of their lives—the subject of death. Wherever there is life there also is its antithesis. If the village of the living nestles at the foot of the hill, on the slope above it rise the white stones of its alter ego, the village of the dead. The great city throbs with vigorous life,—at its gates, the silent majority sleeps in peace;—always the two nations—the living and the dead.

But "who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?" says Sir Thomas Browne in that magnificent piece of English called "A Treatise on Urn Burial." The sepulchers of the Pharaohs have given up their dead, the great Rameses with his historic physiognomy almost unchanged, still Seti I., majestically serene. The ashes of a Cæsar have come to light, the earrings of Aristotle's daughter have been found with her dust, and who knows but excavations yet to be may reveal the relics of Helen of Troy.

The remains of Edward the Confessor were first disturbed about thirty-six years after his death in order to settle the vexed question of his incorruptibility in the flesh. They were found, if the witnesses may be trusted, in perfect preservation, the flesh white, the fingers flexible, the beard (from which Bishop Gundulf extracted one hair) hoary and long. After reverently gazing on the body, the monks wrapped it in a splendid new mantle and replaced it in the grave, reserving the old mantle for copes.

Often as the story of William the Conqueror's death and burial has been told, it retains to the full its picturesqueness to say nothing of its tremendous moral of "Justice is mine: I will repay." His death was the direct result of his own crime: his six, or rather seven, feet of earth were denied to him by the man from whom he had iniquitously taken it, and he lay unregarded in his coffin on the pavement until the payment of sixty shillings secured him a grave. Some four hundred years later the tomb was opened at the instance of a bishop of Bayeux, and the body found entire. The bishop was so much impressed by its appearance that before closing the coffin he had a painting made of the remains, a painting unluckily long since



THE MUMMY OF SETI I. IN THE MUSEUM AT BOULAK.

destroyed. The next visitors were a party of Calvinists in 1562. By this time the corpse was reduced to bones, which the soldiers, after wrecking the tomb, threw out into the church. Collected again by the monks, they were placed under a new monument which, in its turn, was destroyed at the time of the French Revolution.

Henry I. died near Lyons, and had one of those multifarious interments to which the great, but more especially the saintly deceased, were liable during the middle ages. His bowels, tongue, heart, eyes, and brain were buried in St. Mary de Prato; "the body sliced and poudred

tions they were under to this monarch, melted down the silver balustrade in order to contribute to the ransom of St. Louis, then a captive among pagans.

Not ungrateful surely were the monks of Rouen. What better could they do than ransom a live crusader with the useless splendor of a dead one? Richard himself might have approved the deed, and, though the balustrade was gone, the heart, the chief treasure, remained. In 1842 it was exhumed entire although withered out of all semblance to its original form. To-day it has become a mere pinch of dust, and, enclosed in a glass box, may be seen in a museum of Rouen.



CAST TAKEN FROM GERONIMO'S DEATH PLACE.

with salt, was wrapped in a bull-hide," and carried to England. It was deposited in Reading Abbey, whence, at the Dissolution, it was thrown out and the fragments scattered.

Fontevrault received the body of Richard Plantagenet, Châlons (where he died) his bowels, and Rouen his *cœur-de-lion*. Enclosed in a leaden box, this "*cor inestimable*"—as his epitaph phrased it—was buried in the Cathedral, to the right of the high altar, under a stately monument formerly encompassed with a balustrade of silver. In the year 1250, the dean, canons, and chapter of Rouen, ungratefully forgetting the great obliga-

The remains of Edward IV., who died in 1483, were examined in 1879, and found in fair preservation. A lock of his long hair, somewhat faded, was cut off, and is now to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum. It shows, says Frank Buckland, "what a long time human hair will resist decay."

The body of Richard III., found naked and defaced on the field of Bosworth, was for two days exposed in Leicester town hall before being buried in Greyfriars. At the Dissolution it was flung out, and the stone coffin was long used as a horse-trough.

Henry IV. and his queen were buried in

Canterbury Cathedral. Fifty or more years ago the grave was opened, and the discovery of his undeniable remains put an end forever to the report that on their way from France (where he died) to England they had been thrown overboard by the sailors in order to produce a calm.

Isabelle de Valois, the child wife of Richard II., was interred at Blois, but removed to Paris in the sixteenth century, when her body was found in a remarkable state of preservation. Her sister Katharine, also for a brief space queen of England, was little regarded there after her *mésalliance* with Owen Tudor. So badly confined was her delicate frame that its bones were visible nearly two hundred years after her death; and Pepys, touching the skull with his lips, could boast of having kissed a queen. To the reverent antiquarianism of Dean Stanley she owes, "after so many years and so many vicissitudes," her final resting-place.

James IV. of Scotland, who married a sister of Henry VIII., was found dead on Flodden Field, and, according to Scott, "not committed to the tomb . . . being under a sentence of excommunication, so that no priest dared perform the funeral service." The body, therefore, was embalmed and sent to Sheen. At the Dissolution, this monastery was given to

the Duke of Suffolk, and the corpse, in its lapping of lead, thrown into a lumber-room where some workmen, says Stow, "for their foolish pleasure, hewed off the head; and one Lancelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, carried it home on account of its sweet embalming spices." Wearying at last of his novel scent-bag, he had it buried.

Henry VIII. has enjoyed undeserved repose beside Jane Seymour at Windsor. His last wife, Catherine Parr, who died in 1548, was disinterred in 1782. A square opening in the lead revealed the gentle lady, "wrapt in six or seven cerecloths of linen, entire and uncorrupted." The following year the coffin was again opened, but the previous incision had let in the air, and the corpse was greatly decayed. Once more, in 1799, it was opened, disclosing this time mere bones and dust.

No one has been bold enough to disturb Elizabeth; and Mary Stuart also has been left since death in such peace as her lifetime never knew, her translation from Peterborough to Westminster Abbey being the only break in her rest. There is, however, one post-mortem memorial, a portrait of her head after execution, which is still preserved at Abbotsford. Doubts have been cast on its authenticity,



THE TOMB OF VALENTINE BALBIANI.



ROMAN FUNERAL CAR AS SHOWN BY A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

and it has been objected that the portrait represents a beautiful woman with luxuriant hair, whereas Mary herself had grown old, and fat, and gray; that no one would have been permitted to paint the portrait, and that there is no proof that it was ever painted. All the same, it might have been painted, for it is known that one of the queen's ladies had a relative, an artist, who was in Fotheringay at the time of the execution. It is also known that Mary's body lay several days unburied in an upper room of the castle. There is, therefore, every likelihood that the painting was made as a last memorial for his kinswoman of the mistress she had loved. But his respect for royalty would naturally dictate certain changes. He would depict her not in the gray hair which was unfamiliar to all, but in the auburn wig with which she was accustomed to cover it, which she actually wore the last day of her life, which fell off as her head rolled on the scaffold, and which is still preserved in a collection in France. On her fallen head, moreover, he would place the crown which was hers by right. For the rest, there is in the portrait not only an air of verisimilitude, but a certain terrifying, Medusa-like beauty, most unforgettable and strange.

Mary's grandson, Charles I., was beheaded in 1648-49, and buried, after some dispute, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. As no monument marked the spot, doubts gradually arose; but these were settled

in 1813 by the discovery of his coffin. After detaching the cerecloth and resinous matter, the head, which was separate, was raised for view. The muscles and skin were entire, the nose and one eye had fallen in, but the other eye was full. The pointed beard, the hair, the long oval of the face recalled vividly the royal portraits; while the sharp cut through the cervical vertebræ, and the retracted muscles were additional proofs of its identity.

James II., well sealed in lead, lay long in the Benedictine Convent, Paris, awaiting the day when he might rest with his ancestors in Westminster Abbey. Miss Strickland says that lights were kept burning around his hearse until the Revolution, when the church was desecrated and the coffin appropriated for the sake of the lead. The body was so well preserved, and the people were so anxious to see it, that the authorities charged a fee for admission. A young lady who was a prisoner in the convent wanted one of the teeth as a relic, and a friend tried to get it for her; but they were so firmly embedded in the jaw that he was unable to do so. The body lay in a lumber-room until the Allies entered Paris, when George IV., with a respect for his unfortunate ancestor that does him credit, had it removed to St. Germain, and there finally interred.

From this time down the English sovereigns have had peaceful graves, and no doubt will continue to have them unless



From a drawing by Palmarelli.

THE REMAINS OF CHARLES V.

another revolution should again convulse society. Such post-mortem vagaries as have been described would ill consort with the equable routine of English royalty to-day.

Heads sat but lightly on men's shoulders a few centuries ago, and "the bosom's lord" was never certain of remaining in its case. Sir Thomas More's decapitated head was preserved until her death by his daughter, Sir Walter Raleigh's by his widow. The heart of Bruce traveled from Scotland to Spain, from Spain back to Scotland, and was buried at last in Melrose Abbey, although his body lies in Dunfermline.

Lord Chesterfield's skeleton, according to "Notes and Queries," was found "reclining on a white satin coverlet, the cranium propped up on a cushion of the same material, with a courtly air of repose which was very remarkable, and which made a great impression on those who were present."

I do not know whether that splendid courtier, the first Duke of Buckingham, has ever been disturbed in his grave; but there is a strangely interesting post-mortem memorial of him in the form of a portrait by Van Dyck.

He is painted in the state the assassin's knife left him. The hair falls loosely, out of curl, around the bloodless face, looking darker than in life against its pallor; the lips droop painfully; the lids lie heavy on the eyes; all sentience, all expression, is washed out. What a contrast to the brilliant, animated, spark-

ling countenance which from its niche in the Uffizi looks down upon us with such fire of life in its pictured semblance! Surely, "'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures that, in a moment, can so disfigure us that our nearest friends . . . stand afraid and start at us."

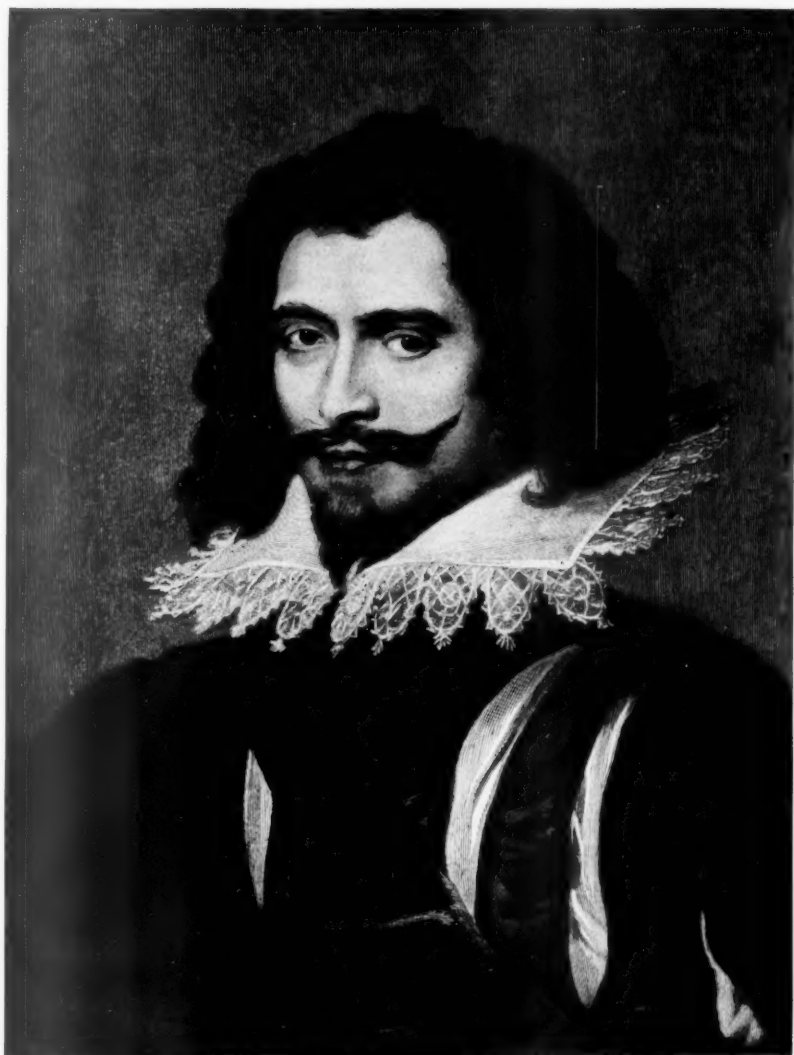
The post-mortem adventures of French sovereigns have been no less varied than those of their English brethren—as a few instances will show. Charlemagne died in 814, and was interred sitting in a chair of state, like the Cid of famous memory. His gold-hilted sword was girt to his side; the Gospels in gold letters were placed in his nerveless hand; on his head was the imperial crown with a piece of the true cross inserted; on his face a sudarium, on his lap a pilgrim's wallet, under his rich robes a haircloth shirt; before him, on the wall of his roomy sepulcher, hung the gold scepter and shield which had been blessed by Pope Leo III.

For two hundred years this stately repose was unbroken; then Otho III. opened the tomb and removed the wood of the true cross for his own benefit and the scepter and crown for future coronations. A hundred and fifty years later it was again opened by Frederick Barbarossa, and this time the remains were coffined and placed in a new tomb.

During the sixteenth century a form of monument was fashionable which curiously illustrates the merciless realism of the age. When the Court could gather as at a festival to see Salcède dismembered, or view the mutilated trunk of Coligny on its gibbet; when Marguerite d'Angoulême could write the *Heptameron*; when Marguerite de Valois kept the embalmed head of a lover in her closet, and Diane de Poitiers sat nude, save a necklace, for her portrait—in an age like this, the last act of all was not likely to be glossed over. Perhaps, too, in blazoning forth the unlovely reality of death, there was some idea of atonement, of moral sackcloth, so to say. However this may be, we find every now and then some great personage who was not content to have the usual portrait-statue on his tomb. To satisfy him, a sharper moral must be drawn. First of all, therefore, he had himself carved reclining upon a marble



From a painting by Van Dyck.
THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AFTER DEATH.



From a painting by Rubens.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

canopy, strong, beautiful, and splendid, as in life; then beneath this, in sharpest contrast, a carving of his nude, emaciated body, his haggard features—"foul with the grave's disgrace."

"Behold me," he seems to say, "magnificent in my armor, my robes of state, my jewels, one great among the great, one to be revered and feared by other

clay. Now look below: still you see myself, but a self how altered, stripped of all disguises, subject to mortality, clay, like the beggar's at my gate.

In this twofold guise were represented Louis XII. and Anne de Bretagne, François I., and good Queen Claude, Henri II., and Catherine de Medici. It was particularly noted of the first, that their statues

possessed "si grande verité d'exécution, qu'on a même figuré sur le basventre les incisions qui servent à l'embaumement." The monument of Valentine Balbiani differs from those just mentioned in being in bas-relief. The delicacy and finish of its execution are something marvelous.

The most startling revelation of the deceased royalty in France was when the tombs at St. Denis were violated in the fall of 1793. By command of the Convention, the bones were exhumed, all valuables removed, and the lead of the coffins cast into balls. Lenoir, the loving antiquary, watched in anguish the work of destruction. He was unable to preserve the royal bodies, but his protests at least availed to save their monuments. To his care moreover we owe an accurate description of the dead, a frieze of historic figures, in grim caricature of life.

Dagobert, the great Merovingian, and his wife Mathilde, whose dust had mingled peacefully for twelve centuries, were very rudely dispossessed. Pepin, the Carolingian, father of Charlemagne, was a mere pinch of ashes, and scattered in a second. Louis XIII. was a well-preserved mummy; Louis XIV. a black, shapeless lump. Apropos of the latter, it seems that his engraved coffin-plate was utilized by some provident citizen as the bottom for a dripping-pan. In this guise, rusted and smutty, it was discovered a few years ago by the director of the Cluny Museum, and promptly removed to a more honorable place. The name and titles of the "Roi-Soleil," covered with lard, in a common bourgeois kitchen.—Could the force of contrast go further?

Louis XV., who died of malignant smallpox, was a mass of corruption which only just missed being fatal to the vandals that dislodged him. The mummied heads of Du Guesclin, Louis

XIII., and François I., were broken off and rolled, by way of balls, over the floor.

Henri IV., who had been carefully embalmed, preserved his historic physiognomy unchanged, and was still sufficiently dear to impose some restraint upon the people. "Placed in the choir, at the foot of the altar," says Lamartine, "he received, dead, the respectful homage of the mutilators of royalty." Lenoir describes picturesquely the enthusiasm of a soldier who was present. Cutting a long strand from the king's beard,—"I too am a French soldier," he exclaimed; "henceforth I will wear no moustache but this." Then, placing the precious strand on his upper lip,—

"Now I am sure of conquering the enemies of France! I shall march to victory!" In spite of popular enthusiasm, however, the good king was eventually thrown into a ditch with the others and covered with quicklime.

Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. were interred like paupers in the cemetery of the Madeleine, were disinterred later by the Royalists, and buried in the renovated St. Denis. On the spot where the widow Capet and her husband had lain, in



THE HEAD OF FIESCHI.

coffins that cost seven francs, an expiatory chapel was raised.

In the treatise already mentioned, Sir Thomas Browne alludes briefly to the discovery of Theseus's remains as described by Plutarch and their translation to Athens; also to Alexander's opening the tomb of Cyrus, and Augustus opening that of Alexander. The first was a great national event, like bringing Napoleon's body from St. Helena to France. In each instance, the hero's remains were transported with great splendor at the expense of the nation and reverently deposited in a grand mausoleum. Plutarch's only comment on the state of the Greek's body is that the bones were unusually



From a painting by M. Cortegiani.

"SOME OF THE MORE RECENT ARRIVALS STILL HAVE FRIENDS."

large and that beside them lay a lance and sword. On the other hand, the account of the first Napoleon's disinterment is minute and deeply interesting, with an element of peculiar pathos in the fact that some of those present had known and loved him. The sight of his well-known features, so little altered, was to them like a resurrection of the dead; their emotion was intense.

It was only just that to the remains of Alexander should be meted the same inquisitive inspection he had bestowed on his predecessor. Being as splendid in ashes as in life, he was interred in a coffin of gold. But as gold in any shape has wings, the coffin vanished with the speed of Mahomet's, and was replaced by one of glass, in which Augustus saw the body some centuries later. He does not seem to have been satisfied with merely seeing it through the glass, for Dion Cassius reports that he passed his hand

over the dead man's face and that at his touch the nose crumbled into dust. Accidents will happen, but one does not envy Augustus at this moment. It was an imperial anti-climax.

The fate of Montrose's heart makes a romantic tale. During his too brief life he had promised it to the wife of his nephew, the second Lord Napier. After the execution his mangled remains were exposed in the four chief cities of Scotland, but

when Charles II. came to the throne they were collected and interred with much solemnity in the Cathedral of St. Giles. Meanwhile Lady Napier had obtained the heart, had had it embalmed, and placed it in a case made out of his sword. This steel case was enclosed in a second of gold filigree, and this again in a silver urn.

From Lady Napier the relic passed to the young Marquis of Montrose, who lost it while in Flanders. Many years afterward



A DRAWING OF THE HEAD OF CHARLES I., MADE WHEN HIS COFFIN WAS OPENED IN 1813.

a friend recognized it in the collection of a Dutch gentleman and restored it to the rightful owner. We next hear of it as bequeathed to the mother of Sir Alexander Johnston. She, with her husband and child accompanied the English fleet to India, were attacked en route by a French squadron, were all three wounded, and the filigree box containing the heart was shattered to bits by a splinter. But steel outwears gold, and the sword of Montrose was invincible still. The heart's next adventure was in India, where it was supposed by the natives to be some wonderful talisman, and was appropriated for the sake of its virtues. An English gentleman paid the appropriator quite a large sum for the relic, but on learning the circumstances restored it to the family. Another ocean voyage with its

Sijena. When in 1565 his tomb was opened, the body appeared in such a remarkable state of preservation that a painting of it was made by order of Philip II.

Carlos el Malo, who died in Pamplona, 1386, willed different portions of his body to different churches and convents. They have met with the oblivion their nonentity deserved—all except the heart, which still may be seen in its silver case.

Charles I. (Charles V. of Germany) died in 1558, and was interred in the Escorial. At the completion of the Pantheon, 1654, his body was transferred to it, and found to be unchanged. The coffin was again opened by Carlos III. to gratify the curiosity of Beckford, the eccentric author of *Vathek*, and yet again in 1869, by the ministers of the Revolution. On the lat-



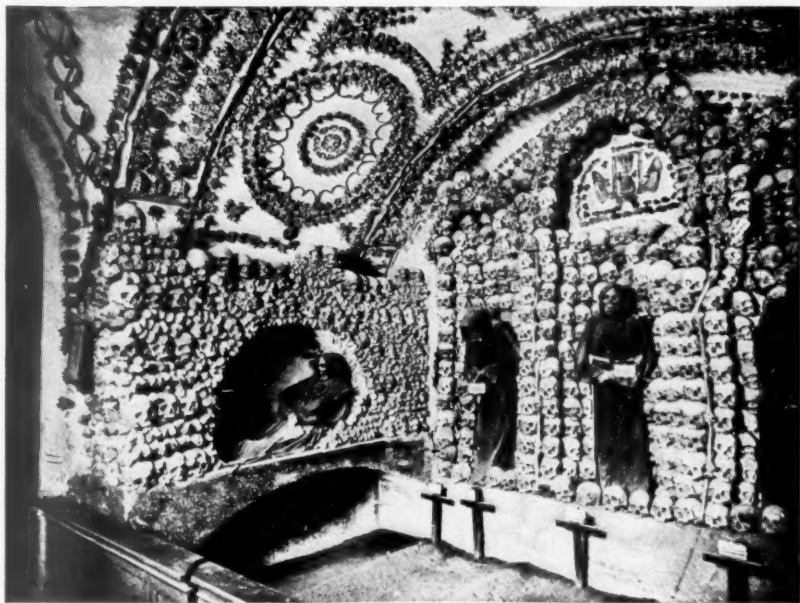
THE SACRISTY OF SAN DOMENICO IN NAPLES.

guardians brought it back from India to Europe; then it migrated to France; there, during the Reign of Terror, was a third time lost, and from that day to this has not been heard of.

There have been similar postscripts in the history of Spanish monarchs, from the time of the Cid to the present day. Pedro II., of Aragon,—“*flor de los reyes, honor del reino, esplendor de la tierra, adorno del mundo, soberano liberal y el mas llorado y planido de todos*,”—fell at the battle of Muret, and was buried in

ter occasion Signor Palmaroli made the faithful drawing of the remains which is here reproduced. It confirms in every point the traditional description of the emperor: “broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, very muscular in the arms and legs;”—the forehead broad, nose a crooked aquiline, and the under jaw “protruding so far beyond the other that the teeth could not meet.”

The Norman sovereigns of Sicily rest with grand simplicity in plain, massive sarcophagi of granite in the cathedrals of Palermo and Monreale. Tarallo, in his account of the royal sepulchers, says that the coffin of Frederick II. was opened in 1871, and that the body appeared in perfect preservation, clothed, one above the other, in three rich tunics, which had been



THE CEMETERY OF THE CAPUCHINS IN ROME.

presented by Saracen Sicilians to Otho IV. in the year 1211.

In striking contrast with these dignified Normans, the Aragonese dynasty are for the most part deposited in leather-bound trunks or chests, and ranged on shelves in the sacristy of San Domenico Maggiore. In their dusty shabbiness they seem like boxes long forgotten by their owners,—no longer even worth selling at auction.

The Medici too have been spied upon within their splendid tombs. Catherine de Medici's father and the murdered duke, Alessandro, appeared reduced to mere dust and bones, while Cosimo I. with his fatal dagger, Eleonora di Toledo, and Francesco I. were apparently as fresh as when first buried.

It is impossible to leave Italy without some allusion to those strange collections of mortality in the vaults of the Cappuccini at Palermo and Rome. A visit to either on the eve of All Souls is a thing to remember so long as life lasts. The lights flaring dimly through lanterns of bone reveal on one side the shriveled, hideous dead, on the other, the bright throng of the living. Many bodies hang

like malefactors from the wall; others lie either confined or unconfined upon shelves. The majority are shabby and forgotten; some of the more recent arrivals still have friends, who perform for them a posthumous toilet, and offer them fresh flowers.

In the Cappuccini at Palermo, the dead of both sexes are mummied; in the Roman Cappuccini, with a few exceptions, it is only the bones of deceased brothers that are preserved. These are arranged in all manner of curious devices.

An interesting and authentic relic was discovered at Algiers some years ago. Haedo, a Spanish Benedictine, had published a book (1612) in which he recounted circumstantially the martyrdom of an Arab convert called Geronimo. In the spring of 1559 the young man was captured by pirates and given as a slave to the Pacha. He was treated harshly on account of his faith, but refused to recant. One day while examining his rising fort, the Pacha ordered a mold for concrete to be left empty. "I have a mind," said he, "to make concrete of that dog of Oran who refuses to come back to the faith of Islam." And he did so. Tied hand and foot, Geronimo was placed face

downward in the mold, and the earth filled in above him (September 18, 1559).

Tradition had steadily pointed to a certain block in the wall as the matrix of the unlucky Arab; and on the destruction of the fort in 1853 the tradition was verified. A cast of the body was obtained by the process which Fiorelli has used so effectively at Pompeii, and may be seen by whoever cares in the little museum at Algiers. The distinctively Arab type of the martyr's physiognomy is clearly shown, as is also a fracture of the dorsal ribs where, according to tradition, a renegade Spaniard had jumped upon the dying man to tread down as he said, the concrete.

Thus again, and yet again, does the grave give up its trust, the prying present stand face to face with the solemn past. The story repeats itself—the same feelings sway its hearers. From Henri III. mourning his lady-love in garments trimmed with death-heads, and Ninon de l'Enclos carrying an ivory memento mori in her revels, to the masses of black in which we swathe our grief to-day; from Augustus examining the dead Alexander, to the this-day resurrection of the Pharaohs and their final sepulture

in museums—human nature is the same. We fear death and we long for it; we forget it, and we fear to forget it.

After all, there is something more than mere idle curiosity, there is a touch of real feeling to humanize our theme. From the shabby prehistoric skull to the dishonored head of Fieschi; from the blackened Pharaohs and contorted molds of Pompeii, down to the beloved or indifferent dead of to-day; these were all our brothers and sisters. The burden of mortality lay on them as upon us; the path they trod, we now are treading; like them we shall leave our "outworn shells by life's unresting sea."



THE REMAINS OF CATHERINE PARR AS SHOWN BY A DRAWING MADE AT THE TIME OF OPENING THE LEAD CASKET IN 1782.



CATACOMB OF THE CAPUCHINS AT PALERMO.



From a photograph by Sarony.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON.

THE LYCEUM.

BY JAMES B. POND.

THE Lyceum platform stands for ability, genius, education, reform, entertainment. On it the greatest readers, orators, and thinkers have stood. On it reform has found her noblest advocates, literature her finest expression, progress her bravest pleaders, and humor its happiest translations. The most gifted, highly educated, and warmest-hearted men and women of the English-speaking race, have in the last forty years given their best efforts to the Lyceum, and by noble utterances not only made its platform historic, but symbolic, of talent, education, genius, and reform.

Such was the Lyceum a quarter of a century ago, and more so twenty years ago, not so much so fifteen years ago, much less ten years ago, until at the present writing it remains only in name. Until the Redpath Lyceum Bureau was founded by James Redpath in Boston, in

1869, lecture committees were in the habit of applying to lecturers or readers direct. These committees were usually made up from the leading citizens of the town, with a view to securing the services of the ablest men and women of letters for the entertainment of their public. The fee was generally nominal, sufficient however to cover the actual expenses of the star, and furnish a small honorarium. Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Garrison, Sumner, Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, Bayard Taylor, Frederick Douglass, Chapin, Beecher, Julia Ward Howe, Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, were the principal men and women of letters obtainable on these conditions.

Among the great readers were George Vandenhoff, James E. Murdoch,—famous Shaksperian actors in their day,—Professor Churchill, of Andover : Prof. R. R.

Raymond, and Charlotte Cushman. All of these were attractions wherever they appeared. Mr. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) was also a humorous lecturer who was very popular. Of course, there were smaller lights; but the platform stars available before the war, could almost be numbered on one's fingers. The Lyceum had never been regarded by these gifted advocates of reform and progress from the point of view of "revenue only." In every city and village there was a lyceum, sustained by the people for the purpose of furnishing the best courses of lectures and entertainments. The expenses for talent being light, and attractions of the highest class, most lyceums were financially prosperous.

At that time music had not been introduced into these lyceum courses which were at once the pride and boast of every community. Then the music hall, or town hall, was considered the only proper place for wholesome entertainments, such as concerts and lectures. A year or two after the war, when over a million of men had returned from military strife to civil pursuits having been through four years of excitement that rendered it next to impossible to settle quietly down, there came an unprecedented demand for entertainments and amusements. The men and women nearest to the hearts of the public were those whose patriotism and ability had made their names household words during the war, and they were sought after for lectures all over the country.

It was about this time, 1869, that James Redpath, the founder of "The Freeman's Bureau," a journalist and father of many brilliant thoughts, conceived the idea of making and booking engagements for lectures. He was the

friend of Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, Gough, Emerson, Whittier, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Anna Dickinson, and other patriotic platform heroes and heroines. He satisfied them that he could save them the trouble and annoyance of voluminous correspondence, and at the same time could obtain such fees as the lectures were worth, instead of allowing local committees to make it all. His suggestion seemed to meet with general favor. By paying Redpath ten per cent. on all their business transactions they would be relieved of the care of bookings and their income would not be diminished to say the least. Redpath

would have been unsuccessful if he had depended upon himself for the management of the details of the business, but he was fortunate in associating with him his friend, Mr. George Fall, a man of remarkable executive ability, who at once grasped the magnitude of the scheme and assumed the direction of the business details.

It was to be the Redpath Lyceum Bureau (Redpath & Fall, proprietors). Circulars were sent out over the country announcing the list of lectures to be secured. The newspapers talked about

it, saying that every city east and west could have a lecture-course of the best talent in the world, by merely addressing the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. In the town in which I lived, Janesville, Wisconsin, John B. Gough and Anna Dickinson were secured. They received each four hundred dollars per night. Tickets sold at from one to five dollars, and the local lyceum cleared about six hundred dollars, after paying all expenses. It was the same way all over the country. There was not a town that could not afford a great lecturer, but experience and ability were required in order to secure one.



JAMES REDPATH.



From a photograph by Sarony.

HORACE GREELEY.

It was about this time, 1870, that Petroleum V. Nasby was a great attraction and money-maker. Such a thing as losing money on a big lecture-course seemed impossible. Carpenter and Sheldon, managers of the Star Course, in Chicago, secured every lecturer and reader the Bureau had at its command, and they paid the highest prices. Their Star Course tickets invariably sold at a premium. Long before the date of the first lecture of the course there was not a ticket to be had. It was the same in Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

Everywhere the Star Course tickets became the fad. One Sunday I attended a meeting in Rochester, at a Baptist Sunday School. Two of the prizes for some especially meritorious object were "a ticket to the Star Course" in Corinthian Hall, where they could hear John B. Gough, Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Rev. George Dawson, of England, and Hon. William Parsons, of Ireland. The list of talent was printed on the ticket and read off by the superintendent.

T. B. Pugh's Star Course, in Philadelphia, was considered a greater property than any theater in that city. He gave a course of ten lectures every year, and sold every seat in the great Academy of Music, from orchestra to amphitheater (all reserved), just as soon as the tickets could possibly be passed out to the waiting crowd. The prices ranged from three to five dollars. It was the same with the Star Course in Music Hall, Boston; the Franklin Lyceum, in Providence; in fact, all the large cities looked to the Star Lecture Courses for the highest class of entertainments, and they surely had them. Lyceum treasuries were full, the people liberal in their patronage, and every one was satisfied. It was a marvelous intellectual move-

ment, and that it no longer exists in this shape must be looked upon with sincere regret by those who watch the progress of the age.

During the years between 1871 and 1875, the lyceum flourished. It began to show weakness in 1873-74. There were not enough good lecturers. The war-horses of the platform were disappearing. Sumner died. Emerson was worn out. Curtis had assumed the editorship of Harper's Weekly. Gough's throat was thickening up, and it was an effort to listen to him. Douglass had gone as minister to Hayti. Henry Ward Beecher's



From a photo. by A. G. Brownell, Providence, R. I.
MISS HELEN POTTER.

lecture engagements must bend to his church obligations at home. He was a preacher and a pastor of a church. Anna Dickinson had a craze for the stage. Mrs. Livermore could only lecture six nights a week. She had over eight hundred applications for a single season, not only from lyceums, but from churches, colleges, temperance, and woman's societies. There were over five hundred lyceums to be supplied. The great champions for woman's rights had said and told all there was to say. Nast had abruptly stopped in the very zenith of his popularity. Spurgeon, Gladstone, and John Bright refused to consider fabulous offers in inviting them to come to America. There must be something to make the courses attractive or they would go under. It was determined to augment them with music. I went to New York and arranged for a grand concert company to open the principal courses in the large cities. It had to be composed of the leading stars in the profession, and nothing but the very best would do. One season we paid Max Strakosch ten thousand dollars for ten concerts to be given in the leading Star Courses in Boston, Portland, Provi-

dence, Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. That company consisted of Clara Louise Kellogg, Anna Louise Cary, George Conley, basso; Brignoli, tenor; Alfred Pease, pianist; George W. Colby, accompanist. We used one of these concerts for the Star Course in Boston. I ran one independently on Sunday night in the Boston Theater. They were sold to each of the other courses for two hundred dollars more than we paid Strakosch. It was the finest vocal quartet available in America, and I would like to see it "bested" now under conditions similar to those then existing.

Next came a great lyceum star, Ole Bull, the most popular violinist ever known. His name assured the success of almost any course where there was an auditorium of ample capacity. I paid him five hundred dollars a concert every time he played for me. The great Norwegian "fiddler," as musicians called him, had not appeared in public for several years. It was almost accidental that I secured him. He was at the Parker House, Boston, on his way from his home in Norway to Madison, Wisconsin, his American home. I met him in the elevator and asked if he was not going to play in Boston. His wife, who was with him, replied that he would not play in Boston until he could receive five hundred dollars a concert. Boston had never appreciated him.

I was looking for a substitute for one of the attractions that had disappointed us for the Star Course in Boston, the date being the following Tuesday. This was Wednesday. I told Mr. Bull that our house was sold out, being in the Star Course, and that there was no way of making it possible for him to draw a great crowd on his merits. The audience, however, would be of more than average intelligence, and would be appreciative. I offered to give him two hundred and fifty dollars and all the money taken in at the door on the night of the concert. He accepted at once, saying that was fair enough. Mrs. Bull did not like it, and was persistent in insisting that her husband ought to have five hundred dollars. We left the matter as Mr. Bull and I had agreed. Mr. and Mrs. Bull went to New York that day. I announced in the papers

that Ole Bull would play in the Star Course the Tuesday following. The next evening I got a note from the manager of Music Hall, asking me to send around the tickets for the Ole Bull concert. He said that over four hundred applications had come in, and one especially, from Henry W. Longfellow, for six seats. What were we to do? There were four rows of seats under the back gallery that we had never put on sale, because no one could ever hear a speaker from that part of the hall. We concluded to number and sell those seats at one dollar and a half each. We also figured that we could put three hundred chairs on the stage, and four hundred standees wherever they could get in. On Sunday before the concert, Mr. and Mrs. Bull arrived in Boston. I called and found Mrs. Bull still determined that Mr. Bull must have five hundred dollars. I did not tell her that

under the present agreement he would get twice that sum, but I gave her a check for five hundred dollars and took her receipt. The sale, in addition to the course tickets, was over eleven hundred dollars. I afterwards paid Ole Bull twenty-five thousand dollars for fifty concerts, and made a handsome profit.

Concerts and novelties were now called for in courses. In consequence the call for lectures was much diminished. Gilmore's Band was a strong attraction for large cities, but too expensive for the average lyceum, so we made a feature for two seasons of Mme. Camilla Urso, the violinist, and a supporting company, which proved very profitable, not only to lyceums but to the star. Adelaide Phillips, a favorite contralto, was another great lyceum favorite, supported by Tom Karl, then the handsomest young tenor, and with the ladies the most popular

favorite in the profession. It was found necessary that a new attraction for a feature of courses must be produced every season, and it must be music. Redpath had another thought—opera. English opera in lyceums, so "The Redpath English Opera Company" was organized with this original announcement:

"TO MEET A LONG-FELT WANT IN LYCEUMS FOR AN ENTERTAINMENT WHICH WOULD COMBINE EXQUISITE MUSIC AND DRAMATIC SITUATIONS, TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS WHICH HAVE BECOME ALMOST AS UNPOPULAR AS READINGS," ETC.



From a photograph by H. Rocher, Chicago.

MISS EMMA THURSBY AND OLE BULL.

This little company consisted of a quartet of young singers. They gave Flotow's opera, "Martha," complete, omitting the choruses. The orchestra was a piano only. They were beautiful singers. Miss Clara Nichols, soprano; Flora E. Barry, contralto; George H. Clark, tenor; Edward Payson, basso; John Howard, piano.

This was the most delightful hit of that season (1875-76). We could give a whole opera, without a chorus, for two hundred and fifty dollars. Every lyceum applied for it. In many places it could not be given because the drop-curtain was the dividing line in classifying the character of the entertainment to be given in the public halls. In Worcester, Providence, Salem, Clinton, Natick, and suburban

cities, where we could not use scenery, we sang the opera without. It gave great delight, and seemed to whet the appetite for richer feasts of real opera, and the advancement of the drama that now occupies the field for amusements. The Bureau made about eighteen thousand dollars for that little opera company the first season it was out. It was the pioneer English opera company outside of the largest cities.

But the intellectual character of the lyceum entertainments has been gradually falling. There is seldom a lecture-course nowadays that can get support from the general public and be in demand. There will always be some one person more famous and universally popular than all the rest. Just now that man is S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). His books are in every home, and his name has been a household word for more than a generation, wherever the language is English.

To be attractions, heroes must make the history they relate. There will never be another Stanley. I doubt if there will be another George Kennan, who delivered two hundred lectures on two hundred consecutive secular nights the season after his return from Siberia, and who is about as good a lecturer as we now have. Peary's adventures have been the most hazardous and the most successful of any of our arctic explorers. He gave one hundred and sixty-five lectures in one hundred and three days, speaking twice a day. The profits on these lectures was eighteen thousand dollars. It was a phenomenal success, but Peary was not satisfied, because he wanted three times that amount to fit out his third expedition. He said that under other circumstances he would have considered it great. Here is Borchgrevink, the first



From a photograph by Bradley and Ruesson, San Francisco.

"JOSH BILLINGS."

man to set foot on the antarctic continent. Times have so changed that it is impossible to bring this one of the bravest of our young heroes into public demand. He has been meeting with great success in European lyceums since his return. Of late our people have had so much to read about and to talk about that even heroes are common.

In the palmy days of the lyceum great magazines were of limited circulation. Now their circulations are incalculable. The Sunday newspapers employ a hundred writers where they had one twenty years ago. Only the facilities for the manufacture of printing paper have increased in proportion to the writers. The machinery for printing one thousand newspapers an hour was considered wonderful twenty years ago. Now a hundred thousand is expected to be printed in the same space of time, and all this paper contains almost everything to be said on the subjects of progress, genius, education, reform, and entertainment. That was formerly the function of the lyceum.

Opera-houses have taken the place of magnificent halls. The greatest actor has been knighted, thereby compelling recognition of the acted drama as a peer of all other arts; the minister's family goes to the theater while he delivers a lecture up-town, and he then calls for his family on his way home, and sees the last act of the play. The theater is attractive and prices no higher than the prices of the lecture, while the halls receive so little patronage that it does not pay to make them inviting by keeping them in order.

The veteran theatrical manager, Mr. J. H. McVicker, was in my office about ten years ago, and said to me: "Pond, have you any idea how many traveling operatic and theatrical combinations are on the road?" I replied that I had not, but possibly there might be fifty. "Well,"



From a photograph by Houseworth, San Francisco.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

he said, "there are over eighty!" It surprised me. Within a year I have seen listed en route, in one of the leading theatrical papers, over eight hundred combinations. In cities like New Haven, Hartford, Worcester, Holyoke, Lowell, Fitchburg, Salem, Fall River, and all over the country, theaters book time solid from August to May. It is only through accident to some stranded attraction, or some disappointment, that a big lecturer or concert company can find an open date. The best theaters will not risk losing a week for any good lecturer or concert company, consequently the attraction must secure a church, rink, armory, or some unfrequented barracks, or stay away. This has proven poor judgment on the part of local managers, with disastrous results to many of the combinations, and a loss of faith on the part of the public.

Miss Helen Potter made one of the

greatest hits ever known to the lyceum by the introduction of an entertainment entirely novel, intellectual, and eminently popular. It consisted of readings, chiefly humorous and heroic,—well chosen, dramatic, and fresh (in costume), entitled "Lyceum Personations," not

only of the manner but rhetoric of distinguished lecturers and elocutionists.

Her first program consisted of personations of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Anna Dickinson, Charlotte Cushman, Olive Logan, and John B. Gough. She displayed a marvelous compass and variety of voice. The press everywhere extolled her to the very highest degree. Wherever she went she was recalled. She packed the Academy of Music in Philadelphia two or three times a year in Pugh's Star Course, and always

received a five hundred dollar fee. Miss Potter's personation of John B. Gough was so perfect, the wig, beard, and masculine garments so well chosen and so well arranged, and his peculiarities of voice and manner so faithfully represented, that the audience often forgot it was a personation and thought they were listening to Gough himself. Miss Potter made a fortune with her entertainment. She cleared over twenty thousand dollars her second season, was a favorite for about eight years, and then retired. She has no successor.

Anna E. Dickinson, for many years, indeed from her first appearance until she retired from the lecture field, was without question of a rival, the "Queen of the Lyceum." She made her first début as a speaker early in the war. In attending a Quaker secular meeting, or a woman's rights meeting, held under Quaker auspices when she was hardly out of short clothes, a man made a bitter sarcastic speech in opposition to granting women

equal political rights. "I got madder and madder," said Anna, in telling the story, "and just as soon as he sat down I jumped up like a jack-in-the-box and began to reply to his tirade. As I spoke, I left the pew and walked down the aisle to where he sat, and shook my fist in his

face as I continued to answer him. I had had no idea of speaking at all, and was as much astonished as anybody at what I did."

That settled it. There was no escaping her destiny after that. The speech astonished every one who heard it by its splendid rhetoric and logical force. She was invited everywhere after that. When Fort Sumter was fired on, she found her true vocation, for there was no one who moved the Union more passionately than this young Quaker girl, and the

assault on it fired her soul to the intensest fervor. She took the stump for the Republicans in New England, and created a cyclone of patriotic enthusiasm wherever she went. The Democrats gave her the credit of changing Vermont from a Democratic to a Republican State. She went from there to Connecticut, and was equally successful in arousing political patriotism and in urging men to volunteer. East and west, wherever she appeared in the northern states, the same story was told. Everywhere she was recognized as an oratorical Joan of Arc. During and after the war she often lectured in regular courses, and became so popular that only Gough and Beecher rivaled her as a lyceum favorite. It was on war topics that she was heard at her best. Then, in pleading for the Union, she spoke and looked like one inspired, and never failed to enthrall and thrill her audiences. In vituperation and denunciation, she had no rival among living orators.



From a photograph by John H. Ryder, Cleveland.
THE LATE EDGAR WILSON NYE. ("BILL NYE.")



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE PHILADELPHIA STAGE-COACH.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE OVERLAND MAIL SERVICE.

BY THOMAS L. JAMES, EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

FROM 1784 to 1834 may be described as the stage-coach era in the United States. For three years, commencing in 1802, the government ran its own line of stages between New York and Philadelphia, carrying mail and passengers, the profits of the enterprise amounting to twelve thousand dollars. In 1834 the building of railroads had so far progressed that the postmaster-general rec-

ommended that the mails be transported on the railroads then being constructed. But only a year later we find the contract for carrying the mails between New York and Philadelphia given to the stage-coach line because the railroad company protested that the schedule time required (thirteen miles an hour) was too fast!

The overland mail service properly refers to the transmission of the mail



EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL
THOMAS L. JAMES.

time), who were constantly on the watch for small bodies of unprotected travelers journeying across the plains.

The Indians were not so troublesome during the great overland journeys to the gold region in 1849. The great numbers of the emigrants filled them with astonishment, and they only ventured to attack small parties or solitary hunters. The gold-seekers found it necessary to form large parties, as in this way they could better guard and move their camps, and, by their numbers, overawe the red men. The travelers from the different eastern states would meet at St. Joseph or Independence, on the Missouri river, coming on foot, on horseback, some with vehicles, horses, and oxen, some without. Probably a more heterogeneous mass of humanity never met on the face of the earth, for the crowd literally represented all nationalities and all sorts and conditions of men and women.

The number of people who made the overland journey at this time was enormous, and especially remarkable when we consider the wild character of the country over which they had to travel. One procession which started in May, from Fort Laramie, Nebraska, numbered twenty thousand persons. Almost every town and village of consequence in the eastern states was represented. The unbroken stream of humanity as it journeyed slowly across the plains was miles

between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Overland travel in early days was attended with almost insuperable difficulties; first, on account of the physical condition of the country, and, second, because of the constant danger of attacks by bands of hostile Indians (and about all the Indians were hostile to the white man at that

in length. The barren country was settled for the time being, and a man could have journeyed a thousand miles and been as near to good and decent lodging as he would have been in the rural districts of the eastern states. One man says he counted four hundred and fifty-nine teams in nine miles. A ferryman speaks of having crossed nine hundred teams, and said he judged there were fifteen hundred more coming.

In beginning the long journey the travelers enjoyed themselves. The experience was novel and more or less exciting. There was plenty of chaff, and chat, and repartee among the poorer pedestrians as they trudged along, and the drivers of the big "prairie schooners," and the fortunate horsemen who, while their animals held out, were the best provided of all. The prairie schooners used by the emigrants carried loads weighing from five to sixteen thousand pounds, and required sometimes a dozen yoke of oxen or mules. Some of these wagons measured six feet in depth and seventeen feet in length on top. Their cost ranged from \$1500 to \$8000; harness, \$300 to \$600; mules, \$500 to \$1000 a pair. The cost of an outfit would often exceed \$5000. When night



HON. JAMES E. WHITE,
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE RAILWAY
MAIL SERVICE.

came, the wagons would be placed in a circle, or, if the stop happened to be near a river, in a semicircle on the bank, within which the animals would be turned loose to graze and rest. The women would cook a savory meal, and in these gatherings there would be sure to be some good story-tellers and sweet-voiced singers of song and chorus, who would enliven the after-supper hour.

One of the songs the emigrants were in

"Oh! California!
That's the land for me,
I'm bound for San Francisco,
With my wash-bowl on my knee."

As the fire dies out, the company gradually break up for the night, the sentinels go on guard, and by four o'clock in the morning the travelers are breakfasting and making ready for another day's journey toward the golden goal.

But before the long pilgrimage was finished many of the emigrants suc-



Drawn by T. de Thuistrup.

AN ATTACK ON THE STAGE-COACH.

the habit of singing while they were journeying toward the land of gold, was sung to the tune of "Oh, Susanna," a popular minstrel melody of that day. Here is one of the verses:

"I soon shall be in 'Frisco,
And then I'll look all 'round,
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick 'em off the ground;
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocket-full of rocks bring home,—
So, brothers, don't you cry.

cumbed to the hardships which they encountered in the Platte country and the Sierra Nevada mountains, where, to ease their worn-out oxen and horses, they would have to throw away one portion of their effects after another. Many of them turned back, though they had gone so far on the journey, bidding farewell to their golden dreams, which were turning out to be leaden realities, and returning to their old homes in the East where they



Engraved by T. de Thulstrup.

TO THE GOLDEN WEST.

were living happy and contented before the gold-fever took possession of them.

Then the cholera broke out. It had been raging in the cities on the Atlantic coast. When it reached the Mississippi river, it caught the emigrants about the time they were commencing their journey and followed them to the mountain region beyond Fort Laramie. Newly-made graves could be seen for hundreds of miles along the roads, and it is estimated that five thousand perished by the disease, many of them being the heads of families. Some of the more devout looked upon the visitation as a judgment from Heaven, sent down upon them because of their unnatural thirst for gold. One party one day saw in the distance what seemed to be a funeral procession in the clouds.

The forms of men could be plainly outlined; they were carrying a coffin. With people dying about them every day, it was a startling sight, although it turned out to be a mirage, and was the reflection of a funeral procession taking place some miles beyond. Those emigrants who withstood the natural fatigue of the journey and survived the cholera scourge, were compelled to pass through the Valley of Death where there was death in the very atmosphere; where the sun was broiling hot, and the poor horses and cattle sunk to their bellies in the treacherous, soft earth, while clouds of blinding dust choked man and beast. Water was scarce, much of it in alkaline pools, drinking which only increased the misery of the weak and thirsty travelers.

It must not be understood, however, that this great exodus from the eastern states was the first overland journey to the Pacific coast. The first trip of an organized party took place as far back as 1826, and from that date the number of travelers increased yearly.

The Giddings overland mail line, the extreme southern route across the continent, ran from San Antonio, Texas, to California. Thousands of emigrants traveled over this route to the gold-mines. A part of the road was over a dreary waste of sage-brush. Another part, in New Mexico, was the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain, which was a desert eighty-five miles long, covered with prairie-grass, and with only two or three places where drinkable water could be procured. About fifty miles north of this desert was the line of the Butterfield mail route. In this section Captain John Pope (afterwards major-general), in 1856 spent large sums of money under the direction of the government in unsuccessfully boring for water. Of late years, artesian wells have been sunk by the cattle-raisers and have transformed the whole region into excellent grazing land.

The uncivilized character of the country through which the mail-stages passed on the southern route, will be understood when it is stated that over two thousand persons were murdered between San Antonio and El Paso; a still larger number were killed on the overland route further north, and property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars was lost. The owner of the southern mail route was once allowed fifty thousand dollars by the government for loss of live-stock and coaches through Indian depredations. During one year a single band of twenty-three Indians, in the vicinity of Fort Clark and on the Nueces river, stole over five thousand head of cattle. The road was strewn with their dead bodies, the Indians killing them as they became footsore and unable to make the journey to their camp.

The Indians on the plains at this time made their living principally by warring among themselves, or, what was more pleasing and profitable to them, by warring against the whites. The men having charge of the mail were daring fron-

tiersmen, thoroughly familiar with the country through which they traveled, and were always armed to the teeth. Detachments of soldiers and citizens generally accompanied the mail-coach over the most dangerous portions of the route. In 1854, on the journey between San Antonio and El Paso, when the contractor was furnishing his route with the necessary supplies, he was accompanied by ten United States soldiers and nine citizens. There were two six-horse coaches, such as are now used in the White mountains, two extra mules for each man, and twelve animals to be used as relays for the coach team.

The Indians often appeared in considerable numbers to attack the coaching party, but they had men of nerve to deal with who were used to their tactics and who were plentifully supplied with arms and ammunition. The savages called the long-range guns used by the whites "shoot-em-furs," while small arms they designated as "shoot-em-shorts." If they did not succeed in capturing the mail-stage, or rather the provisions and horses which were really what they wanted, they would do some act of mischief along the route calculated to annoy and harass the travelers. They would throw dead skunks into the water at the springs where the stage would have to stop to obtain a fresh supply. Once they shot red-hot metal arrows into the hay covering the stables, for the purpose of setting them on fire. During one fight with the mail-agents they riddled the water-kegs of their opponents with bullets, and on another occasion they threw in a well, for the purpose of poisoning the water, the bodies of those they had killed.

The gold-fever which resulted in quickly increasing the population of California, and in forming settlements in other parts of the far West, created a demand for more rapid transportation of the mails than that afforded by the water route via Panama. On the 1st of April, 1848, a courier was despatched specially by the people of San Francisco to carry letters, and to circulate in the eastern states, copies of the "California Star," containing a series of articles on the prospects of California, with a view to stimulating emigration. In 1851 there was a monthly

mail between Sacramento and Salt Lake City, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, the mail-bags being carried on the backs of mules. In the spring of 1853, special messengers crossed the Sierra on foot, using Canadian snowshoes. During the following year, Ben. Holliday was allowed to carry the mail and passengers in a covered wagon, using a four-mule team; and in 1857 he was given a ten-year contract to carry the mail from the frontier states to the Pacific coast. He received one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year from the government, and the income from his stages often amounted to fifteen hundred dollars a day.

In those days, Sacramento, on the Pacific coast, was the center for the stage companies. In 1853 there were a dozen stage lines starting thence to various points inland, each having from three to twelve coaches with numerous relays, from thirty-five to one hundred and fifty horses for each line, the whole properties being valued at about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Later on, these stage lines were consolidated into one company, with a capital of one million dollars. One of the most important of these stage lines was the weekly line

from Placerville to Salt Lake City where it connected with the overland mail to St. Joseph, Missouri, thus completing communication between the Missouri and Sacramento rivers. Under this arrangement letters from the East were delivered a week earlier than by ocean transit.

In 1855 a bill was introduced in the United States Senate which authorized the postmaster-general to contract for the transportation of the mails, in four-horse coaches, weekly, from St. Louis to San Francisco. The act itself was not passed until 1857, and the system was not put in operation until a year later, when another act gave the contractors the choice of routes. There was considerable discussion as to which was the best route, and as to the starting point in the Mississippi Valley. The people of St. Louis, led by their Chamber of Commerce, were particularly anxious to have their city selected as against Memphis, Tennessee. It was supposed by some far-seeing statesmen at the time that southerners were anxious to have Memphis for the terminus, because they wanted the whole service kept in southern territory, with the idea that California should unite with the southern states in the secession movement. After many conferences on the



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

A CHANGE OF HORSES AT A RELAY STATION.

subject, both cities were selected as the eastern termini. One reason why Memphis was selected was the fact that the postmaster-general resided in that city. The cost of the service of this distinctively southern route was six hundred thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Butterfield, the father of General Butterfield, organized the route from St. Louis. This route traversed the country now crossed by the Southern Pacific Railway. It was commonly known as the St. Louis & San Francisco Overland Stage Line; its course from St. Louis being through Little Rock, Fort Smith, Fort Chadwin, El Paso, Mesilla, Tucson, Fort Yuma, and Los Angeles to San Francisco. In laying out the route, which the government required should be covered in twenty-one days, he attached odometers to the wheels of the stage which indicated the distance traveled each day; these he noted in a diary, together with the streams crossed, and the general character of the country. On his return to the East a time schedule was made out. On a large sheet of paper, fifty or sixty feet long and about two wide, the different stations and points on the

road were represented by horizontal lines, while the days and hours were noted between the vertical lines. In this way the route was laid out and the time schedule distributed to the different employees. This service lasted until the breaking out of the rebellion, and was only interrupted by occasional raids from the Indians. The postmaster at St. Louis, after the route had been in operation three months, said of it that the mails from the West had been delivered with greater regularity than the European mails from New York.

At about the same time a mail line had been established from Placerville to Salt Lake City; this line connected with the route from Salt Lake to St. Joseph. The western senators, in contending for St. Louis as the eastern terminus, argued that the route from St. Joseph to Placerville was preferable to the southern route because it was shorter and cheaper, and in every way was more convenient. They were in favor of shortening the time eight days for making the journey, allowing the contractors extra compensation for the purpose of purchasing extra stock; a resolution to this effect was passed in

June, 1858. The discussion in Congress was not only in regard to the feasibility of the different routes, and the amount of money which should be awarded to the contractors, but on the scheme generally. One representative questioned the advisability of the government furnishing aid to any route.

"I doubt," he said (and this was said only thirty-seven years ago), "whether these overland mails are going to be of any benefit to the people of California. They are too slow. The great mail communication will be by steamer. They

are not going to wait for these overland mails that will take thirty or thirty-eight days, when they can get the mails in two weeks by water."

Subsequent events have made quite evident that this lawmaker was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet.

The states east of the Mississippi, already well populated, were separated from the far West by what was then thought to be a stretch of territory which it would be impossible to cross. For a long time the mail for that whole section of country was delivered at the San



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.
ON THE FAST MAIL.

Francisco post-office. The business of letting the mail routes in the West was entrusted to a special agent who, being far removed from the national capital, was necessarily clothed with extraordinary power. The postal facilities were poor. As a consequence, private enterprise undertook to do well what the government found it difficult to do at all. The express companies soon discovered they could increase their revenues by delivering letters for the miners in the interior towns far removed from San Francisco. The recipients would be compelled to call for their mail, and the companies charged them about what they pleased for the service. Even when the Panama railroad was built, the cost of transporting the mails to California was not decreased. The railroad had a monopoly of transportation across the Isthmus and made such charges as it saw fit. Mail routes were gradually established across Mexico; then came the regular overland routes, one of the most costly features of the postal service.

The expense of the overland service was not charged to the regular postal fund; Congress, from time to time, made specific appropriations therefor. In 1859 the cost of the semi-weekly overland mail was six hundred thousand dollars per annum, while the receipts were only about twenty-seven thousand two hundred dollars. Postmaster-General Holt, in his report for that year, argued that it was a grave mistake to transfer the contract bureau of the Post-Office Department to the halls of Congress. But a vast section of valuable territory was being developed, and the new district undoubtedly had a right to demand postal facilities, one of the first necessities for a new civilization.

It was the custom to send letters through the express companies, several of which were started in 1849, among them being the Wells, Fargo and Company, and the Adams Express Company. The agents of the companies were more enterprising than the regular postal service. They carried letters from New York at half the government rates.

A neighbor of mine, Mr. E. A. Brinckerhoff, a leading merchant of New York, was about this time connected with one of the great express companies of San Francisco. He takes pride in recalling

the fact, that he brought the first letter-pouch from that city to Sacramento, arriving there in the early morning. He delivered the pouch to the rider of the pony express; the horseman quickly mounted his animal and proceeded on his journey across the continent.

The California Legislature in 1855 paid to the express companies twenty-four thousand dollars in postage, and only two thousand and sixty-seven dollars to the post-office. Alexander H. Todd, who started the first express business in 1849, ran from Stockton to San Francisco. He charged the miners an initiation fee of one dollar for registering their names, and as high as four dollars for delivering letters and packages in San Francisco, or bringing them from that city to the camp. He charged five per cent. for carrying gold-dust from the mines, and in this way soon developed a regular banking business.

The idea of carrying the mail by the pony express grew out of the express business, its originators being F. A. Bee, W. H. Russell, and B. F. Ficklin, officers connected with the Central Overland and Pike's Peak Express Company. At first, the relay stations were twenty-five miles apart. Each pony made only one station; each rider was required to make three, but he had the option of doing double duty. The keepers of the stations had the ponies ready saddled and bridled, the rider merely jumping from the back of one to the back of another. Where the rider was changed, his pouch was unbuckled and handed to his already mounted successor who started at a gallop as soon as his hand clutched the bag. The weight of the mail carried was limited to ten or twelve pounds, and five dollars was charged for each letter. The newspapers sometimes printed an edition on tissue paper in order to save expense in transportation. The first pony express from the East started April 3, 1860, and it brought eight letters. The first from the West left Sacramento, April 4th, and arrived at St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 13th. This enterprise did not pay the proprietors, but they philosophically and truthfully claimed that it proved the feasibility of a railroad route across the continent.

Some mail was sent overland through

private enterprise, by the emigrant route as early as 1848. A charge of fifty cents was made for letters, and twelve and a half cents for newspapers.

In 1861 an overland mail route was established from the Missouri river to San Francisco. The company started a farm at Ruby Valley, Nevada, where they fed their stock, this being the first experiment at farming in that State. The schedule time was twenty days. The company were also required to run a pony express semi-monthly, the schedule time being ten days. On this line they had the privilege of charging the public one dollar and a half per half-ounce for letters. They were also the proprietors of a tri-weekly mail service between Denver and Salt Lake City, receiving for all this service one million dollars a year.

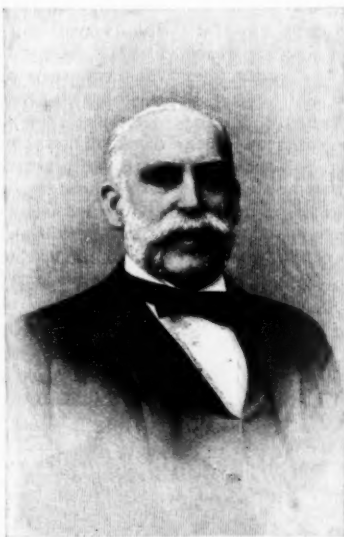
These pony riders made excellent time on their perilous journeys, which were always liable to be interrupted by attacks from the Indians, and were often rendered extremely disagreeable by drenching rains or scorching heat. But the riders, who were used to the country, stopped at nothing, and performed some memorable feats. In 1861, they made the quickest time on record, delivering President Lincoln's inaugural address in Sacramento in five days and eighteen hours. The last pony, in running to Denver, made ten miles and eighteen rods in twenty-one and a half minutes.

"Buffalo Bill," when a boy, was a pony express rider. His route was from Red Buttes, on the North Platte, to the Three Crossings on the Sweetwater, a distance of seventy-six miles. Once, on arriving at the end of his route, he found that his

successor was dead drunk. The successor's route was eighty-five miles long. "Bill" at once mounted his pony and dashed off, accomplishing the round trip of three hundred and twenty-two miles without an hour's rest. That is said to have been the longest ride in the annals of the pony express company.

The sequel of the overland mail service is quickly told. As fast as railroads were built in the West they were utilized by the government in the transportation of the mails, until now we have a railway mail service, which in point of equipment, and the promptness and efficiency of its work, cannot be equaled in any part of the world.

This branch of the postal business was the conception of Mr. W. A. Davis, in 1862, though he borrowed the idea from Canada, which, in turn, had taken it from England. He was then a clerk in the St. Joseph, Missouri, post-office, from which point the overland mail had for a long time been sent to the far western country. He suggested that letters should be assorted on the cars between Quincy and St. Joseph, thus allowing the overland mail to start earlier. The service was further developed in 1864, by Col.



E. A. BRINCKERHOFF.

C. B. Armstrong, who afterwards successfully filled the position of general superintendent. He retired in 1871 on account of ill health. His successors, Col. George S. Bangs, of Illinois, Theodore N. Vail, William B. Thompson, and John Jameson, made still further improvements. The present general superintendent is Hon. James E. White. From the pony express the overland service has grown until there are now eleven divisions with a superintendent in charge of each, giving employment to over seven thousand clerks.

MRS. CLIFF'S YACHT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

A MIDDLE-AGED widow with plain common sense, a great love for the simple pleasures and comforts of her home in a small New England town, and possessed, withal, of a fortune of four million dollars, Mrs. William Cliff on her return to her little house in Plainton, Maine, found herself in a position which often bewildered her, and sometimes frightened her.

Having been shipwrecked in the schooner *Castor*, on the coast of South America, when on a voyage to Valparaiso, —her passage paid with borrowed money, —in order to settle some affairs of her late husband; and having become a sharer in a vast hoard of ancient Peruvian gold discovered by Captain Horn, the commander of the vessel, and generously divided by him with his passengers and crew, Mrs. Cliff, after many vicissitudes and strange experiences, had returned to her native town with brilliant anticipations of the enjoyment of her wealth.

But it was not long before she found that to possess wealth and to properly enjoy it, were, for her, two very different things. Loyal to her friends and neighbors, and of a nature devoted to the joys of a quiet domestic life, she knew very well if she set herself up for a rich woman, leading the life of the wealthy classes, and surround-

ing herself with the ordinary adjuncts of the millionaire, that the friendships of a lifetime would gradually fade away from her; that the life she had enjoyed, and for which she was fitted, would become a thing of the past; and that her wealth would never supply to her the places of lost friendships and departed associations. By day and by night this problem kept itself before her: "How shall I worthily use my wealth, and yet live the happy life I used to long for in the days when money was so scarce and economy so necessary."

But to give herself all that in those days she had thought she needed would require but a very small part of the income which was steadily rolling in upon her, and sometimes she could see no other fate before her than to become an ordinary rich woman, living as she did not wish to live; perhaps in some strange and un-

congenial city. Of course, she would be charitable, and she lost no time in making plans for the benefit of her fellow-beings. But all this she determined to do under the direction of Mr. Perley, her minister. And in regard to her personal benefactions in the town she did not wish even the poor to think that she had become some one else than the Mrs. Cliff they had known so long.

In her perplexity she had no one to whom she could turn. Willy Croup, a lady of early middle age, was her relative and had lived with her for many years; but



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.
MR. PERLEY, HER MINISTER.

although Willy was loving and kind, and assisted her in many ways, she was not a person to whom Mrs. Cliff could go for advice. She corresponded with her friend Edna, the wife of Captain Horn, but this lady, with her husband, was traveling in California, and all the other people who had been shipwrecked with her were separated from her, and had gone on their several ways; and she was denied the benefit of their counsels, and even of their examples.

No one in the town knew the extent of her wealth. This she did not divulge even to Mr. Perley, for she felt very sure if he knew how rich she was, and if she followed his consequent advice, the great mass of her fortune would quickly be swallowed up in some grand missionary enterprise, and this would not suit Mrs. Cliff. No matter how much she was discouraged, no matter how difficult it was to see her way before her, no matter how great a load she felt her wealth to be, there was always before her a glimmering sense of grand possibilities. What they were she could not now see or understand, but she would not willingly give them up.

She was an elderly woman, but she came of a long-lived family, all of whom had enjoyed good health until the end of their days, and if there was any grand, golden felicity which was possible to her, she felt that there was reason to believe she would live long to enjoy it.

One morning as Mrs. Cliff sat thinking over these things, there was a knock at her front door, and, of course, Willy Croup ran to open it. No matter where she was, or no matter what she was doing, Willy always went to the door if she could, because she had so great a desire to know who was there.

This time it was a gentleman, a very fine gentleman with a high silk hat and a handsome overcoat trimmed with fur—fur on the collar, fur on the sleeves, and fur down the front. Willy had never seen such a coat. It was October and it was cool, but there was no man in Plainton who would have worn such a coat as that so early in the season even if he had one.

The gentleman had dark eyes and a very large mustache, and he carried a cane and wore rather bright tan-colored gloves. All these things Willy observed in an instant, for she was very quick in

taking notice of people's clothes and general appearance.

The gentleman raised his hat and asked if Mrs. Cliff lived there. Now Willy thought he must be an extraordinarily wise gentleman, for how should he know that she was not a servant, and in those parts gentlemen did not generally raise their hats to girls who opened front doors.

The gentleman was admitted and was ushered into the parlor, where sat Mrs. Cliff. She was a little surprised at the sight of this visitor, who came in with his hat on, but who took it off and made her a low bow as soon as he saw her. But she thought she appreciated the situation, and she hardened her heart.

A strange man, so finely dressed, and with such manners, must have come for money, and Mrs. Cliff had already learned to harden her heart toward strangers who solicited. But the hardness of her heart utterly disappeared in her amazement when this gentleman, having pulled off his right glove, advanced toward her, holding out his hand.

"You don't remember me, Mrs. Cliff?" he said in a loud, clear voice. "No wonder, for I am a good deal changed, but it is not so with you. You are the same as ever, I declare you are!"

Mrs. Cliff took the proffered hand, and looked into the face of the speaker. There was something there which seemed familiar, but she had never known such a fine gentleman as this. She thought over the people she had seen in France and in California, but she could not recollect this face.

"It's a mean thing to be puzzling you, Mrs. Cliff," said the stranger with a cheery smile. "I'm George Burke, seaman on the *Castor*, where I saw more of you, Mrs. Cliff, than I've ever seen since, for though we have both been a good deal jumbled up since, we haven't been jumbled up together, so I don't wonder if you don't remember me, especially as I didn't wear clothes like these on the *Castor*. Not by any means, Mrs. Cliff!"

"I remember you," she said, and she shook his hand warmly. "I remember you, and you had a mate named Edward Shirley."

"Yes, indeed!" said Burke, "and he's all right, and I'm all right, and how are you?"

The overcoat with the fur trimmings came off, and with the hat, the cane, and the gloves, was laid upon a chair, and Burke and Mrs. Cliff sat down to talk over old times and old friends.

II.

A FRIEND AND ADVISER.

As Mrs. Cliff sat and talked with George Burke, she forgot the calculations she had been making, she forgot her perplexities and her anxieties concerning the rapid inroads which her income was making upon her ability to dispose of it, in the recollection of the good fellowships which the presence of her companion recalled.

But Mr. Burke could give her no recent news of Captain Horn and Edna, she having heard from them later than he had, and the only one of the people of the *Castor* of whom he could tell her was Edward Shirley, who had gone into business.

He had bought a share in a shipyard, for he was a man who had a great idea about the lines of a vessel, and all that sort of thing; he had determined to put his money into that business. He was a long-headed fellow, and Burke had no doubt but that he would soon hear of some fine craft coming from the yard of his old shipmate.

"But how about yourself, Mr. Burke? I want to know what has happened to you, and what you intend doing, and how you chance to be coming this way."

"Oh, I will tell you everything that has happened to me," said Mr. Burke, "and it won't take long; but first let me ask you something, Mrs. Cliff," and as he spoke he quietly rose and shut the parlor door.

"Now, then," said he, as he seated himself, "we have all been in the same box, or, I should say, in the same boxes of different kinds, and although I may

not have the right to call myself a friend, I am just as friendly to you as if I was one, and I feel as if people who have been through what we have ought to stand by each other even after they got over their hardest rubs.

"Now, Mrs. Cliff, has anything happened to you? Have you had any setbacks? I know that this is a mighty queer world, and that even the richest people can often come down with a sudden thump just as if they had slipped on the ice."

Mrs. Cliff smiled. "Nothing has happened to me," she said. "I have had no setbacks, and I am just as rich to-day, I should say a great deal richer, than I was on the day when Captain Horn made the division of the treasure. But I know very well why you thought something

had happened to me. You did not expect to find me living in this little house."

"No, by the Lord Harry, I didn't!" exclaimed Burke, slapping his knee. "You must excuse me, Mrs. Cliff, for speaking out in that way, but really, I never was so much surprised as when I came into your front yard. I thought I would find you in the finest house in the place, until you could have a stately



Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.

"WILLY HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH A COAT. IT WAS OCTOBER AND IT WAS COOL, BUT THERE WAS NO MAN IN PLAINTON WHO WOULD HAVE WORN SUCH A COAT AS THAT SO EARLY IN THE SEASON."

mansion built somewhere in the outskirts of the town where there would be room enough for a park. But when I came to this house, I couldn't help thinking that perhaps some beastly bank had broke, and that your share of the golden business had been swept away. Things like that do happen to women, you know, and I suppose they always will; but I am mighty glad to hear you are all right.

"But, as you have asked me to tell you my story, I will make short work of it, and then I would like to hear what has happened to you, as much as you please to tell me about it.

"Now, when I got my money, Mrs. Cliff, which, when compared to what your share must have been, was like a dory to a three-mast schooner, but still quite enough for me, and, perhaps, more than enough if a public vote could be taken on the subject, I was in Paris, a jolly place for a rich sailor, and I said to myself:

"Now, Mr. Burke," said I, for I might as well begin by using good manners, 'the general disposition of a seafaring man is to go on a lark, or perhaps, a good many larks, and so get rid of it, and then ship again before the mast for fourteen dollars per month or thereabouts.'

"But I made up my mind right there on the spot that that sort of thing wouldn't suit me. The very idea of shipping again on a merchant vessel made the blood run cold inside of me, and I swore to myself that I wouldn't do it.

"From Paris I went to England and took passage for home, and I had a first-class state-room, and laid in a lot of good clothes before I started. I don't think I ever had greater comfort in my life than sitting on deck smoking a good cigar, and watching the able-bodied seamen at their work.

"I hope I'm not tiring you, madam, but I'm trying to cut things as short as I can. It's often said that a sailor is all at sea when he is on shore, but I was a country fellow before I was a sailor, and land doings come naturally to me when I fix my mind on them.

"I'd made up my mind I was going to build my mother a house on Cape Cod; but when I got home I thought it better to buy her one already built, and that's what I did, and I stayed there with her a little while, but I didn't like it. I'd had

a notion of having another house near my mother's but I gave up that. There's too much sea about Cape Cod.

"Now she liked it, for she's a regular sailor's mother; but I couldn't feel that I was really a rich fellow living ashore until I got out of hearing of the ocean, and out of smelling of salt and tar, so I made up my mind that I'd go inland and settle somewhere on a place of my own, where I might have command of some sort of farm.

"I didn't know just exactly what I wanted, nor just exactly where I wanted to go, so I thought it best to look around a little and hold council with somebody or other. I couldn't hold council with my mother, because she wanted me to buy a ship and take command of her. And then I thought of Captain Horn, and going to ask him. But the captain is a great man—"

"Indeed he is!" exclaimed Mrs. Cliff.

"We all know that!"

"But he is off on his own business," continued Burke, "and what sort of a princely concern he's got on hand I don't know. Anyway, he wouldn't want me following him about and bothering him, and so I thought of everybody I could, and at last it struck me that there wasn't anybody better than you, Mrs. Cliff, to give me the points I wanted, for I always liked you, Mrs. Cliff, and I consider you a woman of good sense down to the keel. And, as I heard you were living in a sort of country place, I thought you'd be the very person that I could come and talk to and get points.

"I felt a hankering anyway, after some of the old people of the *Castor*, for, after having all that money divided among us, it made me feel as if we belonged to the same family. I suppose that was one reason why I felt a sort of drawing to you, you know. Anyway, I knew where you lived, and I came right here, and arrived this morning. After I'd taken a room at the hotel, I asked for your house and came straight here."

"And very glad am I to see you, Mr. Burke!" said Mrs. Cliff, speaking honestly from the bottom of her heart.

She had not known Burke very well, but she had always looked upon him as a fine, manly sailor; and now that he had come to her she was conscious of the

family feeling which he had spoken of, and she was very glad to see him.

She saw that Burke was very anxious to know why she was living in a plain fashion in this unpretentious house, but she found it would be very difficult to explain the matter to him. Her's was not a straightforward tale, which she could simply sit and tell, and moreover, although she liked Burke, and thought it probable that he was a man of a very good heart, she did not believe that he was capable of advising her in the perplexities which her wealth had thrown about her.

Still, she talked to him and told him what she thought she could make him properly understand, and so, from one point to another she went on until she had given the ex-sailor a very good idea of the state of her mind in regard to what she was doing, and what she thought she ought to do.

When Mrs. Cliff had finished speaking, Burke thrust his hands into his pockets, leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling of the room, the walls, and the floor. He wanted to say something, but he was not prepared to do so. His mind, still nautical, decided to take an observation and determine the latitude and longitude of Mrs. Cliff, but the skies were very much overcast.

At this moment Willy Croup knocked at the parlor door, and when Mrs. Cliff went to her she asked if the gentleman were going to stay to dinner.

Mrs. Cliff was surprised. She had no idea it was so late, but she went back to Mr. Burke and urged him to stay to dinner. He consented instantly, declaring that this was the first time that anybody, not his mother, had asked him to dinner since he came into his fortune.

When Mrs. Cliff had excused herself to give some directions about the meal, Burke walked about the parlor, carefully examining everything in it. When he had finished his survey, he sat down and shook his head.

"The trouble with her is," he said to himself, "that's she's so dreadfully afraid of running ashore that she will never reach any port, that's what's the matter!"

When Mrs. Cliff returned, she asked her visitor if he would like to see her house, and she showed him over it with

great satisfaction, for she had filled every room with all the handsome and appropriate things she could get into it. Burke noticed everything, and spoke with approbation of many things, but as he walked behind his hostess, he kept shaking his head.

He went down to dinner, and was introduced to Willy Croup, who had been ordered to go and dress herself that she might appear at the meal. He shook hands with her very cordially, and then looked all around the little dining-room, taking in every feature of its furnishing and adornment. When he had finished he would have been glad to shake his head again, but this would have been observed.

When the dinner came on, however, Mr. Burke had no desire to shake his head. It was what might have been called a family dinner, but there was such a variety, such an abundance, everything was so admirably cooked, and the elderberry wine, which was produced in his honor, was so much more rich and fragrant to his taste than the wines he had had at hotels, that Mr. Burke was delighted.

Now he felt that in forming an opinion as to Mrs. Cliff's manner of living he had some grounds to stand upon. "What she wants," thought he, "is all the solid, sensible comfort her money can give her, and where she knows what she wants, she gets it, but the trouble seems to be that in most things she doesn't know what she wants."

When Mr. Burke that afternoon walked back to the hotel, wrapped in his fur-trimmed coat, and carefully puffing a fine Havana cigar, he had entirely forgotten his own plans and purposes in life, and was engrossed in those of Mrs. Cliff's.

III.

A YACHT.

The interest of Mr. Burke in the affairs of Mrs. Cliff grew daily. He felt that she was not occupying the position that she should occupy, and he was not slow to give her advice. This Mrs. Cliff was always glad to receive, and frequently willing to follow.

As she wished to continue to live in her old house, but desired to add to it a

new dining-room, he prevailed upon her to order the erection of an addition, which, in reality, would be a handsome house in itself. He advised her to buy up the tract of ground opposite to her which was occupied by small and unseemly houses, and to make thereon a park which would be a benefit to the town and a delight to her eyes; and he furthermore suggested that this park should be called "The Grove of the Incas." But an addition to a house must take time to build, and a block of village houses cannot be transformed into a park in days or even weeks, and into the mind of Mr. Burke, tired of the life of a village hotel, there came a grand idea: "Why should not Mrs. Cliff buy a yacht?" Such a possession would become a woman of her wealth, and in her vessel, with himself as captain, she could take pleasant cruises until the new dining-room (as they always called it) and the park were finished.

When Mr. Burke suggested the yacht to Mrs. Cliff, the good lady sat aghast. "I've decided about the park," she said, "and that is all very well. But what do you mean by a yacht? What could be more ridiculous than to talk about me and a yacht!"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Burke, "it's nothing of the kind! The more I think of the idea the better I like it, and if you'll think of it soberly, I believe you'll like it just as much as I do! In the first place, you've got to do something to keep your money from getting dammed up and running all over everything."

"I don't want to give advice, but it does strike me that anybody as rich as you are oughtn't to feel that they could afford to sit still here in Plainton, year in and year out, no matter how fine a house they might have! They ought to think of the great heap of gold in the mound, and feel that it was their duty to get all the grand and glorious good out of it that they knew how!"

"But it does seem to me," said Mrs. Cliff, "that a yacht would be an absolute extravagance and waste of money! And you know, I have firmly determined I will not waste my money."

"To call sitting in a beautiful craft, on a rolling sea, with a spanking breeze, a waste of money, is something I can't get

into my brain," said Mr. Burke. "But you could do good with a yacht! You could take people out on cruises who would never get out if you didn't take them. And now I've an idea! It's just come to me!"

"You might get a really big yacht—if I was you I'd have a steam-yacht, because you'd have more control over that than you'd have over a sailing vessel, and besides a person can get tired of sailing vessels, as I've found out myself! And then you might start a sort of summer shelter for poor people—not only very poor people but respectable people who never get a chance to sniff salt air. And you might spend part of the summer in giving such people what would be the same as country weeks, only you'd take them out to sea instead of shipping them inland to dawdle around farms. I tell you that's a splendid idea, and nobody's done it."

Day after day, the project of the yacht was discussed by Mrs. Cliff and Burke, and at last she consented to the plan.

He assured Mrs. Cliff that it was not at all necessary to wait until pleasant weather before undertaking this great enterprise. As soon as the harbors were reasonably free of ice it would be well for him to go and look at yachts, and then when he found one which suited him, Mrs. Cliff could go and look at it, and if it suited her, it could be immediately put into commission. They could steam down into southern waters and cruise about there. The spring up here in the north was more disagreeable than any other season of the year, and why should they not go and spend that season in the tranquil and beautiful waters of Florida or the West Indies.

Mrs. Cliff had now fully determined to become owner of a yacht, but she would not do so unless she saw her way clear to carry out the benevolent features of the plan which Mr. Burke had suggested.

"What I want," said Mrs. Cliff, "is to have the whole thing understood. I am perfectly willing to spend some of the pleasant months sailing about the coast and feeling that I'm giving health and pleasure to poor and deserving people, especially children, but I am not willing to consider myself a rich woman who keeps an expensive yacht just for the pleasure of cruising around when she feels like it.

But I do like the plan of giving country weeks at sea."

"Very good, madam," said he, "and we can fix that thing so that nobody can possibly make any mistake about it. What do you say to calling your yacht 'The Summer Shelter'? We'll paint the name in white letters on the bows and stern, and nobody will take us for idle sea loafers with more money than we know what to do with."

"I like that," said Mrs. Cliff, her face brightening. "You may buy me a yacht as soon as you please, and we'll call her 'The Summer Shelter.'"

In consequence of this order, Mr. Burke departed from Plainton the next day, and began a series of expeditions to the seaport towns on the Atlantic coast in search of a steam-yacht for sale.

A man may have command of all the money necessary, and he may have plenty of knowledge and experience in regard to the various qualities of sea-going vessels, but even with these great advantages he may find it a very difficult thing to buy ready to his hand a suitable steam-yacht. The truth of this statement was acknowledged by Mr. Burke after he had spent nearly a month in Boston, New York, and various points between these cities, and after advertising, inquiring, and investigating the subject in all possible ways, found nothing which he could recommend Mrs. Cliff to purchase.

He wrote to her a great many letters during this period, all of which were interesting, although there were portions of many of them which she did not quite understand, being expressed in a somewhat technical fashion. Burke liked to write letters. It was a novel experience for him to have time to write and something to write about. He had been better educated than the ordinary sailor, and his intelligence and habits of observation enabled him to supplement to a considerable extent what he had learned at school. His spelling and grammar were sometimes at fault, but his handwriting was extremely plain and distinct, and Willy Croup, who always read his letters, declared that it was much better to write plainly than to be always correct in other respects, for what was the good of proper spelling and grammar if people could not make out what was written?

Mrs. Cliff was not at all disturbed by the delay in the purchase of a yacht for, according to her idea, it would be a long time yet before it was pleasant to sail upon the sea, and if it was interesting to Mr. Burke to go from place to place and have interviews with ship owners and seafaring people, she was glad that she was able to give him an opportunity to do so.

As for herself, she was in a pleasant state of feminine satisfaction. Without any sort of presumption or even effort on her part, she had attained a high and unquestionable position among her fellow-citizens, and her mind was not set upon maintaining that position by unworthy and offensive methods of using her riches.

She now had a definite purpose in life. If she could make herself happy and a great many other people happy, and only a few people envious or jealous, and at the same time, feel that she was living and doing things as a person of good common sense and great wealth ought to live and do things, what more could be expected of her in this life?

The peace of mind of Mrs. Cliff was disturbed one day by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Burke, who wrote from New York, and informed her that he had found a yacht which he believed would suit her, and he wished very much that she would come and look at it before he completed the purchase.

Mrs. Cliff did not wish to go to New York and look at yachts. She had then under consideration the plan of a semi-circular marble terrace which was to overlook one end of a shaded lakelet in her park, which Mr. Humphreys, her professional adviser, assured her she could have just as well as not by means of a dam, and she did not wish to interrupt this most interesting occupation. Mr. Humphreys had procured photographs of some of the romantic spots of the Luxemburg, and Mrs. Cliff felt within herself the gladdening impulses of a good magician as she planned the imitation of all this classic beauty.

Besides, it was the middle of March and cold, and not at all the season in which she would be able to properly appreciate the merits of a yacht. Still, as Mr. Burke had found the vessel and wanted her to see it, and as there was a

possibility that delay might cause her to lose the opportunity of getting what she wanted, and as she was very desirous of pleasing him, she decided that she and Willy would go to New York and look at the vessel.

IV.

THE SUMMER SHELTER.

When Mrs. Cliff and Willy, as well wrapped up in handsome furs as Mr. Burke himself, who accompanied them, left their New York hotel to drive over to Brooklyn and examine the yacht which had been selected, Willy's mind vainly endeavored to form within itself an image of the object of the expedition.

She was so thoroughly an inland woman and had so little knowledge of matters connected with the sea, that when she first heard the mention of the yacht it had brought into her mind the idea of an Asiatic animal, with long hair and used as a beast of burden, about which she had read of in her school-books. But when she had discovered that the object in question was a vessel and not a bovine ruminant her mind carried her no further than to a pleasure boat with a sail to it.

Even Mrs. Cliff, who had traveled, had inadequate ideas concerning a steam-yacht. She had seen the small steamers which ran upon the Seine, and she had taken little trips upon them, and if she had given the subject careful consideration she might have thought that the yacht intended for the use of a private individual would be somewhat smaller than one of these.

It would be difficult therefore, to imagine the surprise and even amazement of Mrs. Cliff and Willy Croup when they beheld the vessel to which Mr. Burke conducted them. It was, in fact, a sea-going steamer of small comparative size it is true, but of towering proportions when compared with the ideals in the minds of the two female citizens of Plain-ton who had come the one to view it and the other to buy it.

"Before we go on board," said Mr. Burke, as he proudly stood upon the pier, holding fast to his silk hat in the cold breeze which swept along the water front, "I want you to take a general look

at her. I don't suppose you know anything about her lines and build, but I can tell you they're all right. But you can see for yourselves that she's likely to be a fine, solid, comfortable craft, and won't go pitching and tossing around like the vessels that some people go to sea in."

"Why the name is on it!" cried Willy, "'Summer Shelter!' How did you happen to find one with that name, Mr. Burke?"

"Oh, I didn't," said he. "She had another name, but I wanted you to see her just as she'd look if she really belonged to you, so I had the other name painted out and this put on in good big white letters that can be seen for a long distance. If you don't buy her, Mrs. Cliff, of course I'll have the old name put back again. Now, what do you think of her, Mrs. Cliff, looking at her from this point of view?"

The good lady stood silent. She gazed at the long high hull of the steamer, she looked up at the black smoke-stack, and at the masts which ran up so shapely and so far, and her soul rose higher than it had been uplifted even by the visions of the future grove of the Incas.

"I think it is absolutely splendid!" said she. "Let us go in!"

"On board," said Burke, gently correcting her. "This way to the gang-plank."

For nearly two hours Mrs. Cliff and Willy wandered over the upper and lower decks of the yacht, examined its pretty little state-rooms; sat excitedly upon the sofas of its handsomely decorated saloon; examined the folding tables and all the other wonderful things which shut themselves up out of the way when they were not needed, tapped the keys of the piano, investigated the store-rooms, lockers, and all the marine domestic conveniences, and forgot it was winter, forgot that the keen wind nearly blew their bonnets off as they walked the upper deck, and felt what a grand thing it would be to sail upon the sea on such a noble vessel.

To all this there was added in Mrs. Cliff's mind the proud feeling that it would be her own, and in it she could go wherever she pleased and come back again when it suited her.

Willy, who had never been to sea, was perfectly free to form an idea of an ocean voyage as delightful and charming as she

pleased, and this she did with great enthusiasm. Even had it been necessary that this perfectly lovely vessel should remain moored at the pier, it would have given joy to her soul to live in it, to sleep in one of those sweet little rooms, and to eat, and read, and sew in that beautiful saloon.

"Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Cliff, "I don't believe you could find any vessel better suited to our purpose than this one, and I wish you would buy it."

"Madam," said Burke, "I'll do it immediately. And I tell you, madam, that this is a wonderful chance for this time of the year when yachts and pleasure crafts in this part of the world are generally laid up and can't be seen properly; and what's more, would have to be docked and overhauled generally before they would be ready for sea."

"But here's a yacht that's been cruising down South and in the West Indies, and has just come up here, and is all ready to go to sea again whenever you like it. If you don't mind going home by yourselves, I'll go to the office of the agent of the owner and settle the business at once."

It would have been impossible for any purchase or any possession of palace, pyramid, or principality to make prouder the heart of Mrs. Cliff than did the consciousness that she was the owner of a fine sea vessel worked by steam. She acknowledged to herself that if she had been at home she could not have prevented herself from putting on those airs which she had been so anxious to avoid. But these would wear off very soon she knew, and so long as there was no one, except Willy, to notice a possible change of manner, it did not matter.

Now that Mrs. Cliff and Willy were in New York they both agreed that it would be well for them to attend to some shopping for which they had intended coming to the city later in the spring. It had been found that there were many things wanted to supplement the furnishing of the new house, and to the purchase of these the two ladies now devoted their mornings.

But every afternoon, in company with Mr. Burke, they went on board the Summer Shelter to see what he had been doing, and to consult with him about

what he was going to do. It was astonishing how many little things were needed to be done to a yacht just returned from a cruise, and how interesting all these things were to Mrs. Cliff and Willy considering they knew so little about them.

The engineer and fireman had not been discharged, but were acting as watchmen, and Burke strongly recommended that they should be engaged immediately, because as he said, if Mrs. Cliff were to let them go it would be difficult to get such men again. "It was a little expensive, to be sure, but when a yacht is not laid up," he said, "there should always be men aboard of her." And so the painting, and the cleaning, and the necessary fitting up went on, and Mr. Burke was very happy, and Mrs. Cliff was very proud, although the external manifestation of this feeling was gradually wearing off.

"I don't want to give advice, madam," said Burke one evening, as the little party sat together discussing nautical matters, "but if I was in your place, I wouldn't go back to Plainton before I had taken a little trial trip on the yacht. It doesn't matter a bit about the weather. After we get out to sea it will be only a few days before we find we're in real spring weather and the warm water of the Gulf stream. We can touch at Savannah, and cruise along the Florida coast, and then go over to the Bahamas, and look around as long as we feel like it. And when we get back here it will be beginning to be milder, and then you can go home and arrange for the voyages you're going to make in her during the summer."

Mrs. Cliff considered. This was a tempting proposition. And while she considered, Willy sat and looked at her with glowing cheeks and half-open mouth. It would not have required one second for her to decide such a question.

"You know," said Mr. Burke, "It wouldn't take me long to get her ready for sea. I could soon coal her and put her stores aboard, and as to a crew, I can get one in no time. We could leave port in a week just as well as not."

"Let's go!" said Willy, seizing the hand of her friend. "It need only be a little trip, just to see how it would all feel."

Mrs. Cliff smiled. "Very good," said she; "we'll take a little trial trip just as soon as you are ready, Captain Burke. That is, if you have not made any plans which will prevent you from accepting the position."

"Madam," said Burke, springing to his feet and standing proudly before Mrs. Cliff, "I'd throw up the command of the finest liner on the Atlantic to be captain of the Summer Shelter for this summer! I see far more fun ahead in the cruises that you're going to make than in any voyage I've looked forward to yet; and when people have a chance to mix fun and charity as we're going to mix them, I say such people ought to call themselves lucky."

"This is Wednesday! Well, now, madam, by next Wednesday the Summer Shelter will be all fitted out for the cruise, and she'll be ready to sail out of the harbor at whatever hour you name, for the tide won't make any difference to her."

"There is only one thing I don't like about the arrangement," said Mrs. Cliff when the captain had left them, "and that is, that we will have to take this trip by ourselves. It seems a pity for three people to go sailing around in a big vessel like that with most of the state-rooms empty; but, of course, people are not prepared yet for country weeks at sea. And it will take some time to make my plans known in the proper quarters."

"I don't suppose," said Willy, "that there's anybody in Plainton that we could send for on short notice. People there want so much time to do anything."

"But there is nobody in the town that I would care to take on a first voyage," said Mrs. Cliff. "You know, something might go wrong and we would have to come back, and if it is found necessary to do that, I don't want any Plainton people on board."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Willy, "Don't let's bother about anything of that kind! Let's make the first trip by ourselves! I think that would be glorious!"

V.

THE SYNOD.

As most of Mrs. Cliff's business in New York was now finished, and as she

and Willy were waiting there only for the yacht to be made ready for sea, she had a good deal of time on her hands.

On the Saturday following her decision to make a trial trip on the Summer Shelter, when returning from the daily visit to the yacht, Mrs. Cliff stopped in at a Brooklyn church in which a synod was at that time convened. She had read of the proceedings of this body in the papers, and as the deliberations concerned her own denomination, she thought she would be interested in them. Willy, however, preferred to go on by herself to New York, as she had something to do there which she thought would be more to her taste than the proceedings of a synod.

It was not long after she had been seated in the church that Mrs. Cliff began to regret that she had not attended some of the earlier meetings, for the questions debated were those in which she took an interest.

After a time she saw near her Mrs. Arkwright, a lady who had visited Plainton some years before, and with whom she had then become acquainted. Joining her, Mrs. Cliff found Mrs. Arkwright able to give her a great deal of information in regard to the members of the synod, and, as the two sat and talked together in whispers, a desire arose in the mind of Mrs. Cliff that she and her wealth might in some way join in the work in which all these people were engaged. As her mind rested upon this subject, there came into it a plan that pleased her. Here were all these delegates, many of them looking tired and pale, as if they had been hard-worked during the winter, and here was she, the mistress of the Summer Shelter, about to take a trip to warm and sunny regions with an almost empty vessel.

As soon as the meeting adjourned, Mrs. Cliff, accompanied by Mrs. Arkwright, made her way to the front where many of the members were standing together, and was introduced by her friend to several clergymen with whom Mrs. Arkwright was acquainted. As soon as possible, Mrs. Cliff referred to the subject which was upon her mind, and informed the gentlemen with whom she had just been made acquainted, that if they thought well of it, she would like to invite a party

of those delegates who cared for such an excursion at this season, to accompany her on a short trip to the West Indies. Her vessel would easily accommodate twelve or fifteen of the gentlemen, and she would prefer to offer her invitation first to the clerical members of the synod.

The reverend gentlemen to whom this offer was made were a little surprised by it, but they could not help considering it was a most generous and attractive proposition, and one of them undertook to convey the invitation to some of his brethren.

Although the meeting had adjourned, many of the delegates remained for a considerable time, during which Mrs. Cliff's invitation was discussed with lively appreciation, some of the speakers informing her that if they could make the arrangements necessary for their pulpits and their families during a short absence, they would be delighted to accept her invitation. The synod would finally adjourn on the next Tuesday, and she was promised that before that time she would be informed of the exact number of guests she might expect.

The next morning when Mr. Burke appeared to accompany the ladies to the yacht, he found Willy Croup alone in their parlor.

"Do you know what's happened?" cried Willy, springing toward him as he entered. "Of course you don't, for Mrs. Cliff is going to give the first country week on the Summer Shelter to a synod!"

"To a what?" cried Burke.

"A synod," explained Willy; "it's a congregation—I mean a meeting, mostly of ministers, come together to settle church matters. She invited the whole lot of them, but of course they all can't come, for there are more than a hundred of them; but there will be about a dozen who can sail with us next Wednesday!"

Mr. Burke's jaw dropped. "A dozen ministers!" he exclaimed. "Sail with us! By George! Miss Croup, will you excuse me if I sit down?"

"You know," said Willy, "that the Summer Shelter was bought for this sort of thing. That is, to do good to people who can't get sea voyages in other ways. And if Mrs. Cliff takes out poor children from the slums, and hard-

working shop-girls, and seamstresses, why shouldn't she take hard-working ministers and give them some fresh air and pleasure?"

"A dozen ministers!" groaned Mr. Burke. "I tell you, Miss Croup, I can't take them in!"

"Oh, there'll be room enough!" said Willy, mistaking his meaning, for Mrs. Cliff says that each of those little rooms will easily hold two."

"Oh, it isn't that!" said Burke, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon a chair near him as if it had been something to look at. "But twelve ministers coming down on me so sudden, rather takes me aback, Miss Croup!"

"I don't wonder," said Willy, "for I don't believe a synod ever went out yachting before, in a bunch!"

Mr. Burke rose and looked out of the window. "Miss Croup," said he, "do you remember what I said about mixing fun and charity in these cruises? Well, I guess we'll have to take our charity straight this time."

But when Mrs. Cliff had come in and had talked with animation and enthusiasm in regard to her plan, the effects of the shock which Mr. Burke had received began to wear off.

"All right, madam," said he, "you're owner, and I'm captain, and I'll stand by you. And if you take it into your head to ship a dozen popes on the Summer Shelter, I'll take them where you want them to go to, and I'll bring them back safe. I suppose we'll have all sorts of customers on the Summer Shelter this season, and if we've got to get used to queer passengers, a synod will do very well to begin with. If you'll find out who's going and will write to them to be on hand Tuesday night, I'll see that they're taken care of."

Mrs. Cliff's whole heart was now in the projected cruise of the Summer Shelter. When she had thought of it with only Willy and herself as passengers, she could not help considering it was a great extravagance. Now she was going to begin her series of sea trips in a fashion far superior and more dignified than anything yet thought of. To be able to give such an invitation to a synod was something of which she might well be proud; and she was proud.

VI.

A TELEGRAM FROM CAPTAIN HORN.

It was early Tuesday morning, and Mrs. Cliff and Willy having just finished their breakfast, were busily engaged in packing the two trunks they proposed taking with them, and the elder lady was stating that although she was perfectly willing to dress in the blue flannel suit which had been ordered, she was not willing to wear a white yachting cap, although Willy urged that this was the proper thing, as they had been told by the people where they had bought their yachting suits; and Mrs. Cliff was still insisting that, although it would do very well for Willy to wear a white cap, she herself would wear a hood—the same kind of a hood which she had worn on all her other voyages, which was more like a bonnet, and more suitable to her on that account than any other kind of head covering; when Mr. Burke burst—actually burst, without knocking—into the room. His silk hat was on the back of his head, and he wore no overcoat.

"Mrs. Cliff," he exclaimed, "I've just seen Shirley! You remember Shirley?"

"Indeed I do," said Mrs. Cliff. "I remember him very well, and I always thought him to be a remarkably nice man! But where did you see him, and what in the world did he tell you to throw you into such a flurry?"

"He said a lot to me!" replied Burke, "and I'll try to make as straight a tale of it as I can! You see, about a week ago, Shirley got a telegraphic message from Captain Horn—"

"Captain Horn!" exclaimed Mrs. Cliff. "Where is he, and what did he say?"

"He's in Mexico," said Burke, "and the telegram was as long as a letter,—that's one advantage in not being obliged to think of what things cost,—and he told Shirley a lot—"

"How did he say they were?" asked Mrs. Cliff eagerly; "or did he say anything about Mrs. Horn? Are they well?"

"Oh, I expect they're all right," said Burke, "but I don't think he treated that subject. It was all about that gold, and the part of it that was to go to Peru!"

"When the business of dividing up the

treasure was settled in London in the way we all know about, word was sent to the Peruvian government to tell them what had happened, and to see what they said about it. And when they heard the news they were a good deal more than satisfied—as they ought to have been, I'm sure!—and they made no bones about the share we took. All they wanted was to have their part sent to them just as soon as could be, and I don't wonder at it, for all those South American countries are as poor as beggars, and if any one of them got a sum of money like that, it could buy up all the others, if it felt like spending the money in that way!

"Those Peruvians were in such a hurry to get the treasure that they wouldn't agree to have the gold coined into money, or to be sent a part at a time, or to take drafts for it, but they wanted it just as it was as soon as they could get it, and as it was their own, nobody could hinder them from doing what they pleased with it. Shirley and I have made up our minds that most likely the present government thought that they wouldn't be in office when the money arrived if they didn't have it on hand in pretty short order, and, of course, if they got their fingers on that treasure they could stay in power as long as they pleased.

"It is hard to believe that any government could be such fools, for they ordered it all shipped on an ordinary merchant vessel, an English steamer, the Dunkery Beacon, which was pretty nigh ready to sail for Lima. Now, any other government in this world would have sent a man-of-war for that gold, or some sort of an armed vessel to convoy it; but that wasn't the way with the Peruvians! They wanted their money, and they wanted it by the first steamer which could be got ready to sail. They weren't going to wait until they got one of their cruisers over to England—not they.

"The quickest way, of course, would have been to ship it to Aspinwall, and then take it by rail to Panama, and from there ship it to Lima, but I suppose they were afraid to do that. If that sort of freight had been carried overland, they couldn't have hindered people from finding out what it was, and pretty nearly everybody in Central

America would have turned train-robber. Anyway, the agents over there got the Dunkery Beacon to sail a little before her regular time.

"Now here comes the point! They actually shipped a hundred and sixty million dollars worth of pure gold on a merchant steamer that was going on a regular voyage, and would touch at Jamaica and Rio Janeiro on account of her other freight, instead of buying her outright, or sending her on the straightest cruise she could make for Lima! Just think of that! More than that, this business was talked about by the Peruvian agents, while they were trying to get the earliest steamer possible for it, so that it was heard of in a good many more ports than one!

"Well, this steamer with all the gold on board sailed just as soon as it could; and the very next day our London bankers got a telegram from Paris, from the head of a detective bureau there, to tell them that no less than three small steamers were fitting out in the biggest kind of hurry to go after that slow merchant steamer with the millions on board!"

Mrs. Cliff and Willy uttered a simultaneous cry of horror. "Do you mean they're pirates, and are going to steal the gold?" cried Mrs. Cliff.

"Of course, they are!" continued Burke. "And I don't wonder at it! Why, I don't believe such a cargo of gold ever left a port since the beginning of the world! Such a thing as that is enough to tempt anybody with the smallest streak of rascal blood in him who could get hold of a ship!

"Well, these three vessels were fitting out as hard as they could—two in France, at Toulon and Marseilles, and one in Genoa, and although the detectives were almost positive what their business was, they were not sure that they could get proof enough to stop them. If the Dunkery Beacon had been going on a straight voyage, even to Rio Janeiro, she might have got away from them, but, you see, she was going to touch at Jamaica!

"And now, now—this very minute—that slow old steamer and those three pirates are on the Atlantic ocean together! Why, it makes your blood creep to think of it!"

"Indeed, it does! It's awful!" cried Mrs. Cliff. "And what are the London people going to do?"

"They're not going to do anything so far as I know!" said Burke. "If they could get through with the red-tape business necessary to send any sort of a cruiser or war vessel after the Dunkery Beacon to protect her,—and I am not sure that they could do it at all,—it would be a precious long time before such a vessel would leave the English Channel. But I don't think that they'll try anything of that sort; all I know is, that the London people sent a cable message to Captain Horn. I suppose that they thought he ought to know what was likely to happen, considering he was the head man in the whole business!"

"And what did the captain do?" cried Mrs. Cliff. "What could he do?"

"I don't know," answered Burke. "I expect he did everything that could be done in the way of sending messages; and among other things he sent that telegram, about a thousand words more or less, to Shirley. He might have telegraphed to me, perhaps, but he didn't know my address, as I was wandering around. But Shirley, you know, is a fixture in his shipyard, and so he sent it to him!"

"I haven't a doubt," said Mrs. Cliff, "that he would have telegraphed to you if he had known where you were!"

"I hope so," said Burke. "And when he had told Shirley all that had happened, he asked him to pull up stakes, and sail by the first steamer he could catch for Jamaica. There was a chance that he might get there before the Dunkery Beacon arrived, or while she was in port, and then he could tell everything to make her captain understand that he needn't be afraid to lose anything on account of his ship stopping in Kingston harbor until arrangements could be made for his carrying his gold in safety to Lima. Captain Horn didn't think that the pirates would try to do anything before the Dunkery Beacon left Kingston. They would just follow her until she got into the South Atlantic, and then board her, most likely!

"Captain Horn said that he was going to Jamaica, too, but as he didn't know how soon he would be able to sail from

Vera Cruz, he wanted Shirley to go ahead without losing a minute. And then Shirley he telegraphed to me at Plainton—thinking I was there and that I ought to know all about it, and the people there took so long forwarding it that I did not get it until yesterday evening, and then I rushed around to where Shirley was staying, and got there just in time to catch him, for the next steamer to Jamaica sailed early this morning. But he had plenty of time to tell me everything!

"The minute he got the captain's telegram, he just dropped everything and started for New York. And I can tell you, Mrs. Cliff, I'd have done the same, for I don't know what I wouldn't do to get the chance to see Captain Horn again."

"And you wanted to go with Mr. Shirley?" said Mrs. Cliff, with an eager light in her eyes.

"Indeed, I did!" said Burke. "But, of course, I wouldn't think of such a thing as going off and leaving you here with that yacht on your hands, and no knowing what you would do with the people on board, and everything else! So I saw Shirley off about seven o'clock this morning, and then I came to report to you."

"That was too much to expect, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Cliff; "but it was just like you, and I shall never forget it! But, now tell me one thing—is Mrs. Horn going to Jamaica with the captain?"

"I don't know," said Burke; "but, of course, she must be—he wouldn't leave her alone in Mexico!"

"Of course, she is!" cried Mrs. Cliff. "And Mr. Shirley will see them! And oh, Mr. Burke, why can't we see them? Of all things in the world I want to see Edna, and the captain, too! And why can't we go straight to Jamaica in the Summer Shelter instead of going anywhere else? We may get there before they all leave. Don't you think we could do that?"

The eyes of Captain Burke fairly blazed. "Do it!" he cried, springing to his feet. "I believe we can do it; at any rate we can try. The same as you, madam, I would do anything in the world to see Captain Horn, and nobody

knows when we'll have the chance. Well, madam, it's all the plainest kind of sailing; we can get off at daylight tomorrow morning, and if that yacht sails as they told me she sails, I believe we may overhaul Shirley, and, perhaps, we will get to Kingston before any of them. And now I've got to bounce around, for there's a good deal to be done before nightfall."

"But what about the synod?" asked Willy Croup.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Burke, stopping suddenly on his way to the door. "I forgot the synod!"

Mrs. Cliff hesitated for a moment. "I don't think it need make any difference. It would be a great shame to disappoint all those good men; why couldn't we take them along all the same? Their weight wouldn't make the yacht go any slower, would it, Mr. Burke?"

"Not a bit of it!" said he. "But they may not want to go so far. Besides, if we find the captain at Kingston, we mayn't feel like coming back in a hurry. I'll tell you what we could do, Mrs. Cliff. We wouldn't lose any time worth speaking of if we touched at Nassau—that's in the Bahamas, and a jolly place to go to. Then we might discharge our cargo of ministers, and if you paid their board until the next steamer sailed for New York, and their passage home, I should think they would be just as well satisfied as if they came back with us."

Mrs. Cliff reflected. "That's true," she said presently. "I can explain the case to them, and I don't see why they should not be satisfied. And as for me, nobody could be more willing than I am to give pleasure to these ministers; but I don't believe that I could give up seeing Edna and Captain Horn for the sake of any members of any synod."

"All right, madam," cried the impatient Burke, "you settle the matter with the parsons, and I haven't a doubt you can make it all right, and I'll be off. Everything has got to be on board tonight. I'll come after you early this evening." With this he departed.

When Mr. Burke had gone, Mrs. Cliff, very much excited by what she had heard and by the thought of what she was going to do, told Willy that she could go on with the packing while she

herself went over to the church in Brooklyn and explained matters to the members of the synod who intended to go with her, and give them a chance to decide whether or not the plan proposed by Mr. Burke would suit them.

She carried out this intention and drove to Brooklyn in a carriage, but having been delayed by many things which Willy wanted to know about the packing, and having forgotten in what street the church was situated, she lost a good deal of time, and when she reached her desti-

nation she found that the synod had adjourned, sine die.

Mrs. Cliff sighed. It was a great pity to have taken so much trouble, especially when time was so precious, but she had done what she could. It would be impossible for her to find the members at their temporary places of abode, and the only thing she could do now was to tell them the change in her plans when they came on board that evening, and then, if they did not care to sail with her, they would have plenty of time to go ashore.

(To be continued.)

THE BARGAIN OF FAUST.

BY ALICE W. ROLLINS.

I.

"SHALL a man, then, not own his own soul? why, If I choose wreck, may I not wreck my own, Counting the cost?" Brave Faust! without a groan To hold no price too cruel or too high For a rich joy! Choose thy fate mayst thou, aye! But thy soul was so paltry, that alone Mephisto wished it not; well hast thou known That, with thine, Marguerite's soul, too, must die. Bargain for thine own ruin as thou wilt! But sign no compact that another soul Must witness and consent to; brave art thou? A coward rather; for a darling guilt Thy reckless soul another's birthright stole; For this think not to be forgiven now.

II.

Nor canst thou offer even this poor plea: That thou didst sin for love of Marguerite;— Thou hadst not seen the maiden on the street When thou didst promise Satan his high fee. "Some woman's soul for toy, and mine for thee, Mephisto, later!"—Passion, deadly sweet, The flower of love that else were incomplete, Angels may pity, if not pardon; she Did sin for love, but thou didst love for sin; Her passion was the flower of love; but thine, Only the seed; then thou didst not compel Her sacrifice? Love's victim had she been, Not thine? Ay, both must pay the heavy fine; She hers in heaven, but thou thine in hell.

HILDA STRAFFORD: A CALIFORNIAN STORY.

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

I.

WOULD IT SMILE TO HER.

THE day had come at last.

Robert Strafford glanced around at the isolated spot which he had chosen for his ranch, and was seized with more terrible misgivings than had ever before overwhelmed him in moments of doubt.

Scores of times he had tried to put himself in her place, and to look at the country with her eyes. Would it, could it smile to her? He had put off her coming until the early spring, so that she might see this new strange land at its best, when the rains had begun to fall and the grass was springing up, and plain and slope were donning a faint green garment toning each day to a richer hue, when tiny ferns were thrusting out their heads from the dry ground, and here and there a wild flower arose, welcome herald of the bounty which nature would soon be dispensing with generous hand, but after a long delay. Such a long delay indeed, that a newcomer to Southern California might well think that nature so liberal in her gifts to other lands, had shown only scanty favor to this child of hers, clothing her in dusty and unattractive attire and refusing her every kind of tender grace. But when the long months of summer heat are over she begins to work her miracle, and those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand will learn how dearly she loves this land of sunshine, and how, in her own good time, she showers her jewels upon it.

So just now, when this wonderful change was stealing over the country, Robert Strafford looked eagerly for the arrival of Hilda Lester, who had been engaged to him for more than three years, and who was at length able to break away from her home-ties and marry him: when there was a mystic glamour in the air, and a most caressing softness; when the lemon trees were full of promise, and some of them full of plenty; when the

little ranch so carefully worked and so faithfully nursed seemed at its very best, and well repaid Robert Strafford for his untiring labor.

He sat on the bench in front of his barn, smoking his pipe and glancing with pride at his little estate on the slope of the hill. He loved it so much that he had learned to think it even beautiful, and it was only now and then that he had any serious misgivings about the impression it would produce on any one unaccustomed to the South Californian scenery. But now he was seized with overwhelming doubt, and he took his pipe from his mouth and covered his tired-looking face with his hands. Nellie, the white pointer, stirred uneasily and then got up and rubbed herself against him.

"Dear old girl," he said, caressing her. "You have such a faithful heart. I'm all right, old girl, I'm only down in the dumps a little."

Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and Nellie darted down the hill barking, and then came up the hill in triumph, now and again making jumps of greeting to Ben Overleigh's pretty little chestnut mare Fanny.

Ben Overleigh swung off his horse, and hitched her to the post, and then turned quietly to his friend who had not risen from the bench, but sat in the same listless position as before.

"Well, now," said Ben Overleigh, sinking down beside him, "and I tell you, Bob, you've made a deuced pretty little garden for her. That deaf old woman with the ear-trumpet has not grown finer violets than those yonder, and as for your roses, you could not find any better in Santa Barbara itself. I can't say much for the grass-plot at present. It reminds me rather of a bald man's head. But the creepers are just first-rate, especially the ones I planted. And there isn't a bonnier little ranch than yours in the whole neighborhood. If my lemons are coming on as well as yours, nothing on earth should prevent

me from stepping over to the dear old country for a few weeks."

Robert Strafford looked up and smiled. "The trees are certainly doing splendidly," he said with some pride. "I know I've given them the best part of my strength and time these last three years. There ought to be some return for that, oughtn't there, Ben?"

Ben made no answer, but puffed at his pipe, and Robert Strafford continued:

"You see, Hilda and I have been engaged for some time, and things did not go well with me in the old country,—I couldn't make my niche for myself like other fellows seem able to do,—and then there came that wretched illness of mine, which crippled all my best abilities for the time. So when at last I set to work again, I felt I must leave no stone unturned to grasp some kind of a success; here was a new life and a new material, and I vowed I would contrive something out of it for myself and Hilda."

He paused a moment, and he came closer to Ben Overleigh.

"But I don't know how I ever dared hope that she would come out here," he said half dreamily. "I've longed for it, and dreaded it, and longed for it and dreaded it. If I were to have a message now to say she had thrown it up, I don't suppose I should ever want to smile again, but that is not the worst thing that would happen to one. I dread something far more—her disappointment, her scorn; for when all is done and said, it is a wretched land, barren and bereft, and you know yourself how the women suffer here. They all hate it. Something dies down in them. You have only got to look at them to know. They have lost the power of caring. I've seen it over and over again, and then I have cursed my lemon trees. And I tell you, Ben, I feel so played out by work and doubt, and so overshadowed, that if Hilda hates the whole thing, it will just be the death of me. It will kill me outright."

Ben Overleigh got up and shook himself, and then relieved his feelings in a succession of ranch-life expletives, given forth with calm deliberation and in a particularly musical voice, which was one of Ben's most charming characteristics. He had many others, too: his strong, manly presence, his innate chivalry to every one

and everything, and his quiet loyalty, made him an attractive personality in the valley; and his most original and courteous manner of swearing would have propitiated the very sternest of tract distributors. He was a good friend, too, and had long ago attached himself to Robert Strafford, had looked after him and mothered him up in his own manly, tender fashion; and now he glanced at the young fellow who was going to bring his bride home on the morrow, and he wondered what words of encouragement he could speak so that his comrade might take heart and throw off his overwhelming depression.

"That's enough of this nonsense," he said cheerily, as he stood and faced his friend. "Come and show me what you've done to make the house look pretty. And see here, old man, I've brought two or three odd things along with me. I saw them in town the other day and thought they might please her ladyship when she arrives. I stake my reputation particularly on this lamp-shade. And here's a table-cloth from the Chinese shop, and here's a vase for flowers, and here's a toasting-fork."

They had gone into the house and Ben Overleigh had laid his treasures one by one on the table. He looked around and realized for the first time that Robert Strafford was offering but a desolate home to his bride. Outside, at least, there were flowers and creepers, and ranges of splendid mountains, and beautiful soft lights and shades changing constantly, and fragrance in the air born of spring; but inside this dreary little house there was nothing to cast a glamour of cheerfulness—nothing. For the moment Ben's heart sank, but when he glanced at his friend, he forced himself to smile approvingly.

"You've bought a capital little coal-oil stove, Bob," he said. "That is the best kind, undoubtedly. I'm going to have scores of cozy meals off that, I can tell you. I think you could have done with two or three more saucepans, old man. But that is as nice a little stove as you'll see anywhere. A rocking-chair—good. And a cushion, too, by Jove! And a book-shelf, with six brand new books on it, including George Meredith's last novel, and Ibsen's new play."

"Hilda is fond of reading," said Robert

Strafford, gaining courage from his friend's approval.

"And some curtains," continued Ben. "And a deuced pretty pattern, too."

"I chose them myself," said the other, smiling proudly. "And what's more, I stitched them myself." And so they went on, Ben giving comfort and Bob taking it, and then they made a few alterations in the arrangement of the furniture, and they tried the effect of the table-cloth and the lamp-shade, and Bob put a few flowers in the vase, and stood at the door to see how everything looked.

"Will it smile to her, will it smile to her, I wonder?" he said anxiously.

"Of course it will," said Ben, also stepping back to see the whole effect. "That lamp-shade, and that table-cloth, and that vase, and that toasting-fork, settle the whole matter in my mind!"

"If there were only some nice neighbors," said Robert Strafford. "But there isn't a soul within six miles."

"You are surely forgetting the deaf lady with the ear-trumpet," remarked Ben mischievously.

"Don't be a fool, Ben," said Robert Strafford shortly.

"She is not exactly a stimulating companion," continued Ben composedly, "but she is better than no one at all. And then there's myself. I also am better than no one at all. I don't think you do so badly after all, in spite of your grumblings. Then eight miles off live Lauderdale, and Holles, and Graham. Since Jesse Holles returned from his travels as merry a little company as you would wish to see anywhere."

"Hilda is so fond of music," said Robert Strafford sadly, "and I have no piano for her as yet."

"That is soon remedied," answered Ben. "But why didn't you tell me these things before. The ear-trumpet lady has a piano, and I dare say with a little coaxing she would lend it to you. I'm rather clever at coaxing through a trumpet, and then, too, she rather likes me. I have such a gentle voice, you know, and I believe my mustache is the exact reproduction of one owned by her dead nephew. Her dead nephew certainly must have had an uncommonly fine moustache! Well, about the piano. I'll see what I can do, and, meanwhile, for pity's sake, cheer up."

He put his hand kindly on his friend's shoulder.

"Yes, Bob, I mean what I say," he continued; "for pity's sake, cheer up, and don't be receiving her ladyship with the countenance of a boiled ghost. That will depress her far more than anything in poor old California. Be your old bright self again, and throw off all these misgivings. You've just worked yourself out and you ought to have taken a month's holiday down the coast. You would have come back as strong as a jack rabbit, and as chirpy as a little horned toad."

"Oh, I shall be all right," said Robert Strafford, "and you're such a brick, Ben. You've always been good to me. I've been such a sullen cur lately. But for all that—"

"But for all that, you're not a bad fellow at your best," said Ben smiling; "and now come back with me. I can't have you mooning here by yourself to-night. Come back with me, and I'll cook you a splendid piece of steak, and I'll send you off in excellent form to meet her ladyship to-morrow morning. Then whilst you are off on that errand, I'll turn in here and make the place as trim as a ship's cabin, and serve up a nice little dinner fit for a king and queen. Come on, old man. I half think there may be rain to-night."

"I must just water the horses," said Robert Strafford, "and then I'm ready for you."

The two friends sauntered down to the stables, the pointer, Nellie following close upon their heels.

It was the hour of sunset, that hour when the barren scenery can hold its own for beauty with the loveliest land on earth. The lights changed and deepened and faded away and gave place to other colors, until at last that tender rosy tint, so dear to those who watch the Californian sky, jeweled the mountains and the stones, holding everything indeed in a passing splendor.

"Her ladyship won't see anything like that in England," said Ben, and he stooped down and picked some wild flowers which were growing over the ranch—Mexican primroses and yellow violets.

"The ear-trumpet lady says this is going to be a splendid year for the wild flowers," he added; "so her ladyship will

see California at its best. But I believe we are in for some rain. I rather wish it would keep off until she has happily settled down in her new home."

"It won't rain yet," said Robert Strafford leading out one of the horses to the water-trough. Then Ben fetched the other one out, but he broke loose and hurried up on the hill, and Ben followed after him, swearing in his usual patent manner, in a gentle and musical monotone, as though he were reciting prayers kneeling by his mother's side. At last the horse was caught, and the chickens were fed, and Nellie was chained up to keep guard over the Californian estate. Then Robert mounted his little mare Jinny, and said some words of comfort and apology to the pointer.

"Poor old Nellie, woman," he said, "I hate to leave you by yourself. But you must keep the house and ranch safe for your mistress. And I've given you an extra supply of bones. And we'll go hunting soon, old girl, I promise you."

Nellie went the full length of her chain and watched the two men canter off.

When she could no longer watch, she listened, every nerve intent, and when at last the sounds of the horses' hoofs had died away in the distance, she heaved a deep sigh, and after the manner of all philosophers, resigned herself to an extra supply of bones.

II.

HILDA COMES.

The next morning after Robert Strafford had gone off to town to meet Hilda, Ben Overleigh went to his friend's house and put everything in order, and then having paid special attention to the arrangement of his moustache, he set out to visit Miss Dewsbury, the deaf lady, intending if possible to coax her piano out of her. He was a great favorite of hers, and he was indeed the only person who was not thoroughly frightened of her. She was quite seventy years of age, but she had unending strength and vitality, and worked like a navvy on her ranch, only employing a man when she absolutely must. And when she did employ any one, she mounted to the top of the house, and kept watch over him with an

opera-glass, so that she might be quite sure she was having the advantage of every moment of his time. The boys in the neighborhood often refused to work for her; for, as Jesse Holles said, it was bad enough to be watched through an opera-glass, but to have to put up with all her scoldings, and not be able to say a word of defense which could reach her, except through a trumpet—no, by Jove, that wasn't the job for him! And then there were other complaints against her; she never gave any one a decent meal, and she never dreamed of offering anything else but skimmed milk, which people did not seem able to swallow; they swallowed the opera-glasses, and the trumpet, and the scoldings, and the tough beef, but when it came to the skimmed milk, they felt that they had already endured enough. So the best people in the valley would not work for Miss Dewsbury, at least, not willingly; and it had sometimes happened that Ben Overleigh had used his powers of persuasion to induce some of the young fellows to give her a few days' help when she was in special need of it; and on more than one occasion, when he could not make any one else go to her, he had offered her his services himself. So she owed him some kindness, and, moreover, his courtliness and his gentle voice were pleasing to her. He was the only person, so she said, who did not shout down the trumpet. And yet she could hear every word he uttered.

This morning when he arrived at her house, she was vainly trying to hear what the butcher said, and the butcher was vainly trying to make himself understood. She was in a state of feverish excitement, and the butcher looked in the last stage of nervous exhaustion.

"You've just come in time to save my life," he said to Ben. "For the love of Heaven, tell her through the trumpet that beef has gone up two cents a pound, and that she can't have her salted tongue till next week, and that she has given me seven cents too little."

Then Ben of the magic voice spoke these mystic words through the trumpet, and the butcher went off comforted, and Miss Dewsbury smiled at her favorite; and when he told her that he had come to ask a special favor of her, she was so gracious that Ben felt he would have

no difficulty in carrying out his project. But when she understood what he wanted, things did not go so easily. To be sure, she did not use the piano, she said, but then that was no reason why any one else should use it for her. Ben stood waiting patiently until she should have exhausted all her eloquence, and then he stooped down and quietly picked one or two suckers off a lemon tree, and took his pruning-knife from his pocket and snipped off a faded branch, and then he twirled his great moustache with quiet deliberation. That settled the matter. "You may have the piano," she said, "but you must fetch it yourself."

Ben did not think it necessary to add that he had already arranged for it to be fetched at once, and he lingered a little while with her, listening to her complaint about the men she employed and about their laziness which she observed through the opera-glass. Ben was just going to suggest that perhaps the opera-glasses made the men lazy, when he remembered that he must be circumspect, and so he contrived some beautiful speech about the immorality of laziness; he even asked for a glass of skimmed milk, and



Drawn by Eric Ripe.

"BEN LIT THE LANTERN AND STATIONED HIMSELF OUTSIDE WITH IT."

off he cantered, raising his hat and bowing chivalrously to the old lady rancher; and before very long her piano stood in Robert Strafford's little house, and Ben spent a long time in cleaning and dusting it.

After he had finished this task he became very restless, and finally went down to the workshop and made a rough letterbox which he fixed on to a post and placed at the corner of the road leading up to his friend's ranch. Two hours were left. He did a little gardening and watered the tiny grass-plot. He looked at the sky. Blue-black clouds were hovering over the mountains, obscuring some and

trying to envelop others.

"We are in for a storm," he said. "It is making straight for this part from Grevilles Mountain. But I hope it won't come to-night. It will be a poor welcome to Bob's wife, though it's about time now for the land to have a thorough good drenching."

He looked at the pretty valley with its belt of trees, seen at its best from the hill where Robert's house was built. At all times of the year there was that green stretch yonder of clustering trees,

nestling near the foothills, which in their turn seemed to nestle up to the rugged mountains.

"Yes," he said, as he turned away, "those trees make one homesick for a wooded country. These wonderful ranges of mountains and these hills are all very well in their way, and one learns to love them tremendously, but one longs for the trees. And yet when Jesse Holles went north and came back again, he said he was glad to see the barren mountains once more. I wonder what the girl will think of it all, and how she will take to the life. The women suffer miseries of homesickness."

He stood thinking a while, and there was an expression of great sadness on his face:

"My own little sweetheart would have pined out here," he said softly. "I can bear the loneliness, but I could not have borne that. Poor old Bob," he said regretfully. "I almost wish he had not sent for her—it is such a risk in this land. I don't wonder he is anxious."

Then he glanced again at the threatening clouds, and went back to the house, took off his coat, turned up his sleeves and began to make the preparations for the evening meal. He laid the cloth, changed the flowers several times before they smiled to his satisfaction, and polished the knives and forks. He brought in some logs of wood and some sumac roots, made a fire, and blew it up with the bellows.

Suddenly the frail little frame house was shaken by a heavy gust of wind; and when the shock had passed, every board creaked and quivered. Nellie got up from her warm place near the fire, and stalked about uneasily.

"Damnation," said Ben, "the storm is working up. If they'd only come before it is any worse."

It was now seven o'clock and pitch dark. Ben lit the lantern and stationed himself outside with it. The time seemed endless to him, but at last he heard the music of wheels, and in a few minutes the horse dashed up the hill, and Robert's voice rang out lustily:

"Here she is, Ben!"

"Yes, here I am!" said Robert's wife.

"Just in time to escape the storm," said Ben, coming forward to greet her,

and helping her out of the buggy. "I've been awfully anxious about you both. I'll take the horse down to the barn, Bob, and then I'll fly up to see about the dinner. Leave everything to me."

So while Ben was unhitching the horse, Robert led his wife into the little house, and he was transfigured with pride and pleasure when she glanced around and said:

"Why, how cozy you've made it. And how cheerful the fire looks. And this dear dog ready to be so friendly. It looks like a real little home—doesn't it?"

In that one moment all Robert's doubts and misgivings were set at rest, and when Ben hurried up from the barn the husband and wife were kneeling down and toasting themselves before the fire, and the dog nestling up near them, and he heard Robert asking questions about the dear old country, and Hilda answering in a voice which struck on Ben's sensitive ear as being somewhat harsh and strident. He had only time to glance hastily at her as he passed into the kitchen, intent on serving up a dainty little dinner as quickly as possible; and at last he brought it in triumphantly, hot steak cooked as only Ben knew how, and fried potatoes and chicken salad, and the most fragrant coffee; and then overcome with his exertions, and his anxiety, and his day's working and waiting, he sank back in his chair with a sigh of relief, and twirled his great moustache.

"You have been such a good friend to Bob," said Hilda, smiling at him. "I know all about it."

"No, no," said Ben, with his easy grace. "I've only helped to get him through the time until you came out to him. The poor wretch needed cheering up. But he does not look much like a poor wretch now."

"No indeed," laughed Robert, "and I don't feel like one."

"You've often been a great anxiety to me," said Ben, turning to Hilda. "When the mails have been delayed and your letters have not come at their appointed minute, then I have had to suffer. And once you were ill. And then I wasn't allowed any peace of mind."

"In fact, you have had bad times on my account," she said brightly.

"Well, I could not bear to see him

suffer," Ben said, laying his arm on Robert's shoulder. "He is a terrible fellow at taking things to heart. There is no doing anything at all with him."

"He has suffered quite unnecessarily," Hilda answered with that peculiar harsh ring in her voice which again jarred on Ben's sensitiveness. "I am one of the strong ones of the earth."

And she looked it. Though tired with the long journey from England, she had the appearance of being in excellent health. Her complexion was dark, and her eyes were brown, but without any softness in them. She was decidedly good-looking, almost beautiful, indeed, and strikingly graceful of form and stature. But she impressed Ben as being quite unsympathetic, and all the time he was washing up the tea things and tidying the little kitchen he found himself harping on this note alone.

And when he had said good-by to Robert and Hilda, and was hurrying home on his pretty little mare Fanny, he gave vent to his disappointed feelings in his usual musical fashion, and kept up a soft accompaniment of swearing to the howling of the wind.

III.

GROWING REGRETS.

It was now three days since Hilda's arrival, and the storm which had been threatening for so long, had not yet broken loose. Like all the ranchers, Robert was anxious for a good deluge, but he was relieved that there was a little delay about it, for he wanted Hilda to enjoy a few days of outdoor life and see all he had to show her on the ranch and in the garden. He seemed like a different man now that she had come out to him; and every tiny mark of appreciation which she gave, made him lift his head higher, and step more firmly over the ground. The labor, the anxiety, and the risk of his enterprise were all forgotten in the intense pride and pleasure with which he showed her what he had been doing to ensure success. He told her with quiet confidence in the ultimate truth of his words, that his lemons could not possibly be a failure.

"You will hear many people say that

there is no money in fruit farming," he said to her when he was taking her over the ranch and pointing out to her his pet trees. "But you need not be concerned about that. The big ranches often fail because they are too unwieldy, and some of the small ranches fail because they are not properly looked after, and because their owners have not enough capital to spend money on them, and to wait patiently for a good return. But a ranch of twenty-five acres carefully tended in every particular cannot help being a success. Those are my best trees yonder. They are especially fine, and I expect to net two dollars a box on them next year. I can't tell you how much care I have given to them, but you see for yourself that it was well worth while."

Hilda tried to make some appropriate remark, but the trees did not really arouse any interest in her: she was bitterly disappointed with them; for in spite of all Robert's letters telling her that the orchard was only in its infancy, she had expected to see great groves of trees covered with lemons and oranges. And until one learns to watch for oneself the quick growth, one may well feel disappointment and contempt. Some amusing criticisms with a spice of derision in them rose to her lips, but she managed to shut them off, and followed him silently up the trail which led to his reservoir, on which he set great store.

"Yes," he said, "this is a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work. It cost a good deal of money and labor, but it is splendidly strong, and it is such an advantage to be able to store water in this dry land."

Hilda praised the reservoir, and suggested they should grow some trees there.

"Yes, indeed," Robert said eagerly. "We will have trees everywhere, and you shall choose them and settle where they are to be planted."

"Why didn't you plant some shade-trees at once?" she asked. "The whole place is so terribly bare. I could not have believed that such a barren spot existed anywhere outside a desert."

Robert's face fell, and Hilda added quickly:

"But these are grand old mountains around us, and I dare say one gets accustomed to the bareness."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "and in time one almost learns to think it beautiful."

"Beautiful, no!" she replied decidedly; "but perhaps tolerable."

"Every day," he said almost pleadingly, "you will see a difference in the scenery. If we have some more rain, as we shall do shortly, you will see the green springing up everywhere. The most dried up looking corner will suddenly become jeweled with wild flowers. In about three weeks' time that little hill yonder above our ranch will be covered with scented yellow lilies. Down in the valley you will find green enough to satisfy the hungriest eye, and up on the mountains, where you must go on horseback, the brushwood is coming on splendidly, and all sorts of lovely flowers and shrubs are springing up. And there you will have a grand view of the surrounding mountains and the Pacific. You will even feel the sea breeze, and at times you will hear the sound of the waves."

He paused for a moment, and Hilda said brightly:

"I shall enjoy the riding immensely. Can I begin soon?"

"At once," he answered proudly again. "Come and make friends with Bessie, and see the side-saddle which I bought for you the other day. It's a Mexican one, and I think it is the safest for this country."

He had taken thought for her in every way, and she could not but notice it and be grateful for it; and as the days went on she grew more conscious of the evidences of his kindness, and all the more anxious to do her part exactly and conscientiously. She threw herself into work to which she had been totally unaccustomed all her life and for which she had no liking; but because she had a strong will and a satisfaction in doing everything well, she made astonishing progress, illustrating the truth sometimes disputed by ungenerous critics, that a good groundwork of culture and education helps one and does not hinder one in the practical and unpoetical things of life.

But, nevertheless, she recognized that she had made a great mistake: and looking back now she wondered why in the name of Heaven she had ever come out to this distant land and got herself entangled

in a life which could never be congenial to her; for once there, and having seen her surroundings and her limitations, she realized that it could never be attractive to her. She had loved Robert as well as she could love any one, and when his health broke down and he had to leave England, she continued her engagement as a matter of course, and his letters of love and longing were acceptable to her, not involving any strain on her part, nor any pressing need of arranging definitely for the future. So she drifted on, and when at last the question arose of her joining him, her relations and friends used every opposition to prevent her. It was pointed out to her that after a London life full of many interests, and possibilities, and actualities, ranching in Southern California would be simply madness. She had been accustomed to companions, men and women of a certain amount of culture and refinement. How would she manage, bereft of all these advantages? The strenuous opposition with which she met, and the solid arguments advanced against her leaving the old country stimulated her desire to go, and a sudden wave of loyalty and pity for that lonely rancher who was counting on her help and companionship, confirmed her in her intentions. She felt that if she had not been intending to keep her promise, she ought at least to have let him know the drift of her mind. This, and a very decided inclination for travel and adventure settled the matter.

So she came.

And this afternoon when she sat on the little veranda, resting after her housework, and watching Robert cultivating the eight-acre piece on the hill-slope, she realized that she had been mad. He paused for a moment and waved to her, and she waved back listlessly. She looked at the rich, upturned soil, of chocolate brown, and the formal rows of lemon trees; at the stretch of country all around her, with scarcely a sign of human habitation; at the great mountains, uncompromisingly stern and barren of everything except stone and brush. She watched the pointer Nellie going in front of the little, gray team and encouraging them to do their work well; and now she glanced upwards and noticed the majestic flight of the turkey buzzards, and



Drawn by Eric Pape.

"AND HE HEARD ROBERT ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT THE DEAR OLD COUNTRY,
AND HILDA ANSWERING."

now she was attracted by the noise of a humming-bird who came to visit her fragrant honeysuckle creeper and then sped on his way. Everything seemed so still and lifeless. There were no familiar noises such as greet one in the tiniest village in the old country. There was no pulsation nor throb of life. There was nothing to stimulate—nothing in the cir-

cumstances of every-day life, nor in the scenery. And with the exception of her husband, there was no one to speak to all through the living hours of the day.

And this was what she had chosen of her own free will. She had deliberately thrown up a life full of interests and distractions, and had been mad enough to exchange it for this.

She was fond of music, and would hear none. She was fond of theaters, and she had cut herself off from them.

As for books—well, she could get them here, but meanwhile Meredith's "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" lay unopened by her side, and the current number of *The Century* was thrown down and carelessly crumpled. But as she stooped to pick it up, she was ashamed to think how ungrateful she was for all his kindness. He had filled a little book-shelf with new books for her, he had subscribed for several of the best magazines, he had sent for a tuner from town to tune the ear-trumpet lady's piano. She scarcely cared to read, and she had not touched the piano. A feeling of tenderness and gratitude came over her, and she sprang up and trudged over the fields to speak a few words with her husband. His face brightened when he saw her, and he gave her such a welcome. Nellie sprang up to greet her, and the horses looked round enquiringly. For the moment she felt really proud and happy.

"You must let me help you all I can," she said gently. "I am so strong, and able to do so much. You look dreadfully tired."

"Oh, that's nothing," he said smiling, and wiping his forehead. "Everything seems different since you came."

"If you teach me, I can do the pruning," she said. "I believe I could cultivate, too."

"I believe you could," he answered, "and perhaps you think, too, that I am going to allow you to dig the basins for the irrigating during the summer. But you shall do the pruning, and next year, you know, there will be the curing of the lemons."

"*Next year*," she repeated slowly, and her heart sank once more.

"I've half decided to plant some walnuts," he said. "They don't bear for about nine years, but then they are very profitable."

"*Nine years*," she echoed, and a throb of pain passed through her.

But at that moment Ben Overleigh came cantering over the ranch, with a rifle in front of him and some quail which he had just shot.

"This is my first offering of quail," he said, turning to Hilda, "and I shot

them with this pretty little rifle which Jesse Holles is sending as a present to you. He is too shy to give it to you himself. Though you won't think him shy when you see him."

"And when shall I see him?" asked Hilda, who had brightened up considerably and looked beautiful.

"This evening," answered Ben, glancing at her admiringly. "The fact is I came to tell you that in about an hour's time you may expect seven callers. Lauderdale, and Graham, and Holles, and some of the other boys intend to pay you their respects this evening. They fear lest they may be prevented later on by the storm which I've prophesied for the last fortnight, and which I shall continue to prophesy with unfailing persistence until it comes. You will find Holles most amusing if he is in good form. But he has been quite ill for the last three weeks, and is only just himself again. He made nine wills and wrote six farewell letters in twenty-one days, and he said they helped him to recover. He looked in at my place this morning and asked for a tie, and Graham pleaded for a collar, and when I heard why they wanted these articles of luxury, I thought I had better come a little earlier and warn you, as seven visitors are rather a large bunch of grapes, even in California."

"Then we will go in and get ready for them," Hilda said, delighted at the prospect of company. "How nice of Mr. Holles to send the rifle. Can't I fire a shot now, Mr. Overleigh? I should so much like to try."

He showed her how to use it, and then loaded it for her, and nodded in approval to Robert when she took a steady aim at a mark they had placed for her and hit it.

"She'll do," said Ben, cheerily. "We can send her out to shoot the deer in the mountains, Bob. Perhaps she will have better luck than we do."

"Perhaps," laughed Robert, as he turned the horses homeward. "Be sure and ask Holles, Hilda, what is the greatest number of deer he has ever shot!"

Hilda promised not to forget, and hurried into the house to make her preparations for her guests.

"It will rain to-night," Ben said. "It

can't help itself any longer. Just look yonder."

"Yes, I believe you are right at last," answered Robert, unhitching the horses from the cultivator.

IV.

THE STORM.

The seven callers came as threatened, and Hilda began to think that perhaps there was some kind of companionship possible in the wilds of Southern California. She was delighted with these young English fellows, and sat in the midst of them laughing at their fun, listening to their stories, and answering their eager questions about the dear old country for which they all longed.

"How does the Strand look?" asked Graham.

"Does Tottenham Court Road seem the same as ever?" asked Lauderdale.

"Has Park Lane changed at all?" asked Holles, putting on airs of great superiority. In spite of his recent illness, he was in capital spirits, and seemed to be much liked by his companions. "Yes, I've been quite ill," he said in answer to Hilda's enquiries, "but Lauderdale nursed me beautifully and made me drink about a dozen bottles of Elliman's Embrocation, and then I got well enough to write several parting letters to my friends in England, and to make my will. And that's a very puzzling thing to do satisfactorily when you have many valuable things to leave. I left my pipe first to Lauderdale, then to Graham, then to Bob, and then to Ben Overleigh, and finally I kept it for myself."

"You ought to have kept your rifle for yourself," Hilda said graciously, "though I am glad you did not. I am delighted to have it from you, and hope to do it justice."

"A rifle is a very handy thing to have in this country," he answered. "One may want it at any moment for a coyote, or a jack rabbit, or a Mexican."

"Or, perhaps, a deer," suggested Hilda, slyly.

They all laughed at that, and Jesse Holles as heartily as any one; and then Ben said he thought they ought to be

starting home. It was evident that none of them wanted to go, and Holles being personally fond of music was looking at the piano, but Ben seemed anxious about the weather and insisted on their leaving at once with him. They called him the High Binder, explaining to Hilda the exact meaning of a High Binder, and his mysterious and subtle influence over his Chinese compatriots whom he ruled with an iron rod.

"Just see how we all quail before him," said Holles, who had been talking incessantly the whole evening, "and no doubt you've observed how speechless we are in his presence. He has only to wag his pig-tail, and we go flat on our faces at once."

"Don't be such a confounded ass," said Ben, laughing. "Come along, boys."

"All right, man alive," said Holles, but at least let me finish this piece of cake first. We don't get cake like this at your place, Ben. Do you know, Mrs. Strafford, when we want to kill coyotes, we get Ben to make us some of his best sponge rusks. That does the trick at once."

"Why don't you give them to the deer, also," suggested Hilda mischievously, and then there was a shout of laughter at this, and Robert lit the lantern and opened the door.

"It's raining, boys," he said. "And what's more, it is coming on harder."

"Hurrah for California!" sang out Graham. "We shall all make our fortunes."

"Yes," said Robert Strafford, "we shall all be saved if the country gets a thorough good drenching. But you will be pretty well sprinkled by the time you reach home."

"Never mind," replied Holles cheerily. "I'm the only delicate one, you know, and the others won't take much harm being of coarser fabric. And I have nothing on to spoil except the High Binder's tie, which I will put in my pocket. So good-night, Mrs. Strafford, and three cheers for yourself and Bob, and dear old England."

The High Binder and the seven other callers gave three ringing cheers and cantered off to their homes. Long before they reached their destinations, the storm broke forth with unbridled fury.

The rain poured down in torrents, gaining in force and rage every moment. The wind suddenly rose, and all but swept away the riders and their horses, and shook to its very foundation the frail little frame house where Robert and Hilda were watching by the log fire listening to the cracking and creaking and groaning of the boards. The wind rose higher and higher. It seemed as though the little house must assuredly be caught up and hurled headlong. Now and then Nellie got up and howled, and Hilda started nervously.

"It's all right," Robert said reassuringly. "The wind will soon drop, and as for the rain, we have wanted it badly. We should all have been ruined this year if the wet season had not set in. It's all right, Nell. Lie down, old girl."

But the wind did not drop. Hour after hour it raged and threatened, and together with the tremendous downpouring of the rain, and the rushing of the water in streams over the ground, made a deafening tumult.

"I wish we had kept those boys," Robert said once or twice. "It is not fit for any one to be out on such a night. When these storms come," he added, "I always feel so thankful that Ben urged me to try land on the hill slopes rather than in the valley. Three years ago there was fearful damage done in the valley. One of the ranchers had eight acres of olives completely ruined by the floods from the river. You must see the river to-morrow. You saw it yesterday, didn't you? Well you will not recognize it after a day or two if the rain continues. And from the veranda you will hear it roaring like the ocean."

Later on he said:

"I rather wish I hadn't filled up my reservoir so full with flume water. It never struck me to make allowance for the rain coming, idiot that I am. But there is a good deal of seepage going on, and I thought I might as well fill it up just below the overflow."

"You are not anxious about it?" she asked kindly.

"No, no," he said cheerfully; "but I shall go out early to-morrow morning and raise the flood-gate, just to be well on the safe side. One can't be too careful about reservoirs. They are the very devil if

the dam bursts. But mine is as solid as a fortress. I'd stake my life on that. I worked like ten navvies over that earth dam. I used to feel rather like that man in Victor Hugo's 'Toilers of the Sea.' Do you remember how he slaved over his self-imposed task?"

"Poor old Bob," she said bending over him, and speaking in a gentler voice than was her wont, "and you are not in the least fit for such hard work. I believe you have worn yourself out: and all for me, and I, if you only knew, so little worthy of it."

"I wanted our little ranch to be just as compact as possible," he said, "so that I might offer to you the best I could in this distant land. As for myself, I am perfectly well now you've come out to me; only I am always wishing that I could have made a home for you in the old country. I never forget it whatever I am doing."

He seemed to be waiting for an answer; but Hilda was silent, and when at last she spoke, it was about her seven callers; and the next moment there was a terrible blast of wind, and the door was blown in and hurled with a crash to the ground. After that, their whole attention was taken up in trying to keep out the rain and in securing the windows, and at last worn out with their long watch, they slept.

Hilda dreamed of England, and of everything she had left there. And she dreamed that she heard Robert saying: "And next year there will be the lemons to be cured." "Next year," she answered, and her heart sank.

Robert dreamed of the eight acres of olives ruined by the floods three years ago, and of his own ranch situated so safely on the hill slope, and of his reservoir. He dreamed he was still working at it, still strengthening the earth dam, and still scraping out the cañon so as to have room for about five hundred thousand gallons of water.

"It's nearly done," he said; "about three weeks more and then I'm through with it."

At six o'clock he woke up with a start, and found the storm unabated in strength and fury. Then once more he remembered about his reservoir, and seized with a sudden panic, he flung out of the house,



Drawn by Eric Pipe.

"HE LIFTED A PIECE OF IRON PIPING WHICH LAY THERE AT HAND AND HE TRIED
TO KNOCK OUT THE FLOOD-GATE."

and fighting his way through the rain and wind, crossed the ranch, and tore up the trail which led to the reservoir.

For one second he stood paralyzed.

The water was just beginning to flow over the earth dam. He had come too late, and he knew it. He lifted a piece of iron piping which lay there at hand, and he tried to knock out the flood-gate, but the mischief was done. In less than ten minutes, the water had cut a hole five feet deep in the dam, and was rushing down the ranch carving for itself a gully which widened and deepened every second.

In the blinding rain and wind, Robert Strafford stood helpless and watching the whole of the dam give way; he watched the water tearing madly over the best part of his ranch; he saw numbers of his choicest lemon trees rooted up and borne away; he saw the labor of weeks and months flung, as it were, in his face. And he was helpless. It was all over in half an hour, and still he lingered there, as though rooted to the spot; drenched by the rain and blown by the wind, and unconscious of everything except this bitter disappointment. And then when his mind began to work again, he thought of Hilda: how it was through him that she had left her house, and her surroundings, and all her many interests, and had come to him to this far-off country, to this loveless land, to this starved region—yes, to this starved region, where people were longing and pining for even a passing throb of the old life, for even a glance at a Devonshire lane or a Surrey hill; for

some old familiar scene of beauty, or some former sensation of mental or artistic satisfaction: for something,—no matter what,—but just something from the old country which would feel like the touch of a loved hand on a bowed head. He was holding out his arms and his heart and whole being were leaping toward the blessed land which had nurtured him; even as tiny children cry out for their mother and can be comforted and satisfied by her alone. Ah, his thoughts of and his desires for his old home had broken down the barrier of control and were tearing idly onwards like that raging torrent yonder. And the more he desired it and thought of it, all the more bitterly did he reproach himself for taking Hilda away from it, for urging her to come and cut herself off from the things most worth having in life—and for what? To share his exile, and his loneliness, and his failure. That was all he had to offer her, and he might have known it from the beginning, and if he could not save himself, at least he might have spared her.

At last he turned away suddenly, and battling with the storm, made his way home. Hilda ran out to meet him.

"Robert," she said, seeing his pale face, "I've been so anxious—what has happened—what is the matter?"

"Do you hear that noise?" he said excitedly. "Do you hear the roar of that torrent? It is our reservoir let loose over our ranch. How do you like having married a man who has failed in everything?"

(To be continued.)



AN IMPERIAL, PLEASURE PLACE.

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

WHEN the young Emperor of Russia, Nicholas II., was married, he was not able to take a wedding-trip, like ordinary mortals. Not only was he in deep mourning for his beloved father, but he was overwhelmed by the accumulation of public business incident to the beginning of a new reign, and could not go out of easy reach of his ministers. Therefore, he went from time to time with his young bride to one of the most famous of the imperial country-seats in the vicinity of St. Petersburg—Tzarskoe Selo. Tzarskoe

is by rail about sixteen miles from the capital. Here the young Emperor and Empress passed much time during the winter, driving about in their little sledge, seeing no one, not even the Empress's lady in waiting, and receiving only the ministers on business.

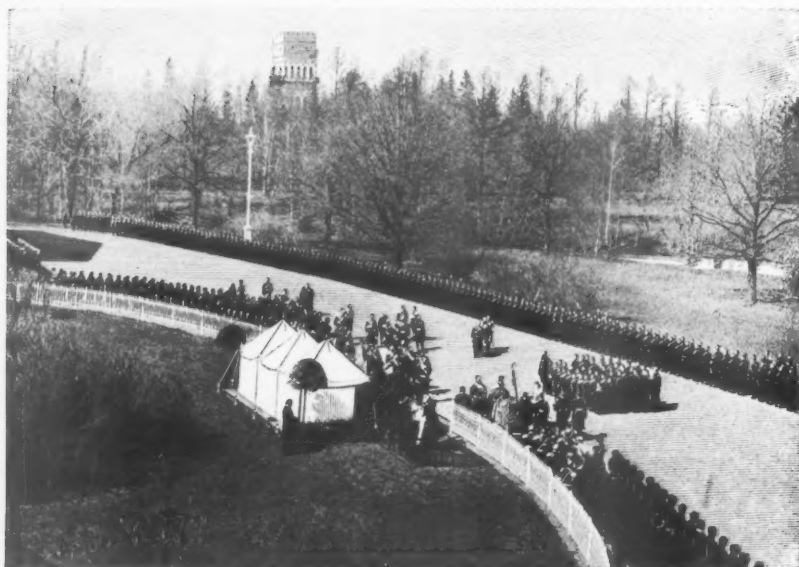
While we were in Tzarskoe Selo, the Court was not there, but at Peterhof, about twenty miles from St. Petersburg, on the Gulf of Finland. Despite the absence of the Court we were not deprived of opportunities to judge what the imperial village would look like when the

sun of royal favor shone upon it. Royalties of every rank were in residence for a longer or shorter period; even emperors came there on occasion. Best of all were the famous palaces which form the heart of the place. The pale green and white of the old palace, whose seven hundred and sixty feet of length is perfect from a picturesque and theatrical point of view, harmonize agreeably with the verdure of the park and with the bronze wash that now covers the vases, caryatids, pillar capitals and ornaments. These, as well as the roof were originally plated with solid gold to the value of three million ducats, if one may credit the traditions of the last century.

Of the long suites of apartments, it



THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE SHARPSHOOTERS' REGIMENT. CEREMONY IN FRONT OF THE ALEXANDER PALACE, TZARSKOE SELO.

seemed to us that few differed materially from those we had seen elsewhere. The church was decorated in a peculiar dark yet vivid shade of blue, mingled with rococo gold ornaments, and the immense ball-room in gold. One room was paneled on walls and ceiling with pure amber in a bewildering variety of shades. It was adorned with cabinets of carved objects in the same material, all the gift of Frederick the Great to the Empress Elizabeth in return for a present of thirty gigantic soldiers such as he loved to have in his guard. Famous also is the room whose walls are inlaid with lapis lazuli and whose ebony floor is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. We did not greatly admire the rooms of Catherine II. overlooking the private garden, which are paneled with milky glass and decorated with glass pillars of a distressing bluish-purple hue, but appreciated the Russian national taste which had placed a mechanical organ in the modern dining-room, to grind out music during meals in true Russian *traktir*, or restaurant fashion. Plainer but more interesting were the private apartments of Emperor Alexander II., on the ground floor, where, among other curiosities, is preserved the iron-shod sil-

ver staff with which Ivan the Terrible pinned to the earth the feet of a bearer to Moscow of ill-tidings. With it he also slew his eldest son, an act which cost Russia dear in blood and treasure and brought about a change of dynasty.

The park surrounding this old palace is laid out in compartments surrounded by acacia hedges and intersected by stately avenues, in stiff, ancient style. Hidden among the trees in various places are monuments to ennui, in the shape of pavilions, grottoes, a hermitage larger and handsomer than that of Peter the Great at Peterhof, where the plates



END OF BREAKFAST GALLERY WITH STATUES KNOWN AS "ADAM" AND "EVE."

descend through the table with the guests' orders, ascend with the food, and vanish, in company with the tables, through the floor, in preparation for the dance of the "hermits." There is the cold bath, to which entrance is not difficult; the hot bath (with a Russian bathroom reserved for the use of royalty) for access to whose delights and good attendance very special influence is required. There are gates, columns, and monuments to the glory of the Orloffs who helped to her throne the grateful Catherine II., of whom Tzarskoe is redolent to this day. There are mock ruins at which the great Empress's courtiers were wont, justly to smile, and fanciful arches over the highway to the new garden—in short, all the restless fancies

suitable name of "the Bauer canal," that she insisted on dubbing it a "river." One morning a man was found drowned in it. The Empress, on being informed, turned triumphantly to a foreign diplomat who had never been willing to acknowledge the claim of the canal to its lofty title, and said:

"There, now! Will you deny longer that it is a river?"

"Your Majesty," replied the diplomat, "the man seems to have been a very clever courtier."

In the adjoining park, surrounding the Alexander Palace, nature is less trammelled. The palace, which belongs to the Czarevitch, and was always used by the late Emperor, Alexander III., on his visits to the town, even after his acces-



CATHERINE II.'S APARTMENTS, BREAKFAST GALLERY AND TERRACE AT THE OLD PALACE.

of a century which doted on intangible sentiments accompanied by very tangible actions and boredom solidified in very material forms.

When this park was first created, one of the greatest difficulties from the sanitary point of view, as well as from that of the landscape gardener, was the lack of water. This was conquered in the course of time, and the numerous canals and streams are now supplied from two sources. The water which was conducted from the Duderhoff Hills by General Bauer, Catherine II.'s engineer, is so pure and healthy that it is sold in the capital and is drunk exclusively by people who are made ill by the Neva water. The Empress Catherine was so proud of this stream, which is generally known under the plain and

sion to the throne, is a gracefully proportioned structure, with a more homelike aspect without and within than most buildings of the sort possess. Here Nicholas II. spent his honeymoon, receiving no one but his ministers, and driving himself and his wife about the lovely parks in a low sledge. The Empress had but one lady in attendance, and that lady saw very little of her. Here the Grand Duke George, brother to the Emperor, was born. I remember attending a beautiful service in the blue-and-gold church connected with the old palace on St. Peter and St. Paul's day. The imperial choir and priests had been brought down from the Winter Palace, and the present Emperor came over from the great camp at Krasnoe Selo, where he

was learning his military duties in the Preobrazhensky infantry regiment, under his uncle (now his brother-in-law also), Grand Duke Sergius. I remember, also, that at about the same time he scandalized the ultra-aristocrats by standing for his photograph in the ranks of his regiment, alongside of "commoners."

The Alexander Palace is a charming, home-like place. In the extensive library, which a few of the townspeople and visitors were permitted to use, there exists a curious set of models representing the Russian army early in the present century. A farm, with house and appurtenances, a Chinese theater, and a Chinese village (so-called because the roofs were designed in Chinese style to satisfy a whim of the Empress Catherine II.), and other establishments, are in-

cluded in this park; but none of them are so interesting as the little palace of Babalovo, whither Alexander I. was wont to retire in the fits of melancholy and meditation to which he was inclined. A great slice of this park has recently been enclosed and added to the "private garden," for the use of the imperial family, which denotes their intention to make Tzarskoe a regular resort. Just outside the gate near Babalovo Palace, lies the Finnish village of the same name, the home of some of my market-women friends, which does not differ materially, except in the type of the inhabitants, from a Russian village.

Tzarskoe is a beautifully clean, well-kept town, but its present state is not to



THE EMPRESS IN COURT COSTUME.

be compared, say old residents, with that during the reign of a certain prefect, who lies buried in the cathedral. He rests beneath a slab inscribed with the high opinion of his fellow-citizens, or subjects, who contributed to it possibly with joy in some cases. This martinet would not permit the Emperor to drive in his own park after a rain, so tradition alleges, until the roads were thoroughly dry. He feared lest they should be injured, and he was in the habit of locking the gates to enforce his mandate. He governed the town streets with equal vigor. One day espying an orange peel which had been flung into the road by a woman seated at her window, he ordered a policeman to throw it back "whence it came."

The population of the "village" is about seventeen thousand, including the garrison of ten thousand, and the houses vary greatly according as they are intended to serve merely as summer villas, or for steady residence. The summer datchi, called expressively "cold" houses, are often decorated with the wood-carving which is a characteristic of North Russian architecture. The plank walls are thin, facilities for heating are absent or inadequate, so that the occupants in the beginning of September leave them as a rule. Warm log cottages accommodate the resident poorer classes. Stone houses, i. e., houses of rubble or brick covered with cement, washed in delicate hues and provided with the usual thick walls, shelter the state offices, officials, and well-to-do permanent inhabitants. Every one tries to have a bit of garden, or, at least, a covered veranda, with awnings of white linen bound with red cotton, wherein to sit and eat. But space was precious in the palmy days of the late Court's residence, and the verandas are sometimes fairly on the street exposed to dust and glances of passers-by.

The gardens are tiny, and very little attention is paid to ornamentation or even to neatness in the majority of cases. There are trees and something green;—what matters if that green be grass or

weeds—if it be long and unkempt and the bushes straggling? The verdure is all the more refreshing if no trimming be done. Owing also to the great value of every inch of ground, one finds villas tucked away in the oddest corners imaginable, usurping what were formerly really pretty and extensive gardens in the rear of houses on the street. But why repine at the lack of space around a house so long as one has room for a samovar in the open air? That is the Russian idea. The real villa style recalls old prints of the houses in St. Petersburg of the period when Peter the Great had carried architectural ambition beyond the first stage of log huts (among his unwilling colonists from the higher classes). The chief rooms lie close to the ground, and two or three spare chambers are contrived in the middle of the roofs or at the ends, forming a partial second story known as a "mezzanine."

About two miles beyond Tzarskoe Selo lies another famous park and palace,—Pavlovsk,—named from the Emperor Paul I., who spent here most of the time when he was not engaged at Gatschina during his mother's long reign. Through the park winds the Slavyanka river which, with the natural variations of the ground, render it more diversified and beautiful even than the Tzarskoe parks. A long



THE BREAKFAST GALLERY AT THE OLD PALACE.

strip of park-land connects it with the latter, but public vehicles are not permitted to use the road through it without special permission from the prefect, although free access is granted them once arrived in Pavlovsk by the highway. There only the private garden and the palace courtyard are withheld from the use of the public. The palace, like everything else there, owes its existence to the Emperor Paul and his wife, the much-admired and beloved Marie Feodorovna, but it was rebuilt and improved in 1803, after a conflagration. While not very

its beauties, and will mention only an incident which will appeal to housekeepers of every rank in life. When we came to the Grand Duchess's boudoir, we found the palace superintendent occupying it with his family. A huge fire was roaring in the fireplace; the furniture, screens, and ornaments looked as if they had been stirred up with a pitchfork. The white satin lounges and ottomans, embroidered in delicate designs and colors, were being put to uses which the owner certainly never contemplated. The superintendent, on seeing the friend



THE EMPEROR'S TROIKA.

striking outwardly, the interior is very attractive. The curving galleries which connected the main buildings with the pavilions enclosing the semicircular courtyard, have been covered in since the olden days when the courtiers' candles spluttered and went out, as, exposed to all weathers, they hurried to their apartments.

We were taken over the palace by a friend of the family, twenty-four hours after the Duchess Alexandra Josefevna had left it with her daughter, the Queen of Greece. I refrain from describing

of the family who was with us, stammered out something about being "engaged in putting things in order," and remained standing respectfully, though he was evidently anxious to have us go. He banged the door after us, and locked it with a crash, that his labors might not be further disturbed. What further play the mice indulged in when the cat had been gone a little longer does not appear.

Among its ever-changing, ever-lovely views, the park is full of pavilions, thatched cottages, monuments to senti-

ment and to dead relatives of Paul I., and to Paul himself. In the beginning of this century, when there were no railways, Pavlovsk must have seemed very far off to the Petersburgers who frequented it for their outings. The Empress Marie Feodorovna encouraged them to come by providing a free lunch from her dairy. If the visitors would only come, and would refrain from walking on the grass—"that hurt her as much as though they had trod on her," she told them—they were welcome to do whatever they liked, and she was happy in their enjoyment. She established a farm to instruct the neighboring peasants in improved methods of dairy work, and to improve their stock. To the deserving among them the Empress gave presents of blooded calves. Her farm still supplies breakfasts of dairy products to all who desire, but not gratis. It is a favorite resort. Are not the cowbells attuned to melodious chimes? Are there not bears to play with, peacocks to screech warning of rain, and pigeons to walk familiarly into one's plate in truly rustic fashion? A museum of the Empress's china, dairy utensils, and letters is preserved in a building at the farm, under the charge of the inevitable old soldier, who is rich in yarns of the Emperor Nicholas, like every Russian veteran who respects himself and knows what is expected of him.

Pavlovsk belonged to the late Grand Duke Constantine Nikolaevitch. His daughter, the Queen of Greece, had been spending the summer there, and there a son had been born to her. The day for the christening was appointed, and it was publicly announced in the newspapers that the Emperor and Empress would be present. People embrace eagerly every opportunity to see the royal couple, and crowds assembled early in Pavlovsk Park. A friend of the family at Pavlovsk invited me to go and took me into the palace. We hovered between the veranda and the vestibule at the grand entrance to see the royal guests arrive. By degrees, the great circular courtyard, with its central flower-beds surrounding a bronze statue of the Emperor Paul, its sides draped with growing vines and plants, and with special decorations for the occasion, became filled with the equipages of all the grand dukes and duchesses in the neighborhood. Many of these were troikas, recognizable by their harness tassels of the livery colors of the different courts. The hot sun of an August noon lay on the grand avenue of lindens leading from the courtyard, and on the throngs of spectators, who greeted with hearty shouts the Empress and the Grand Duchess Sergius as they drove up together. The Empress's equipage was like that of any noble, save that her chamber kazak was on the box



THE "GROTTO" ON THE LAKE, OLD PARK.

as usual, in his livery of dark green and blue, laced with the gold and the imperial eagles, and a kepi to match. Another great welcome greeted the Emperor when he arrived, unescorted as usual, in a plain calash, with groom, coachman, and liveries in English style. He had driven from a railway station beyond Tzarskoe, through the parks, and had breakfasted at the Alexander Palace on his way. Many people had calculated which of the numerous routes through the vast park he would take, and the hour, and had assembled to see him pass. It is always easy to calculate where to see him if one reads the newspapers and knows the customs.

The Duchess Constantine, her daughter-in-law, the King of Greece, and, others were waiting in the vestibule to receive their visitors. The duchesses were in full court dress, with bare necks and arms, with superb jeweled kokoshniki (coronets), veils, and gems.

After the Emperor arrived, we went upstairs to inspect the breakfast-room. As it was the fast of the Assumption, there was no meat; only preparations of fish and fasting food were provided. When the christening procession filed through the breakfast-room, on the way to the palace church, we stood with the ladies of the household to see it pass. The floor of the small palace church is always open to the public during divine service on ordinary days, while the gallery serves for the family of the Grand Duke. On this occasion, however, owing to lack of space, no one was present at the actual ceremony except the Emperor and Empress, who were the godparents for their little nephew, a number of grand dukes and duchesses, some of their children, a representative lady in waiting from the Imperial Court and from each of the Ducal Courts, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting on the Queen of Greece, and the Danish ambassador and his daughters. The father and mother of the baby were not present. The church law does not permit it. The Empress, with her fresh complexion, dark hair, and splendid eyes, looked no more than twenty-five years of age in the full daylight, as she does by evening light. Her dress was particularly becoming, being all of white satin, richly embroidered in gold. A diamond ko-

koschnik, veil of priceless lace, and magnificent jewels gleaming from her bare arms and shoulders, completed her costume. As this was a royal baptism, full Court dress was the order of the day. A gown of cloth of silver, with tablier and train heavily embroidered in silver until they resembled repoussé metal, would have been very trying to any one less fair and graceful than the Duchess Elizavéta Feodorovna. The Duchess Marie Pavlovna was radiant in rose-pink faille embroidered in silver. The men were all gorgeous in parade uniforms and stars of their orders, as usual, and all who owned the Greek Order of the Savior wore the collar.

The baby was borne on a velvet cushion by the queen's lady in waiting. She was in Grecian Court dress, and the nurse was resplendent in red velvet and a jeweled kokoshnik of the same shape as those of the Empress and duchesses. All nurses wear this head-dress. The jewels were probably of glass, but they were as effective as the real article, and the woman evidently enjoyed having us inspect her in detail after the ceremony. The prince-ling received the name of Christopher, and together with that and his first little shirt and his baptismal cross, the Order of St. Andrew the First. It is customary for godparents to give the baby's mother a present. In the lower walks of life it usually consists of the material for a new gown, and this uncut stuff is used as a cushion for the baby during the ceremony. In higher circles, other gifts are substituted, and on this occasion the offering consisted of diamonds.

This full-page illustration from the fairy-tale of memory did not, however, escape one or two touches of modern prose. One of the bestarred and beribboned officers was taking snap-shots with a detective camera at everything and everybody, and employing the intervals by explaining to us the detailed reasons for all his past mishaps in photography, after the regulation style; and a couple of newspaper reporters who had been invited down from the leading St. Petersburg journals, tried to interview me in the most approved American fashion, about the personages in the royal procession, and the material of the Court ladies' gowns.

HONEST PEOPLE.

BY PAUL HEYSE.

IT was in the late autumn. We had driven in a wagonette, on a glorious day, along the Neapolitan coast. The sensuous beauty of earth and sky had filled us with an intoxication of delight. Arrived toward evening in Sorrento, we found the Albergo Vittoria, which had been recommended to us, overflowing with Italians and English who still lingered to bathe in the sea, although it was late in October.

The letter, which should have secured us quarters, had unfortunately not been received; the genial landlord, however, assured us that within a few days we could have the choice of some excellent rooms, and in the interim he would secure shelter for us elsewhere. We now recalled a newly-married couple whose sojourn in Sorrento had been made comfortable at the Croce di Malta. The house, with an admirable cuisine, was less noisy than the Vittoria, and the landlady was an Englishwoman, married to an Italian.

Prezzi discreti. The recommendations of the newly married are not incontrovertible; to them, surroundings readily assume a roseate hue, especially those of a hotel which promises freedom and repose from the observation of the curious. My wife favored the English landlady, since the English, she observed, maintained a stricter conception of cleanliness and the merits of well-brewed tea than is possible to the Italian. Therefore, being ignorant of the location of any other hotel, we determined in favor of the Croce di Malta. I asked the landlord how far away it was. "But a few steps, the next house to our own; you will have no trouble to find room there for a short time."

"Can you recommend the house otherwise?"

"Ah! that depends!" came the response, flavored by a shrug suggestive of doubt, and a glance as if to gauge our requirements from head to foot. "You will readily perceive the desirability of the situation, the beauty of the terrace

overhanging the sea, but otherwise—" and again the landlord made a movement of the shoulders as he renewed his observation of us. But we were shortly to use our own judgment.

Allowing the vehicle to precede us, we followed more leisurely to the Croce di Malta. At last the carriage turned into a narrow street, banked on either side by high walls, over which projected the branches of orange and lemon trees. It stopped presently before a grated wooden door. We gazed through the partly dilapidated grating into a long alleyway of olive, fig, and orange trees, at the end of which was a one-story house. Over all fell the silver light of the evening sky. Amid the light, gray shadows, bare-headed and in his shirt sleeves, wandered a young man of sixteen or seventeen years. In his arms he gently rocked something to and fro. His clear, shrill voice was singing an air heard at this time along the entire gulf, either sung, or screamed, or whistled by young and old, of which the refrain was:

"Te voglio bene assaje,
Ma tu non pienz 'a me!"

Interrupting the melody at the sound of approaching wheels, he turned his head, and came hurrying toward us. Meanwhile he had deposited on the dusty grass beneath the olive trees the parcel he was rocking, and which we now found to be a small child. As he drew back the rusty iron bolt, I asked: "Croce di Malta?"

"Si, Signor."

"Have you rooms for us?"

"As many as you wish."

He would call the padrona. And leaving the child unconcernedly to our protection and that of Heaven, he went running down the path.

My wife lifted up the baby. It was a round, brown little maid of some eighteen months, who gazed at us intelligently from eyes like two blackberries. In the mild evening air the yellow wrappings

that swathed it were kicked off, and the little naked legs were stretched in delighted unrestraint. In a moment the mother came in with long, hasty strides that caused the two blonde curls on either side of her head to blow backward over her shoulders. Hers was a genuine English countenance, with narrow face, aquiline nose, lengthy upper lip, and compressed mouth. With this was combined a certain leanness not to be disguised by the folds of the loose wrapper she wore.

Her sad, worn face brightened as my wife explained in English that we wished to remain a few days. Two of their best rooms had just been vacated; we would certainly be well pleased, but especially the other guests, two high-born Polish ladies; the cooking was excellent—a chef from Naples. "Luigi! unstrap the trunks! Lesto! Lesto! Permit me to show you the way?" We had anticipated not more than a cursory look at the rooms, but already Luigi, with the aid of the driver, was unloading our luggage; the stillness of the garden and the unparalleled beauty of the view caused us to suppress any objection with the reservation that when dissatisfied here it was always possible to look for accommodation elsewhere. The baby lying on the grass had meanwhile begun to cry. "Never mind; Luigi will attend to it," said the landlady, as she preceded us up the path. We felt like two miserable flies being drawn into the net of a heartless spider. The moon had now risen. As we reached the house through a trellised arbor, grown over with vines, leading on to a terrace paved with large red brick, we were awed by the glorious view of the sea reaching far below us. Its bosom heaved under the broad, yellow rays of starry firmament that shimmered and glanced athwart the dancing waves. Forgetful for a moment of our business here, we leaned silently upon the balustrade. Opposite, in the distance, lay the thousand twinkling lights of the town, and to the right spread out the dark violet mass of Vesuvius, its summit emitting a delicate blue smoke into the surrounding air. Nothing less than the discovery that this house was a den of thieves should drive us, we silently and mutually avowed, from the allurements of this enchantment.

The interior, if somewhat indistinct in the twilight, presented no unattractive appearance even to people who, like ourselves, had long since passed the wedding journey. We were led by the landlady through a large, rather bare room on the terrace into a second that would serve as a bed-chamber; the beds and general furnishing were not above reproach, but the padrona hastened to explain that time had been lacking since the recent departure of the last guests, our newly-married friends, for putting the rooms in order. However, while we dined—the pranzo would be served within a quarter of an hour—everything should be made ready.

Luigi, meanwhile, had appeared, dragging in a trunk with one hand, while with the other he held the little bimba, who rested quietly on his arm; the coachman followed with the remainder of the luggage. We were speedily installed. Such was the allurements of the moonlit evening, that under its enchantment we passed out on to the terrace. We stood under the oleander bushes planted along the terrace wall, while the bats whirled silently above our heads, and tranquilly enjoyed the refreshment of the wind rustling amid the leaves as it cooled our foreheads. Then there reached us the sound of seven well-modulated bells. Simultaneously Luigi came to announce the pranzo. His toilet was performed, the thick, black hair combed back only perhaps by the aid of his ten digits; he wore a somewhat shiny though quite presentable brown velvet jacket. The friendliness of his manner and his handsome, light yellow face, set with the brilliant eyes and red lips, served to create an agreeable impression. We asked what were the offices and dignities he supported. "Ah! something in a measure of every sort," he replied, laughingly citing Figaro's "*Sono il factotom della città.*" He must keep the garden in order, bathe and rock the little Michelina, lace the corsets of the padrona, Signora Rosa, dress the chickens, wash the salad, and spring between the master—he was otherwise an excellent, good master—and his wife when the matter grew too violent, for which he received ten lire a month, his food, and naturally also the buona mano of the guests.

The dining-room faced upon the ter-

race. As we entered, two ladies whom we found already seated at an oval table in the center of the room, acknowledged our salutation by a slight inclination of the head. Both were of uncertain age; the one a faded blonde who still wore the semblance of distinguished beauty. Her face, framed by a once white scarf of genuine and very costly lace (as my wife, an authority, confided to me) was of the Madonna type, with no abuse of the oft misapplied term. The diminutive figure sat enveloped in a silk dress of faded pea-green, whose fashion lay a decade or more behind. The form of the other was short and lacking in grace, the head distinctly a Slavonic type, but the face was enlivened by a touching expression of gentle amiability and kindly modesty. The small, gray eyes glistened under the thick brows with a look suggesting the heroism of an enthusiast. We placed ourselves opposite the two ladies whom we could thus observe more conveniently. On the smaller end of the table burnt two small petroleum lamps with defective shades; some late roses in a small, blue porcelain vase occupied the center of the table, and it was evident the ladies had helped themselves, since each wore one of the dark blossoms in her hair.

In the three-windowed room no other decoration beyond the roses was discernible, for the small English engravings in their brown wooden frames against the wall, were too much encumbered with dust and fly-specks to assert any decorative claims.

Luigi, bringing in the risotto, apologized for the meagerness of the dish, the cook having only calculated on serving the two ladies. In reply to a whispered question from her sister, the little blonde lady announced she could eat nothing. She did ample homage to the fish, and not less to the stufatino di vitello, the principal dish which closed the meal. Then as Luigi brought on the cheese and fruit, we were truly amazed to observe the quantity of figs and grapes served to the delicate, Madonna-like creature. Even the youthful waiter, himself no delinquent at the dinner hour, appeared visibly impressed with her artistic capacity; he winked at us across the table with his bright, black eyes as for the third time he

renewed the supply on the lady's plate. At the same time the sister made careful selection of other fruits to place before her.

This tribute to certain high endowments was received quite as a matter of course. Nor did the Mater Dolorosa's face lose its habitual expression of melancholy renunciation, as with the greatest delicacy of manner the entire autumnal blessing disappeared. The atmosphere of silence yielded before we rose from the table to a more pleasing familiarity; we had already introduced ourselves to the two ladies, whom we found were the Misses Von Ormska. Wanda, the former beauty, and her younger sister, Lilla, had been born in Warsaw, the daughters of a Polish noble who, in the service of the national cause, had forfeited his entire fortune. A younger sister was married to a Warsaw merchant of immense wealth. The brother-in-law, standing in favor with the Russian government because of certain service he had rendered, would not suffer the two patriotic-minded sisters to remain with the political apostate, and they had become exiled rather than endure obligation from one on whom rested the malediction of their unhappy country. For many years they had continued to live retired in Italy, where existence on a limited income was possible. In the subsequent conversation they showed that they possessed an extraordinary knowledge of all the cheaper hotels, and assured us that to travel third class was a pleasure, since in this way one could study the common people; nor did they think there was any foundation for the popular superstition that the Italians delight to cheat the stranger. Everywhere honest people were to be met, and to this category belonged the landlady of the Croce di Malta, who received them at lower terms than we had found it possible to arrange. To be sure, the sisters were well satisfied with a modest room, and denied themselves the first breakfast. We also learned the sorrowful fate fallen upon Wanda, the beauty of the family. Her young life had been full of happy expectation. She became engaged to one of the wealthiest and most brilliant of the younger nobility, naturally also an enthusiastic patriot. He became entangled in a later conspiracy to escape the

expatriation of Siberia, and put an end to his life by a pistol shot. Wanda had made a sacrificial offering of her entire patrimony to the national cause. The bright sun of Italy had gradually wrought some benefit for her state of melancholy, but sleep was shut out, and her health impaired by the awful, constant longing for home. The sister recounted this pathetic history as if in the absence of the elder who, however, from time to time, between two juicy figs, confirmed the statements with long drawn sighs. She seemed to regard herself as some saintly figure accustomed, while far removed from this world in sublimity of soul, to hearken to her own praise heralded by devoted witnesses, which in no wise interfered with the gratification of an earthly appetite. Amusing in a fashion, as this was, we did not escape being touched by the unconscious humility manifested in the plainer sister's allegiance to the sufferer. As we were leaving the table, a swarthy, still youthful-looking Neapolitan appeared. He was Sor Carlino, the landlord, and wore summer clothes, which, although shabby, gave evidence of a previous more prosperous condition. A little air of elegance still pervaded him, and but for the visible disfigurement of a coarse brutality, he would have been a handsome man.

A certain strong odor of wine was evident about him, and in his eyes burnt a bacchanalian fire. His conduct was perfectly proper. He greeted us with wishes for our comfort under his modest roof; he bowed to the Polish ladies, and kissed the hand of the colorless saint in chivalric fashion. A faint blush transfused the pallid features as she returned his greeting with a gracious inclination, and taking a generous bunch of grapes from the dish, she passed from the room leaning on the arm of her sister, Lilla explaining, "she lives almost entirely on fruit." We could not doubt the evidence already demonstrated though no one had any idea of denying her anything.

* * *

Once more alone, we acknowledged that affairs might have been worse than under the unpretentious roof of the Croce di Malta; for, mingled with the loud voices

that reached us from the garden of the Vittoria, we heard accompanying an air from "*Trovatore*," the strident notes of a piano, increasing our appreciation of the tranquillity under our oleander bushes. The voice of Luigi again singing to sleep the little Michelina with the refrain, "*Te voglio bene assaje*," did not disturb the magic mystery of the moonlit night.

The beds, it is true, hardly corresponded to certain legitimate, preconceived notions of my wife concerning English comfort and English cleanliness. The sheets presented a multiplicity of rents and patches, and the mattresses were thin and much worn. The character of the entire furnishing was inferior to that of the genuine Italian inns which I, as an old "*Italianissimo*," naturally observed. Yet, notwithstanding all this, we readily proved, after a day of heated travel, the truth of the adage, eat well, sleep well.

Awakened by the brilliance of the morning, I hurried on my clothes and stole forth into the early air, determined to walk before breakfast as far as the Punta di Sorrenta, to gaze undisturbed upon the charms of blue Capri. Its lovely outline was hidden from our terrace by the adjoining gardens. Arrived at the garden gate, I saw our landlord appear also prepared to sally forth. He wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon rather jauntily on his head of bushy hair, a lock of which escaping fell low on his brown forehead, and from his arm swung a large basket. Raising his hat, he inquired how we had rested, and remarked that he was now on his road to market. Very often in Italy the man goes to market while the woman takes her second nap. He also told me that their cook was unreliable and about to be dismissed. I naturally regretted this fact, as judging from yesterday's pranzo he was proficient in his art.

Sor Carlino dismissing the subject, asked with no further introduction, whether a small advance could not be arranged between us, as his wife had gone off earlier in the morning to visit her sick godmother and had carried away the keys of the money-box. That this honest man should go to market with empty pockets boded ill for our future provision. The advance of a week's

board, a modest sum in itself, made the honest fellow give utterance to an expression of gratitude, while yet accepting the money purely as a matter of course. He touched his hat, which slipped continually further back on his head, and we shook hands very cordially and separated on the piazza.

An hour later I found my wife awaiting me at table. She was rejoicing that the tea was an improvement over that of any other hotel where we had breakfasted, and the toast, a national indicator, reflected unlimited credit on Madame Rosa. How cozy it seemed to breakfast on our terrace seated in comfort within the shades, while we gazed over at Vesuvius, ancient of days, who, like an old gentleman smoking his matutinal pipe, was now sending peacefully upwards endless little clouds of blue, a palpable refutation of the slanderous title "Sterminator Vesevo," which Leopardi has conferred upon it.

"The landlady," remarked my wife, "has been here while you were absent, to inquire if we found the arrangements satisfactory. Naturally I was reticent regarding beds, since the poor woman appears at best to carry a heavy burden. She told me of happier days, when she was a lady in waiting to the Duchess —, and added that her marriage was made in haste. She also confessed with evident embarrassment and blushing, her immediate need of money for the cook, as her husband had left carrying with him the key of the cash-box. Observing her necessity, I at once offered to advance a week's board, to which you will hardly make objection?"

"Certainly not, my dear," I replied, "if only as a testimonial to the touching accord of four noble souls, since the landlord and his wife make a common request, and we in similar sort have both gratified them in the same way. I fear, however, the key is as much a myth as the cash-box itself."

"Nay, that is unkind," said my wife in indignant accents, which were modified by my suggestion that the worst consequence would be that we should spend a fortnight seated opposite the Polish ladies. There would hardly be any objection made if we should determine to return to the Vittoria. It was not the

matter of a few lire more or less, but the imposition made upon our credulity that was so annoying. I have always asserted that the Italians in their discriminations between good and evil, closely resemble children. Their imagination gallops away with them. However, let our faith in the key of the cash-box appear to be as strong as in the lock of the cave of Xaxa.

My wife smiled, and we prepared to wander through the city. We found it much as we had left it ten years ago. The dirt was banked higher against the walls between the orange gardens, and the familiar faces of the once pretty girls had altered in the intervening time with startling rapidity into those of worn and faded women. Everywhere the familiar activity, the same old life; begging cripples, children offering flowers for a soldo, lounging idlers before the cafés, and workmen outside their darksome little shops, or seated just within them, industriously intent. Some we remembered by their celebrated mosaics in wood, and others with a more ambitious display of window-front, wherein were displayed ornaments of coral and tortoise-shell. Mingled with the rest, a few newer signs announced manufacturers of woven silk.

Having made a few purchases, we turned wearily toward home, the intensity of the sun and the solicitation for alms increasing upon us. We noticed the two Polish ladies leave a small shop given over to the sale of wooden wares. Wanda was clothed in the familiar green silk dress, looking yet more faded by the light of day, and wore on her Madonna-like head an immense Florentine hat of straw, the brim slightly bruised. It framed the powdered but tender and suffering countenance, "like some saintly nimbus," whispered my wife low at my ear. Lilla, walking a few steps behind, presented the appearance of a lady's maid who evinces her respect by a considerate withdrawal. We greeted one another in a friendly fashion. The younger and more communicative of the two ladies inquired what purchases we had made. They had just come from a particularly honest dealer, and we now learned that honesty and cheapness were synonymous—a significant education in Sorrento where the shop-keepers adore cheating the stranger.

The wealthy, unpatriotic sister in War-

saw had entrusted the sisters with a large sum of money to be expended in various Italian ornaments; to-day they had made the third inspection of a card-table valued at two hundred lire, but they had some expectation of securing it at their own price of one hundred and sixty lire. Lilla added, with an admiring glance at Wanda's delicate features, "It is truly remarkable that no one can withstand her very long; the combination of beauty and misfortune exercises an influence to which even the coarsest natures become subservient." The face under the nimbus did not flush, but the beautiful eyelids lowered as she listened, and a sigh escaped from her soul as if weary. "Ah, you foolish Lilla," she said, adding some words in Polish which we did not understand.

We continued our walk until, reaching the terrace, the sisters invited us to an inspection of their purchases. Theirs was a large, gloomy room. Shutters closed the window to the north, while a cloth, hung across the one to the west, covered a broken pane; the light, however, was sufficient to disclose a scene of general confusion. On the narrow sofa were thrown a petticoat and a comb; a French novel lay on the wash-stand, and only one of the beds presented an orderly appearance. In the corner a small table stood heaped with a miscellaneous collection of wooden objects.

"Luigi is so careless," said Lilla, shrugging her shoulders. "He was called away before he had made up the other bed," and sweeping the articles which encumbered the sofa into a corner, she invited us to be seated. We felt no inclination, however, to settle down there, and excused ourselves at the hour of the colazione was approaching. The younger sister removed her hat before a broken mirror, while Wanda dived into a large, antiquated trunk in the corner and produced a quantity of the wares of Sorrento. Among them were several parcels of silken stuffs, scarfs, ribbons, tortoiseshell fans, and finally, as the *pièce de résistance*, a set of coral ornaments, consisting of a necklace, with bracelets to correspond, composed of shells cut and set in light, thin gold. The set was a work of art, she assured us; each cameo—so she dubbed the crude and ruthless cuttings—

had been modeled by a master hand.

"What do you suppose we paid for them?"

My wife, not to rob her of her delusion, mentioned a sum sufficient for the purchase of a round dozen similar ornaments. Lilla cast upon her a look of compassion. "No, my dear lady, we could not beat the merchant down to that extent, since he is an honest man whom we would not injure. But they are works of art, and we secured a reduction of thirty lire upon his asking price. Look at their pale pink color! Our sister in Warsaw will be charmed. We have nearly exhausted the sum of money sent to us, and the little table alone remains to be bought before everything is packed and forwarded to our home!"

Lilla beamed with satisfaction as she dwelt on the pleasure her sister would derive from wearing all these magnificent ornaments, and my wife experienced a lively sympathy for the excellent creature.

"Have you bought nothing for yourself?" she asked.

"Oh, no, not for myself; but I would have liked to buy something for Wanda; but economy is a vital necessity with us. Formerly she possessed a quantity of costly jewelry, but for the national cause, you know, no sacrifice was too great. Only a single ornament remains from which she could not part, as it was our grandmother's. See!" she cried, lifting from the mantel-shelf a small hand-mirror set in silver and studded with red and blue stones; "this is all that now remains of our former magnificence, and we would sooner starve than give it up. A face like Wanda's should surely never be reflected from a frame less costly. Oh! had you but seen her in happier days! It was even said that with the restoration of the kingdom of Poland she might ascend the throne. Look at me, Wanda, and confirm what I say."

Here the appearance of Luigi to announce the luncheon put an end to our talk. This meal, consisting of a dish of macaroni, and another of meat, permitted the two ladies again to excel themselves. For the first breakfast they had made no arrangement, and later we learned that instead of having tea, they invariably purchased fruit for a few soldi here and

there on their morning walks. And now we came to appreciate the saint in her most creditable characteristic. Turning the subject of conversation to the "national cause," it became interesting to observe how this much worshiped idol whom we had likened to an insignificant, egotistical weakling, broke into fire, flame, and an enthusiasm which forced the tears into her eyes as she described the insupportable yoke of the Russians. There was, perhaps, a slight intermingling of rhetorical effect with the inspiring words grown from frequent use into a standing formula. But the emotion was as evident as her words were warm, like the singer who can still touch the well springs of sentiment notwithstanding frequent repetition of the same theme. I carefully avoided any disparagement of the hopeless efforts of these unfortunate people.

The sister's attitude during this passionate outburst of her favorite was indeed touching, culminating in a tender embrace as the latter fell exhausted upon her neck. The poor martyr patiently endured the words of loving admiration poured over her in Polish, and then pushing her sister softly aside, begged to be served with another plate of fruit.

* * *

None of the trifling disturbances in the house jarred upon the amiability of our intercourse with the sisters. One day Luigi, who commonly withdrew after serving the fruit, remained standing in the middle of the room, and asked if the meal had pleased us. "To-day," he said, "I am the cook and will continue to be. The padrone has discharged the other on his audacious demand for three months' back wages; he has now accepted a better position, leaving the landlord without assistance." This astonished us.

"How in the world did you learn so rapidly to cook, Luigi?" I asked.

"Oh! in this house"—making a comical gesture—"a knowledge may be acquired of everything," and waving his napkin with the pride of a genius, Luigi turned and left the room.

The same evening we received word that rooms in the Vittoria were now va-

cant. In consideration of Luigi and our Polish friends, we were determined to remain at the Croce di Malta; besides we had heard with alarm the voice of an Englishwoman which, with the regularity of evening's return, clashed inharmoniously against the wondrous symphony of the sea, of Vesuvius and the moon.

But the harmony here was not infrequently disturbed, though veiled from our sight. With a smile of intelligence, Luigi would let fall some reference now and again to the part he played as conciliatore between the landlord and his wife.

Sor Carlino with our money in his pocket had, it appeared, abandoned himself more reckless than ever to the love of white Capri wine, with which was associated another temptation. We had already observed a youthful landlady in the osteria of the market-place, whose thick, black braids and saucy eyes might well become dangerous to a compatriot chained like Carlino to a thin, pale Briton. We surprised Carlino repeatedly in lively conversation with this neighbor. Our suspicions grew stronger because upon our appearance, he would hasten to assure us that he was criticizing the inferior quality of the wine with which she furnished him, and the Sora Beppina would thereupon promise to provide a better sort in the future. The betterment we hardly expected, and in fact, the wine remained the same poor, bluish-red beverage. As I have already stated, we continued faithful to the Croce di Malta and to its proprietors until a particular evening arrived when matters became serious enough to make necessary an immediate change.

* * *

It was the sixth or seventh day of our Sorrento idyl. Tired and hungry we had returned from a long walk up the mountain path; we entered the dining-room where the Polish ladies were already seated, notwithstanding that the meal had not yet been served. The conversation touched on various topics as we ate the white bread, and drank the wine which the sisters, who ordinarily used only water, now partook of for the first time.

No Luigi, no risotto, no macaroni to be seen. Proceeding from the direction of the kitchen in the interior of the house came intermittently a fretful cry, the voice of the little Michelina unhushed by Luigi's cradle song. After half an hour of ungracious suspense for our impatient appetites, I was preparing to sally forth myself as conciliatore, when the door opened precipitately and, instead of the youthful chef, the landlady rushed in, exclaiming with fright, "Aiuto! aiuto! quest uomo mi ammazza!" (Help! help! the man will murder me!) She sank into a seat by the glass door, her eyes closing as if in a faint, and sobbed aloud. The trimming on her dress was torn and her cap had fallen from the disheveled hair low on her neck. We hastened to her for some explanation, but the answer only came in a repetition of the words "mi ammazza l'ha giurato! aiuto!"

The lean form in its dress of some thin material heaved as though shaken by cramp. Listening for a moment with an expression of horror written on her face, she suddenly sprang up with the cry, "He is coming! he is coming!" and darted through the glass door whence she disappeared amid the gloom and darkness of the terrace. He came to be sure, but it was only Luigi who fetched the crying child in on his arm, while we overwhelmed him with questions which he met by a shrug of the shoulders and the response that both the landlord and his wife were half mad. There had been a quarrel in which she had made him furious by hurling unpleasant names at him, and he, in retaliation, had broken everything, both small and great, in the kitchen. In consequence, there would be no pranzo. He had seized a kitchen knife, and the landlady had fled.

"Scusino," continued Luigi, "but I must follow her, for she is quite capable of throwing herself into the sea, such is the impetuosity of this Englishwoman. Will some one hold the little Michelina until I return?"

Placing the struggling child in Wanda's arms, the excellent young man who, to his multifarious duties, now had that added of preserving life, ran out of the room in pursuit of the landlady.

Between the tragedy enacted in the

family and the prospect of no dinner, we felt ourselves aggrieved, and I proposed that we should all adjourn to the Vittoria where the table d'hôte was in progress. The Polish ladies,—my wife helping me with an intelligent nod,—of course, as our guests. The sisters exchanged glances, and Lilla said: "We really cannot accept. Wanda is so much agitated by the scene we have just experienced whose significance we have reason to suspect. Besides, we have been entrusted with the care of the child. Look! it has stopped crying and is regarding my sister with its big eyes. Even that innocent little creature is fascinated by her face. Go without us! We can manage until this evening on bread and fruit."

As we had no intention of dining so frugally ourselves, we said good evening, and went reflectively through the garden and the little alleyway to the large, brilliantly-lighted hotel where we found a table and fine company. Our Luigi could only be regarded as a talented dilettante compared with the cook of the Vittoria, and the wine we drank had certainly not come from the cellar of the Sora Beppina; notwithstanding this, a sense of discomfort permeated the atmosphere in the midst of the stiff English and loquacious Italians. As we passed out through the admirably ordered orange garden, we confessed it would be more agreeable to leave directly for Naples than to remain at the Vittoria with all its excellence.

After the recent occurrence, we felt a protracted peace at the Croce di Malta could not be depended upon, and we therefore proceeded to arrange with one of the vetturine who, at this hour of the evening stand with their carriages on the plaza beside the inartistic statue of Tasso, to call for us at seven o'clock the following morning. Sauntering homeward, neither the landlord nor his lady were to be discovered, and a certain sense of guiltiness withheld us from any inquiry as to the Polish ladies, since our intention was to take leave of them only by letter, in which we would beg them not to forget us.

Michelina, it would appear, had fallen asleep soothed by the charms of the Madonna face, and we were left undisturbed to our packing. We had, however, not

long been occupied in this fashion, when a knock on our door announced the entrance of the two sisters, without the child.

Wanda, with a sigh of pain, sank into a chair, while Lilla exclaimed, "I knew it would be so! You mean to leave us alone in this dreadful situation. Do not leave us, dear friends, at least not to-day. Ah! if you only understood!"

My wife endeavored to calm her. "Why should you be so alarmed?" she said. "These quarrels between married people may be disagreeable to you, but how can you be hurt by them, since you are not involved?"

"Oh, my dear woman," Lilla replied, "you are very much mistaken. From Carlino's knife we have nothing to fear. But no one could blame the wife if she hated my Wanda and tried to do her some injury. It is not necessary to be born under the warm sun of Italy to wish the destruction of another who has alienated the heart of one's husband. My poor Wanda is so innocent! How can she avoid her own beauty? Did you ever see her flirt? Has she not invariably repulsed the hardy gallantry of this erring man with the greatest severity?"

Matters had stood thus then when, on account of this saint, the landlady made the scene with her husband which had resulted in the maniacal attack of wrath we had heard. Our suspicions, therefore, in regard to the black-eyed Beppina in the osteria were a mistake. We sought to quiet the trembling ladies, assuring them that their lives were in no danger from the jealousy of the landlady. It was only necessary to turn the key in their door to prevent any attack at night. Wanda listened to this advice with lowered eyes and suppressed sighs. Lilla, however, said, "Oh, you do not know these people. Even should the wife not lay hands on us, what assurance have we that Carlino may not burst the door and carry my poor sister away? He is strong enough. Oh! if you really care for us, allow us to remain in your sitting-room to-night under your protection. Yet, alas! even with the morning we cannot leave, for we are still waiting for remittances from home. Oh, dear lady, have pity upon two poor orphan girls!"

The sisters were still imploring when

the door opened and Luigi slipped in, a finger on his lips. "Zitto! zitto! The baby is at last asleep, but it has ears as keen as a police spy. The padrona is with it. I gave it to her after I had caught the poor woman and dragged her home. Fancy! She had no intention of jumping into the sea, but had run to the piazza to scratch out the eyes of the handsome landlady of the osteria, the pretty Beppina, on whose account she had wished her husband might be plagued by a thousand devils, until he was driven quite wild and picked up the knife. What a house it is! Madonna! But for the sake of the little one, I would do like the cook, pack up and leave at once."

We turned to look at the sisters, but the explanation of our factotum did not seem to relieve their anxiety.

Wanda sighed again as she had from the first. Lilla said in French, "Do not believe for a moment that Mme. Rosa knows the entire truth. Her husband had used the pretense of an affair with the woman in the osteria to withdraw her suspicions from my sister. In any case, it is impossible for us to remain in this dreadful house, even if for to-night we have nothing to fear. Pardon this intrusion; when one has suffered as much as my Wanda, one is prepared for the worst. Do you really intend to leave us to-morrow morning?" she asked. "Well, we shall hope to see you again."

* * *

The ladies withdrew, and Luigi followed them. We intended now to retire, the night being well advanced; but just as I was about to extinguish the light, a violent knocking compelled me to get into my clothes again. In our sitting-room stood a black-bearded carabinieri, who saluted us politely, and apologized for his intrusion at this advanced hour of the night. Our landlady had lodged a complaint at the police-station concerning a murderous assault made by her husband, and the guests were summoned as witnesses. The matrimonial strifes of this pair were nothing new. And now the climax was reached; the wife made claim for separation; the house belonged to her, and the husband being in the wrong, her action appeared justified. I

explained that we knew nothing further than what we had witnessed during the evening. The enraged husband we had not seen at all. With this slight information, the carabinieri was forced to be content, and we begged him to spare the Polish ladies, as from the excitement of the occasion their health was much shaken.

For an hour quiet reigned. But at midnight we again heard discordant sounds in the house, proceeding from the sleeping rooms of the landlady. The master of the house had returned, and appeared to be pleading for pardon before the bolted door. For a while the discussion was carried on in half-subdued tones; finally all was quiet. The offender had either received absolution, or had been sent away without compassion.

That, however, interested us but little. All our thoughts were directed toward departure. We arose before sunrise to take French leave, if possible. The bill was, of course, already settled, and Luigi had blackened our boots and prepared breakfast for us at six o'clock.

"The padrona and padrone," he said, with a knowing wink, "are still invisible."

Then as the hour approached for our departure, he ran to the garden gate and announced the arrival of the carriage. He took charge of our luggage, and helped the vetturino to strap the trunks on behind. But now from the house issued every variety of sound, which prevented our taking a quiet departure.

As we entered the living-room of the proprietor, a scene presented itself in nowise surprising after the experience of the night.

In the middle of the room sat the hot-headed Don Juan, looking like the happy father of a family, his arm on the shoulder of his affectionate spouse, whom he held with tenderness on his lap. In the cradle at their side, lay the sleeping little Michelina, and opposite sat the godmother who, as the friend of the family, was pouring red wine for the black-bearded carabinieri from a thick, straw-covered flask, which had been brought from the cellar to celebrate the peace. The chatter and laughter was so loud that we were not observed until we had crossed the threshold.

Mme. Rosa alone showed any embar-

rassment. She slid hastily from the knee of her affectionate husband, while the man himself approached us with a most honest expression, to inquire if it were indeed our intention to leave his modest roof in such haste. He hoped we had found everything to our taste, and would recommend the Croce di Malta to our friends.

Satisfying him on this point, I pretended that matters of business necessitated our presence in Naples, and as the pair accompanied us to the carriage, he took the child, now awakened and beginning to cry, on his arm. I observed that as the sum advanced by my wife to him, had canceled our obligations, it was not necessary to speak of the bill. The honest man regarded me with large, innocent eyes.

"Has the signora paid anything to my wife?" he asked. "I beg pardon, but this is the first I hear of it!"

His wife was indeed a pearl among women, he continued, but she could understand business no better than the little Michelina. He would, meanwhile, ask her, and as the matter stood, something might remain due for the wine drank and the candles used—but, in fact, he was an honest man, and never demanded a soldo more than he could lay claim to.

I begged him not to consider the matter further, and having shaken hands, I was just entering the carriage when the Polish sisters appeared from around the corner of the alleyway, and hastened toward us, with loose, flowing hair, and in very questionable morning toilet.

"They come from the sea," whispered Luigi. "They bathe every morning before six o'clock, at a solitary place where they need not pay."

Poverette! Wanda looked much older. The salt waves had washed away the powder and paint from the madonna cheeks, but her eyes still retained their friendly smile. And the sisters expressed their regret so heartily that the parting really touched us.

Luigi alone was in a state of perfect happiness, since our remembrance had exceeded his highest expectation. He, indeed, was not spoilt, poveretto! for I gave him but an inadequate return for the difficult duties he so ably fulfilled.

He gave us his good wishes with a radiant smile,—a happy journey and a speedy return,—and took once again the child who had been restless in the father's arms, and as the carriage passed along we heard the shrill, young voice chanting the eternal refrain,

"Te voglio bene assaje,
Ma tu non pienz 'a me!"

which was hardly fitted to inspire a feeling of tenderness in the baby breast.

* * *

Our Polish ladies had given us their address in Naples, in the event of our remaining a week there, since a friendly priest had ordered quarters for them with poor but honest people.

It was not our intention, however, to continue the acquaintance, as we had already in a week come to know every interest we had in common. We were, therefore, rather more astonished than pleased when, on the third day, we saw the sisters on the Santa Lucia hastening toward us. They, too, seemed depressed and slightly embarrassed, although they greeted us heartily. Lilla immediately related their last adventure.

On the day of their departure, Sor Carlino had presented them with a bill for four weeks' board at the Croce di Malta. And beside this, a mass of items making an immense sum, upon which they had not calculated. They explained that a draft from Warsaw would reach them in a few days, when they would immediately pay it. But the landlord, although with great politeness of manner, regretted his inability to accommodate them any longer, stating that he was in the greatest embarrassment, and did not know how he could provide for the expenses of the household. Therefore, while the ladies had no immediate funds, they could easily dispose of some of their beautiful things, such, for example, as the necklace or the bracelets, which a pawnbroker certainly would—etc., etc. They had not permitted Carlino to con-

tinue in this strain; these beautiful things did not belong to them. To-day they were to be packed and forwarded to the sister who had ordered them. Finally, observing the silver mirror, he decided that this he would retain as security. What could they do? Nothing further remained than to shake the dust of this dreadful house from their feet, and to leave the same day, naturally by the freight-boat, which was cheaper than a carriage.

Here in Naples they were well situated, although the cooking was not equal to Luigi's; still they were with very honest people! In extenuation of the conduct of that dreadful Sor Carlino in whom they had been deeply disappointed, one could only feel that certainly the jealous wife was behind it all. She had stipulated as a condition of the reconciliation that her husband should not suffer the beautiful and dangerous Polish lady to remain under his roof.

"Oh!" exclaimed the enthusiastic little woman, "what wicked people there are in this world! Just fancy, we carried the cameo necklace to a goldsmith, as it needed repair, and asked him to appraise it; he mentioned a value not half of what we paid for it, and when we laughingly stated what we considered it really worth, he said the setting was of very thin gold, under fourteen carats, and that the medallions of this small work of art were the cheapest productions in the market. Besides, we had also paid much too dear for the corals. Finally, we were compelled to believe this statement, and to console ourselves with the thought that our sister had no judgment in these matters. To rectify our mistake we purchased of the same jeweler a breastpin of carved lava, a head of the Medusa, and a small case with a view of Vesuvius, which he gave us at cost,—while he cast a long look at Wanda,—by way of compliment. If you wish to make any purchases, we can take you to this store, for really among so many dishonest shopkeepers one is glad to find an honest man.



CIVITAS DEI.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Oh splendors unattainable !
Oh heights unclimbed of thought !
Oh hidden secrets of the skies,
By lifted hands and straining eyes,
Through dim, unnumbered centuries
Unprofitably sought.
Yet must our hopeless vision scan
The immeasurable plan.

The earth with Spring's first flowers is glad,
The skies, the seas are blue,
But still shall finer spirits turn
With hearts that long, and souls that burn,
And for some ghostly whiteness yearn
Some glimpses of the true ;
Chasing some fair ideal sweet,
Breathless with bleeding feet.

High Summer comes with warmth and light,
The populous cities teem
Through statue-decked perspectives, long,
Aglow with painting, lit with song,
Surges the busy, world-worn throng.
But, ah ! not these their dream,
Not these, like that white ghost allure,
August, celestial, pure.

Crowning the cloud-based ramparts, shines
The city of their love,
Now soft with fair reflected light,
And now intolerably bright,
Dazzling the feeble, struggling sight,
It beckons from above.
It gleams above the untrodden snows,
Flushed by the dawn's weird rose.

It gleams, it grows, it sinks, it fades,
While up the perilous height,
From the safe, cloistered walls of home,
Low cot, or æry palace dome
The faithful pilgrims boldly come.
Though Heaven be veiled in night,
They come, they climb, they dare not stay
Whose feet forerun the day.

And some through midnight darkness fall
Missing the illumined sky ;
And some with cleansed heart and mind,
And souls to lower splendors blind,
The city of their longing find,
Clear to the mortal eye.
For all yet here, or far beyond the sun,
At last the height is won. •



TERRA INCOGNITA.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

IT has been a good many years since Mr. Lowell, commenting genially upon "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," remarked that he so often met with young people who knew vastly more than he did, and especially with young Germans and Englishmen whose knowledge of our country was so far superior to his own. The first experience is doubtless common to us all, when middle-age subjects us naturally to the contempt of well-informed and unprejudiced youth. But the second charge rests on personal rather than on universal observation. The number of foreigners who come to our shores, and write papers and books by way of showing the casual nature of their acquaintance with us, is but trifling after all when compared to the number who stay quietly at home, and never by any chance read these papers and books, of which, indeed, we are by far the most eager purchasers. We are also addicted, not only to writing books of our own on equally insecure foundations, but to instructing our European friends orally, whenever we have the chance, upon matters with which they are presumed to be familiar, after the fashion of the truculent American who informed Martin Chuzzlewit that the Queen of England resided in the Tower; and this tendency to bestow information, seasoned with the frankest of advice, is a curious contrast to the even less flattering ignorance which meets and greets us in

return. There is, indeed, no lack of frankness on the foreigner's part. His readiness of disapprobation is more than equal to our own. But his general attitude is that of one who does not know, and does not want to know anything about us, save that we are lavish with our money, and never stay at home. "Americans do roam so!" I once heard an Englishwoman say in tones of deep displeasure, when we had kept her waiting for a long time at Cook's office in Paris; and she seemed quite oblivious to the fact that if she had not been roaming herself, we should never have been in her way.

Americans *do* roam. There is no diversity of opinion on that score. Our grand and ever-increasing army of tourists has destroyed forever that "delicious seclusion of contempt," which Mr. Lowell says we enjoyed in peace until we took to flinging away our gold in foreign lands. We have managed to create an impression of great wealth and of pitiful restlessness; the speed with which we travel, and our brief intervals of repose, being matters of universal comment among more leisurely Europeans. But their interest seldom follows us over the ocean; and the land we live in, its distances, its sharp contrasts, its infinite varieties of climate and condition, have little significance for them. Mr. Aldrich complains that the fervid Italian imagination pictures all Americans "as residing in gold-mines located

in California, and various parts of the State of New York." But I have found that the fervid Italian imagination, and the imaginations of the Latin races generally, stray to South America as the likeliest place of residence. It is an amusing experience for a citizen of the United States who commonly speaks of "America," as if the President ruled two continents, to find that an Italian says "America," with no thought of the United States at all. I never asked to be driven to the American college in Rome, that I was not at once conveyed to the stately edifice erected by South America; and it always cost me some time and trouble to persuade my cabman that there was a corresponding college, albeit of modest and gloomy exterior, which owed its existence to the North. Intelligent tourists who wander about Venice with Hare's little guide-book in their hands are confronted—when they reach the church of the Frari and open at the proper page—with a paragraph quoted from Valéry, in which he says that Canova's monument was literally the gift of the world, being built with money contributed by Italy, England, Germany, France, and America,—“that is to say, South America, and not the commercial and industrial states of the North.” It has not been so many years since a Spanish gentleman, after a long official residence in Washington, published a little book called “The Poets of America,” which was purchased with some eagerness by those who thought to find themselves within its covers, and was found to consist exclusively of South American dramatists. We surely know but little of our neighbors, for our surprise at learning that there were dramatists in South America was only equaled by our amazement when a Transatlantic lecturer announced in Boston that his subject would be “The Minor Poets of Australia.”

Now distances cannot be reasonably expected to mean a great deal to those who do not have to traverse them; and the impression of the average foreigner that Cincinnati is within easy access of New York, and that San Francisco is somewhere in the vicinity of St. Louis, is not so inconceivable as we are pleased

to think. But the space which lies between two huge continents might make some impression, even when studied from a map, and the differences of government and nationality might assist this impression, even when the map be forgotten. I do not ask to be correctly located in my own little corner of the hemisphere; but neither do I anticipate being shown a Brazilian cactus as something “from home,” and expected to welcome it with the same emotions that an exiled Scotchman might feel when he sees a sprig of heather. I am at a loss how to respond with animation when I am introduced to a countryman of mine, and discover that he comes from the Argentine Republic; and I was once sadly disconcerted by the innocent pleasure of a cab-driver at Nismes, with whom I had enjoyed a long and interesting conversation. This official, who possessed all the courteous affability of his race, told me everything I wanted to know, and then asked some question about England. I explained that I was an American, whereupon, with an air of delighted recognition, he said: “Ah! Madame comes then perhaps from Buenos Ayres? I have myself an uncle who has lived there many years.” I did not tell him, because I did not know, how far away from Buenos Ayres was my home; but I explained that the distance was too great to permit of my having ever seen his relative.

The miles, however, which count for so little on maps, or at the other end of the world, have a painful significance for the unfortunate European who finds himself traveling over them. I once encountered at St. Paul two Germans, father and son, who had braved the dangers of the main to see our World's Fair. Having a fine enthusiasm for nature as well as for art, they had decided that while they were “on the spot” they would visit our three great natural wonders, Niagara, the Yosemite Valley, and the Yellowstone Park; and they were encouraged in this laudable design by the knowledge—correct as far as it went—that Chicago, the Yosemite and the Yellowstone were all located “in the west.” Being Germans, and not easily diverted from a set purpose, they had accomplished the greater part of their journey, and bid fair to achieve the rest; but they expressed themselves

strongly, and with a sense of acute personal grievance anent the fatigue and expense of the trip. They failed to see that the plains were of any use, save to enrich the railway companies; and they grumbled about them to me as if I were responsible for their vastness. I confess their complaints met with my ready sympathy, for I had not been journeying over the West for five long months without finding my country very much too big, and very much too dear; but it struck me that I would perhaps, in their place, have enlightened myself more thoroughly on these points before leaving the comfortable and thrifty Fatherland.

It may be that the number of our towns and cities, coupled with their general lack of historic interest, discourages the student of geography; and remembering, as I do, that among the tribulations of my own childhood the capitals of the states took melancholy precedence, I am not disposed to resent the contented ignorance of foreigners. If they did not have to study these capitals when they were young, so much the better for them. But as local affection is with me the strongest element of patriotism, I should often have been much gratified, when in Europe, if the mention of my native town had awakened a gleam of recognition in anybody. An English friend did once assure me that the name was pleasantly familiar to her, because it had been given in baptism to a number of children in the village near which she lived; and that it might be seen to-day written on many a page of the parish register, and cut on many a sunken stone in the parish churchyard. This gentle association with the moldering past was very grateful to me; and I even tried to relish a comic song of music-hall fame called "I'm off to Philadelphia in the Morning," which was so sadly destitute of local color and significance that any other town, with as many syllables in its name, might have been substituted in its place. Truth to tell, music-hall audiences are not exigent in the matter of verisimilitude. I had the pleasure of seeing in one of them a pantomime which was presumably located in colonial New York, and in which an orthodox East Indian Nautch-girl, who was supposed to be a North American Indian squaw, came out and danced an

oriental dance to the entire satisfaction of everybody.

New York, Chicago, and Washington are the three cities in which, according to prevalent European notions, all Americans dwell. Beyond this magic trio, everything is an unknown waste. A young girl, traveling with me in Germany, was asked one day at the dinner-table by a kind and talkative old English lady in what town she lived. She answered, Baltimore; and then, seeing that this meant absolutely nothing to her neighbor, she added, by way of explanation, that it was a city near Washington. The old lady brightened visibly, with an agreeable sense of knowledge. "Ah; yes," she said, "I have heard of Washington often. And do you have all the comforts of life in Baltimore? Ice served every day?"—The question I have had put to me oftener than any other, not only in Europe, but in Egypt as well, is "Do you live in New York or Chicago?" The very donkey boys on the Nile have heard of these two great cities of the West; and the donkeys themselves, when they are not named Thothmes or Rameses, have been christened Chicago, with the accent generally on the first syllable, in honor of our big world's fair. Amazing stories were told me of the wealth amassed by the thrice fortunate Egyptians who had been sent over in the humblest capacities to the exposition; how they sold the brand new scarabs manufactured at Luxor for genuine antiques; how silver piastres with holes bored in them retailed easily for twenty-five cents each; how everything was cheerfully bought at five times its value by the people so wondrously, so inexhaustibly rich, who dwelt in my golden land. Indeed I am quite sure that embroideries, gems, and curios of every kind have risen in price both in Cairo and Constantinople, since Chicago taught the Eastern dealers how much it was possible to ask.

To return, however, to beaten tracks, to the broad beaten tracks, made smooth by tourists' feet. I have often found it in my heart to wish that Europeans would not so easily accept specimens as types, and that they would not so cheerfully believe whatever it pleased mendacious Americans to tell them. Such tales as I have heard narrated by my own country-

people of social conditions in my own land have been calculated to convey the impression that we are unshackled by the restraints of conventionality, free from all the decent formalities of life. Young women, not unlike Marcia in Mr. Howells' "Modern Instance," have cheerfully assumed that their early training and their points of view represent the early training and the points of view of the average American girl; and, what is more surprising, they have been taken at their own valuation. I once listened aghast to a strong-minded, short-haired female lawyer from Maine, who was assuring a little group of timid, scandalized Englishwomen that in America we had done away with religious rites and ceremonies, having no great opinion of such nonsense; and I totally failed in my well-meant efforts to persuade them not to believe her. The Neapolitan beggar who said to Mr. Aldrich, "I am a boy Americano, dam!" was not much further from the mark than many acknowledged representatives of our calumniated land. In Lucerne, some years ago, I encountered a very painful specimen of the American child,—a miserable little lad, only eight years old, delicate, peevish, precocious, ill-bred, irritable, and unhappy, who had been dragged over Europe by a grandmother and a governess, until, between fatigue and nervous excitement, he had become a burden to himself and an intolerable nuisance to others. It would not have seemed possible to accept him as a type of childhood in any country; yet I was asked fifty times by English people in the hotel if all American children behaved in that scandalous manner, if they were all that small and puny, and if they were all in the habit of staying up at night until their grandmothers went to bed. It was not unlike the experience

of Mr. Lowell, when an Englishman, struck with the aspect of several rather emaciated Americans—such as may be found in every clime—asked him how he accounted for the universal meagreness of his countrypeople.

As for the ever-vexed and vexing question of our speech,—our accent, our intonation, and our pronunciation, we have all heard enough and more than enough on this subject to alternately irritate and amuse. Therefore I will only recount one incident, of a distinctly encouraging character, which may animate and embolden the American when he feels himself most at fault. I was once, in my capacity of tourist, visiting Windsor Castle, and had a long conversation with a big, burly, bronzed old English soldier, who pointed out to me all the beauties of the surrounding country, and told me in what battles he had won his various decorations. While we were talking, a French woman came up to us and said with painful effort, "Ees eet permeeted to viseet Eton?" The soldier stared at her, stolid and dumb. She repeated her question. "The school, Eton, ees eet permeeted that I may viseet?" Still no answer. I volunteered a translation. His face broke into smiles. "Certainly, madam, certainly," he said politely. "Any hour you please." And then turning to me: "Amazing, isn't it, the difficulty I have understanding these foreigners. Now with you people from across the Atlantic I never have any trouble at all. Not a bit more than if you were English." I said that it was very pleasant to feel I could make myself intelligible, and that there was without doubt a strong similarity in our tongues; and I went on my way rejoicing. At least the language of Shakspeare was my own.

WHAT THE ANGELS THINK.

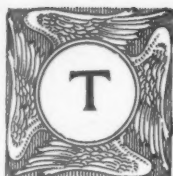
BY W. J. LAMPTON.

My dear Clairette, gowned all in white,
Kneels where the fading evening light
Steals in to see so pure a sight.

My dear Clairette lifts tearful eyes
In suppliance to the far-off skies,
And for forgiveness softly cries.

My dear Clairette prays that she be
Forgiven for the sins that she
Feels rest upon her weightily.

My dear Clairette, so pure and fair!
The angels smile to see her there,
And wonder at the needless prayer.



he Horseless Carriage Competition.—The

indications are, at this writing, that the test of horseless carriages which will be made under the auspices of THE COSMOPOLITAN, on the 30th of May, in competition for a Prize of \$3000, will attract the widest attention. The

Committee of Judges who have already accepted, is probably the most distinguished that has ever consented to act upon the occasion of the trial of a new and useful invention. It consists of

NELSON A. MILES, The General of the Army.

WILLIAM P. CRAIGHILL, Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army.

H. WALTER WEBB, Vice-President N. Y. Central & H. R. R.R. Co.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, Esq.

The interest which these gentlemen have shown in accepting places upon this Committee is indicative of the importance of the subject. The contest itself will receive international attention in both military and civilian circles.

The Conditions of the Competition.

It has been found necessary to revise the conditions of the competition to read as follows:

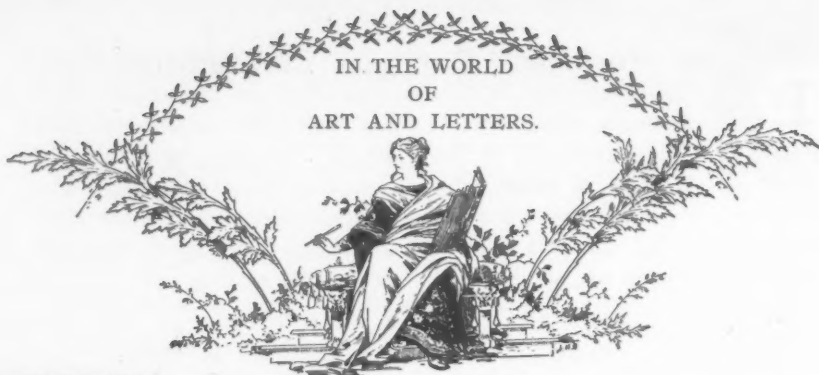
\$3000 will be awarded

to Motor Carriages presenting the greatest number of points of excellence, to be exhibited in a trial trip to be made from the New York Office of THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, City Hall Park, to a point near THE COSMOPOLITAN Building at Irvington, and thence back to the starting place. The award will be made upon the following points, the maximum being 100:

Speed,	35
Simplicity of Construction and Durability,	30
Ease in Operating and Safety,	25
Cost,	10

The route selected for the competition is about twenty-six miles in length, requiring a total run of fifty-two miles. It passes along Broadway to Central Park, through Central Park to Washington Bridge, thence along Broadway continued to Yonkers, where the course will include five miles of asphalt pavements, then following the country Broadway to Irvington, paralleling the Hudson the entire route and passing through one of the most beautiful regions of America. The roadway over which the trial will be made is hardly excelled even in France.

Entries should be sent as early as possible to THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.



hey Would be Delightful Folks to Fight."—The

London Spectator lately disclosed, with much emotion, a conviction which the literature of the Venezuela incident seemed to it to warrant, that the Americans not only do not like England, but that they cruelly misjudge the public sentiment of England toward America. "To the vast majority of Englishmen," says the Spectator, "one of the most painful aspects of the present controversy has been the evidence afforded that Americans seem utterly unaware of the strong feeling of friendship felt here for their country—a feeling rising in many minds to something approaching passion. . . . That the Americans should believe that they hate us, or at any rate should profess to do so, is a very grievous wound to Englishmen; but what is bitter beyond all bearing is the thought that the Americans not only do not like us, but do not even know that we like them." The Spectator goes on to present some very interesting evidence of the friendly sentiment of England toward America, quoting in particular allusions to the United States and the American Revolution in some English school-books, which it must surprise and interest a good many Americans to read. We have known that we had friends in England—a great many of them; but the reasons the Spectator has given for believing that the sentiments of the majority of Englishmen toward America are cordial, friendly, and



Drawn by F. G. Allwood.

"A FEELING RISING IN MANY MINDS TO SOMETHING APPROACHING PASSION."

sympathetic, will be highly interesting and somewhat surprising, too, to many American readers.

It is pleasant in return to be able to suggest some grounds for the belief that the Spectator has got an exaggerated impression of the unfriendliness of the Americans toward the English. Mr. John Ferguson, an Irish nationalist, declared the other day in a letter to the London Times, that "of all the sixty-six million people in the United States, no other nationality (than the Irish) hates England with more than the ordinary and transient feelings of an unchristian and unmoral patriotism." Mr. Ferguson put it strong, too strong, no doubt, but I believe his statement, vehement as it is, is substantially true. The Americans, except those of Irish descent, don't hate England. On the contrary, they have warmer feelings toward her than toward any other nation, but very many of them feel compelled for a number of reasons, to dissemble their affection.

A good many Americans who think they have studied English methods to some purpose have come to believe that the English think that the best way to



Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

"COUNTRYMEN OF OURS WHO SHOW THEMSELVES SO OVER-APPRECIATIVE OF BRITISH DELIGHTS."

get what you want is to go and take it. They are really solicitous to deserve the respect of the English, and they honestly believe that the more like Englishmen they behave, the more regard the English are likely to have for them. This conviction sometimes involves abrupt behavior toward the English themselves. It may be a delusion on the part of these Americans, but if so, it is a sincere delusion. It does not indicate hatred of England. It is hypothetically imitative, and imitation has never been held to be an evidence of dislike.

Again, there are Americans who believe that we need an antagonist to keep our national and especially our martial spirit alert and vigorous. It is painful that these individuals should choose England for this office, but some of them actually do it. I sat next at dinner the other night to a gentleman of the manliest and most amiable personal qualities who was descended on both sides of his house from several of the most notable American sea-fighters of the war of 1812. He gravely propounded to me the need of the United States to cultivate in England a fit and worthy hereditary foe, to fight with from time to time in

the interest of the preservation of a strong American sentiment. This gentleman had no animosity toward England, but he thought her people were delightful folks to fight, and he was ready to dissemble his regard for them in the interest of what Mr. Ferguson calls "an unchristian and unmoral patriotism." The Anglomaniacs afford us still another motive for restraining in some measure our real feelings toward the English. The rich English have learned so well by long experiment how to have the most fun for their money, that, naturally enough, many of the Americans, as they have become masters of leisure and abundant means, have been very strongly drawn to imitate them. London has the same attraction for these people as the candle has for the moth. English society, English homes, English habits, English clothes, English standards, the English accent, and the English aristocracy delight and fascinate them. They want to be just as English as they can, and they would be glad to make America and American society just as English as they are. But naturally enough, the idea of making London the social capital of the United States is unpopular in America, and the instinct of self-preservation leads us to pitch into these intolerable countrymen of ours who show themselves so irresponsibly over-appreciative of British delights. Sad to say, the bountiful expression of our disregard for them too often tends to include the people they imitate, and a mischief results for which the Anglomaniacs are to blame, but for which other and less culpable sinners pay the penalty.

It may be worth adding, that the sentiment of Americans toward the British government is one thing (and a thing which varies very much according as the Tories or the Liberals are in office), and their sentiment toward the British people is quite another. There is a very general and decided belief in this country that the Irish hatred for Tory England is well-founded, and many Americans sympathize with Irish feeling who do not share it. But how can the Spectator believe that the majority of the Americans hate the English? Don't we descend upon their pleasant island every summer like a swarm of locusts (except that unlike locusts we pay for what we eat)? Has any eminent Briton come to these shores within half a century that we have not stood on our heads to welcome and entertain? Were we gruff to the Prince of Wales when he came? Were we inhospitable to the English sailors who came to the Columbian celebration? Do we refuse to be entertained by English actors, or to read English books? We have our Jingoos, but the Spectator knows Jingoos—it has them at home. Perhaps some of our school-books need rewriting; that will come. Do our young women frown on Englishmen? Good gracious, good Spectator, we are not hostile, we are merely coy; coy because we are conscious of tendencies that require restraint. Take comfort about us, friend. If we were half as attractive to you as you and your country are to us, you would visit us oftener, and come to know us as we really are.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.



Drawn by F. G. Allwood.



Decadence.—The festival of St. Charlemagne is with us, the scholar's fête, in all the higher educational establishments. On that day—it is precisely the day on which I write this article—all the students who have obtained the first place in their class once, or the second place twice, are invited to a grand breakfast which is presided over by the principal, and at which all the professors assist. It is doubtless unnecessary for me to tell you that

at the dessert, after an address by the president, the students having the highest standing in their classes recite poems composed expressly for the occasion. In my time—ah, how long ago that is!—the poems were in Latin; we would have blushed to use any other language than that of Virgil on those solemn occasions. In these days our children prefer the more modern language of Victor Hugo and Coppée.

For many years past this feast, for the very reason that it had been a long established one and was celebrated every year on the same day, had ceased to attract the attention of the chroniclers of the press, who allowed it to pass unnoticed. This year, however, it has undergone a change which has revived their interest in it—and set floods of ink flowing. Up to this time it had always been the custom, when the breakfast of the pupils was ended, that all the personnel of the college should sit down to table, in their turn, and that the feast should begin over again for the professors. It was, naturally, out of the funds of the Institute that the expenses of the repast—which was of the most modest kind, indeed—were defrayed. But the university is not rich, and the Minister of Public Instruction, with a view to economizing the educational fund, decided in his wisdom that this year the professors, after making the tour of the tables at which the students were celebrating the feast of the saint, should return to their homes to eat their breakfasts there.

Between ourselves, I do not believe that the professors regretted this measure. The breakfast, at a set price, was generally indifferent; and the professors have so many opportunities every day of seeing and conversing with one another that the pleasure of sitting at the same table together to drink champagne at three francs a bottle, was for them a very slight one. I know some of them who thanked the minister in their hearts for his niggardliness, which freed them from this extra duty.

But we, who regard the matter from another point of view—a less selfish and a more general one—cannot see without regret this first attack upon an ancient custom which contributed to the luster and glory of the university.

You cannot conceive how in former times this fête of Charlemagne excited the minds and kindled the imaginations of all the students. To have one's St. Charlemagne, as they used to say in those days, was a sign that one was the first, or one of the first, in his class. Perhaps you cannot fully understand this feeling in the United States, where education is deprived of the incentives of honorary reward, prizes, wreaths, and that emulation which springs only from vanity.

In France, self-love and the desire for distinctions are the great motive powers in the national educational institutes. We cannot conceive of a class without a weekly reassignment of places to the pupils, without a distribution of prizes, without a flourish of trumpets at the end of the year. Is it we who are in the right? Probably with each nation it is a matter of temperament. We can obtain nothing from our children except by piquing their vanity, by making them ashamed at not being of the head of their class.

To have one's St. Charlemagne was therefore a great honor, ardently desired. At the breakfast, which had been anticipated with joyful eagerness, the professors looked on with an indulgent eye, while the gaiety became more and more boisterous; and they were ready to excuse all the pranks played by the young people under the exhilarating influence of the wine.

I shall never forget how, after leaving one of these love-feasts in company

with Edmond About, who was a little intoxicated by the champagne, the talking, and the shouting, he and I went into the bursar's garden, in which there was a large basin where goldfish were darting about. Using our handkerchiefs as nets, we caught several of the poor little fishes and made ourselves a glorious dish of fried fish.

In the evening,—this was also a traditional custom,—as it was a holiday, the boys made appointments with one another to meet at the Théâtre Français, whose manager they had requested to give a play appropriate for the occasion. They filled the house from top to bottom; they applauded vociferously; but if by chance any actor appeared who failed to please them, he was greeted with such a crowing of cocks and roaring of wild beasts as might make nature tremble.

These customs have been gradually dying out. We affected rakish airs which are no longer in fashion; our children are more correct, better brought up, and, as you say in America, more of the gentleman than we were. They amuse themselves less boisterously, commit fewer follies, are in every way less like school-boys.

In exchange, perhaps, they work less hard, perhaps they love the student life less than we did. Thus it is that the Saint Charlemagne has lost much of its charm and of its splendor. All that remains of it is this feast, which flatters the self-love of those who are invited to it. They go to it like men of the world responding to an invitation from a woman of the world. It is no longer quite what it was for us. Fashions change and with them our way of thinking and of feeling.

I greatly fear that the measure adopted by the minister, no doubt with good intention, has dealt a fatal blow to this ancient custom, which had already begun to fall into decadence. Now it is the professors who have lost their part in it; soon it will be the students.

Old world customs have lost their vitality and are disappearing one by one. It is a pity that it should be so, and I regret it. I hold that every people should remain faithful to its traditions, and I fear that we are on the way to become Americanized.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

* * *



he Theatrical World.—The American stage seems to be looking for a Moses to lead it out of Egypt. The darkness certainly exists. We seem to have no drama of our own, no dramatic literature, no artistic dramatic managers, and very few actors. Of course, this is a broad statement, which has just enough exceptions to prove it. Of late the daily newspapers have contained considerable discussion of the idea of a National theater; or, as it is more frequently

termed, an ideal theater, in which the drama of the better sort is to be preserved and the art of acting roused from its present comatose condition by the aid of an endowment which shall provide for productions magnificent and artistic in every particular. The theorists who are writing in this line have not yet reached that practical stage whence they can demonstrate clearly where the endowment is to come from. So far it is all theory, but we may expect that the Moses will be found some day in the person of the genius who shall find financial support for the plan which is to give us a national theater not dominated entirely by greed.

The month of February brought back to us Madame Duse. The principal drawback to her work on her former visit was the condition of her health. Although not now what might be called robust, she gives her performance with less apparent physical suffering. There is no denying that she is a great actress. Her methods possess that simplicity, directness and refinement which secure results and indicate genius. What some of her contemporaries do through acrobatic endeavor and facial and vocal contortion, she accomplishes through a frank

and direct appeal to the sympathies. There is nothing sensual in her work, that is, illegitimately so. As the woman who loves and seeks to be loved, she seems to be the woman that one could love with self-respect; as the victim of her emotions, she goes to no extremes. When she suffers, it is the suffering of the woman and not of the painted actress who secures her results through stage traditions and the glare of the footlights. In other words, she is a natural as well as a great actress.

Madame Bernhardt continued her engagement into February and gave Americans, not their first opportunity to see "*Gismonda*," but to see in the title rôle the actress for whom it was written. Her performance in it did not differ greatly from her rendering of similar parts which are to be found in all the other Sardou dramas written to fit her personality. She was by turns the emotional woman swayed and softened by the tenderness and seductiveness of her love, the raging homicide carried away by rasping desire to kill, and anon, full of the heaving, sobbing evidences of remorse. An experiment something in the line of the "ideal" theater was the production at Palmer's of a translation of François Coppée's "*Pour la Couronne*." This drama in French appealed to the French public mostly through its literary form, being to some extent a modern example of the school of Corneille and Racine. It was produced here, not altogether with a view to gaining any pronounced support from the public, but with the idea that through an appeal to the friends of the stage, a hearing might be gained for a purely literary venture. Like many former appeals of this nature, it was unsuccessful, principally because an unattractive subject was chosen. This seems to be the great weakness of all efforts to elevate the stage, and the weakness exists probably because the interesting and agreeable subjects find a ready market with mercenary managers. People do not go to the theater, no matter how cultured they may be, for literature alone. There must be amusement or human interest, or both. "*For the Crown*" seemed to possess neither of these.

The Empire Theater furnishes an example on the other side of the argument. No theater of repute in New York has been conducted on more purely commercial lines. It has not developed artists, but has bought those already created. It has not lent its energies to the production of untried plays, but has bought those which had already received the stamp of London approval. The artists it employs are among the best of their kind. Its plays are from the playwrights who have the greatest vogue in London, and who demand the highest royalties. Notwithstanding all these guarantees of sure success, this theater has scored five failures this season, and no successes. The moral seems to be that there is no telling, except by experiment, what will please the public.

"*The Prisoner of Zenda*" shows by its renewed life that the melodramatic story with a sterling hero, and hairbreadth escapes, and unlimited chivalry, still has power to move the human heart. Its revival at the Lyceum Theater, with the members of the stock company of that house in the cast instead of Mr. E. H. Sothern and his company, shows that in this event the play is the thing, for the second run bids fair to be as successful as the first. Mr. Hope may take this as high praise for his story-telling.

A production which bears on the international question in things dramatic, is the pronounced success of a burlesque called "*The Lady Slavey*." This piece was imported from London, as were its predecessors, "*The Artist's Model*," "*The Shop Girl*," and "*His Excellency*." In this case, however, the piece was carefully edited for the American market. The deadly English jokes were carefully expunged, new music was written, and it was placed in the hands of a first-class cast instead of one composed of second-rate English performers. Artistically and financially the wisdom of this course has been shown. The unmodified importations were practical failures, and "*The Lady Slavey*" is a success. New York is waking up to the fact that it ought to stop being a provincial dependent of London in the way of amusements.

Miss Lilian Russell has again had the temerity to test the constancy of fickle New York, this time with a light opera entitled "The Goddess of Truth." Of late New York has given its former idol a good many cold shoulders and her latest venture does not promise a different reward. It is a jingly, rather humorous creation, with brilliant costumes and all the usual accessories, but it lacks the peculiar quality which seems necessary to the success of a light opera in New York.

The month has produced nothing specially great nor specially new. The creative geniuses seem to be dead, and their competent interpreters are few and all well known to the public. With nothing new in creation or interpretation, there is little left for the dramatic chronicler except to sit and bewail the melancholy fact.

JAMES S. METCALFE.



he Eclipse of the British Drama.—This is a terrifying title, but you must remember that eclipse means only a temporary obscuration. Already ere these lines appear in print, the British drama may be scintillating afresh; the shadow may have passed away. But for the moment, the stage-world is all in blackness. Point Pinero, its highest summit, is invisible. Henry Arthur's seat seems vanished away. What has happened? It is only the other day that Mr. Jones published an elaborate volume on the "Renaissance of the British Drama," and even the eminent dramatic critic who, with horrible but brazen neologism, asked skeptically, "Has the British Drama Re-nasced?" found himself reduced to denying the novelty and value of the new dramatic movement. For a dramatic movement there was. Now there is not even that, unless we are to consider the backward swing of the pendulum also "a dramatic movement" in its way. Not a single home-shown play of importance occupies the boards. All earnest work has been damned or withdrawn. Farces and musical comedies of the crudest order run on for years, till one sickens of the sight and sound of their names, and pities the actors and actresses reduced to automata.

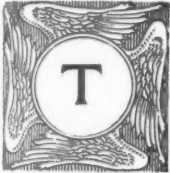
Last year at a theatrical banquet I had the unexpected fortune to propose the toast of the Drama, coupled with the name of Sir Augustus Harris, and that eminent representative of stage-land said, so I am reminded by a little pamphlet record of the proceedings published, ironically enough, at this moment: "It would be a most extraordinary thing, indeed, if at the end of the nineteenth century the drama—in which I am proud to say so much brain and so many persons of intelligence and education are interested—should not also have made progress, the same as any other science or art. I am not surprised that in the last twenty years the drama has improved as much as it has. There is no reason why it should not keep pace with the other arts and sciences, and improve in the next twenty years as much as it has done in the last." Sir Augustus's conception of the parallel progression of art and the sciences is too naïve to have occurred to anybody except at an after-dinner speech. I do not suppose Sir Augustus himself imagines that one can make continued "improvements" in "art" as in "the arts" or the sciences, or that British drama has advanced steadily, like the knowledge of chemistry or the construction of machinery, since the days of Shakspeare. But if Sir Augustus was thinking of the drama of the more recent past, then he was certainly right in thinking that there had been improvement, and that there was room for more. Not that the improvements are of his making, unless we are to consider the scenic as an artistic element. The increased coherence of form and subtlety of matter, the enhanced fidelity to life, of the plays of the last quinquennium are entirely due to the spiritual evolution of dramatists whom Drury Lane knoweth not. But these dramatists have had but a brief day of prosperity, and in the darkness of the eclipse one is tended to apprehend an

arctic night. The Philistines rage more fatuously than ever, joyfully surprised at the success of their predictions. But how monstrous a calamity if what may be generically dubbed the Drury Lane drama is in for another long run. This machine-made drama, without a spark of truth, or inspiration, or aspiration, carefully modeled on old successes, of time-worn tricks and verbal platitudes all compact, has blocked the way so long that it is painful to contemplate a renewal of its lease. The stage is not like the publishing world, in which many works can be produced simultaneously. Every bad play in possession blocks out a possible good play. But though the fault is largely, in the last analysis, with the paying public, a goodly share must be laid at the stage-doors. And yet the manager—even the actor-manager—is not always so much to blame as he appears to be.

He is rarely the slave of his own stupidity, or his own vanity; it is the mercenariness of a syndicate that has him in subjugation. His backers do not profess to be swayed by any but monetary considerations, though he himself has often to maintain an artistic pose before a guileless public. Hence, even if he have artistic ambition, it is stifled, for the men—be they managers, actors, or stockbrokers—who do business in things theatrical, are the worst business-men in the world. They are the parasites of their predecessors, the serfs of routine, lacking the imagination and the initiative which prompt the very draper to put forth new patterns with the varying seasons.

I. ZANGWILL.

* * *



The Month in England.—The publishers have been busy. We have now, in the enforced absence of a life of Mr. Matthew Arnold, his letters, mainly domestic. Mr. George Russell has edited them well, though "three-quarters," to alter the Greek motto, would have been better than the whole. The letters display most of Mr. Arnold's qualities, except his vivacity. His "Friendship's Garland," so much neglected, his "Lectures on Translating Homer" (a large "remainder" was left at the publisher's), display the festive and lively side of Mr. Arnold's genius. The letters do not. It is instructive to find that Mr. Arnold's literary income was rated at two hundred pounds, that he said he would need to write more essays to cover that sum, and that the tax commissioners courteously congratulated themselves on his promised industry. One of the foremost of our men of letters made two hundred pounds a year, while, look at the half-educated and quite uninspired novelists! Mr. Arnold thought but poorly of Tennyson's intellect, he had no high opinion of Thackeray, he called Burns "a beast with magnificent gleams," but he admired Miss Ingelow—and very properly. I remember no mention of Rossetti, or Mr. William Morris, or of any contemporary almost, in England. Perhaps the less said about his contemporary judgments, the better. His political ideas are more worthy of him, his affection and kindness are the essence of the man, and they shine unobscured. But, like George Eliot, Mr. Arnold did not appear at his best as a letter-writer.

Lady Eastlake, whose notes and letters are capitably edited by her nephew, Mr. Eastlake Smith, was a link with a remote generation. Born in 1809, she was, practically, the first woman who wrote, from 1844 onward, in the *Quarterly Review*. An accomplished sketcher, her drawings are reproduced in her memoirs. She knew the Jachsins and Boaz of the wicked old Blackwood's Magazine, Wilson and Lockhart, and liked them both extremely. Lockhart was her editor—a friendly and genial one; her description of him, after his death, might apply better to a saint than to the scorpion. No man, surely, ever had such a divided personality as Lockhart, "one to face the world with," the other for his family and his friends. No light is thrown on the question as to whether Lady Eastlake, then Miss Rigby, wrote *the whole* of the review of "Jane Eyre." If Lockhart interpolated it, or allowed Croker to do so, this did not interfere with Miss

Rigby's affection for him. She knew all the world, after 1850; but, alas, her notes, in a busy London life, are not nearly so full and interesting as her notes in early Edinburgh days. In 1864 she calls Mr. Jowett "a young man," though with white hair. I remember thinking him a perfect Nestor for antiquity, at about that date. Her observations on Rossetti's pictures are—very unfashionable, but not unnatural. "Part look as if they were going to be hanged, . . . and others look as if they had been hanged, and were partially decomposed, and a few look as if they richly deserved to be hanged." Lady Eastlake, in short, was of the old school, and a most estimable person.

There are many novels. As Mr. George Meredith's "Amazing Marriage" appeared in an American magazine, I can only express my high admiration and envy of its successful readers. What would I not give for their powers of concentrated attention! But I would apply them to the acquisition of the ancient Egyptian language, and to the books of Euclid, which I have never mastered.

As my brief review of "Tess" did not excite a pleased gratitude in the author, but contrariwise, I took a vow never again to incur the danger of publicly criticizing a novel by Mr. Thomas Hardy. But his book of "Jude the Obscure" appealed first to American readers, and I hope they enjoyed it.

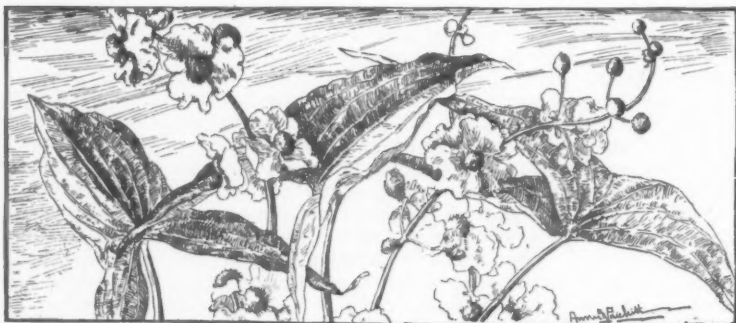
Mr. Max Müller, in his new edition of "Chips," honors me by controverting ideas for which I would go pretty nearly to the stake. I remain unshaken in my barbarous convictions, though Mr. Max Müller's good-humor gives him an incalculable advantage. But it is impossible to state the points of difference here, and the controversy is only about the gods of the heathen.

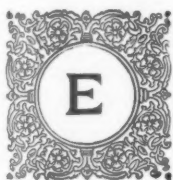
Mr. Skrine's "Joan of Arc" is—you will not believe me till you try—a *readable tragedy*. The verse is agreeable and original, the songs are charming, the sort and kind of "love-interest" is not illegitimate, and curiosity, by an ingenious plot, is kept up to the terrible end. The Maid herself no pen of man can do justice to, but the whole poem is remarkably fine and well sustained.

Cosmopolis, a trilingual magazine, will publish Mr. Stevenson's wonderful fragment, "Weir of Hermiston." In parts, at least, I think it almost a new revelation of Mr. Stevenson's powers; the housekeeper is a most original and deeply felt study of a woman on the threshold of age. The old judge is a masterpiece, and the Black brothers would do honor to the finest work of Scott.

These are all important books, in their different ways, for even I can see the wit and poetry of Mr. Meredith's novel, as by flashes of lightning.

ANDREW LANG.





Electric Photography.—It has lately been announced that Professor Roentgen, of Würzburg University, has succeeded in taking photographs of objects in darkness, or through opaque screens, such as those of a coin or metallic weights enclosed in a wooden box, the bones of the hand through the tissues without showing the latter, also a bullet accidentally embedded in the leg, so as to locate the position of the bullet and show the bones of the leg as well.

The light for this work was derived from a Geissler's tube made luminous by electrical discharges, and the inference has been drawn that such tubes give out rays having different qualities from ordinary light waves. A Geissler tube is a glass cylinder hermetically sealed, containing some rarified gas, and having wires leading into it at its ends, which are to be connected to some intermittent source of electricity as an induction-coil which lights up the tube. With the spectroscope it is found that this light is characteristic of the inclosed gas, and proves that the source of the waves is the molecules of rarified gas.



PROF. W. ROENTGEN, OF WÜRZBURG, DISCOVERER OF THE CATHODE RAYS.

Although it has been known for a long time that all sources of light give out waves both too long and too short to affect the eyes, and therefore cannot be seen, yet hitherto Geissler tubes have not been employed for investigating other than thin visible waves. It has also been known that waves much too long to be seen are capable of producing photographic effects, for by choosing proper sensitive material for the plate it is easy to take a photograph of the solar spectrum a long way beyond the red end. These longer waves will pass freely through bodies which are opaque to ordinary light waves. Prof. A. G. Bell discovered nearly twenty years ago that a sheet of ebonite was transparent to long waves, and since then it has been found that most substances called opaque, such as wood, brick, stone, etc., are transparent to waves longer than common light waves, and are therefore capable of doing photographic work after having passed through such bodies, which is what Roentgen has done. This is the meaning of his work, not that he has discovered a new kind of photographic waves.

In *THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE* for April, 1894, I described a method of doing such work as taking a photograph of a coin in a dark box by waves set up by sparks from an electric machine.

The possibilities of this process of Roentgen and others are obvious, especially in surgery, for if a bullet may be located and the bony skeleton in a living person be photographed, it is altogether likely that abnormal physiological growths and conditions may be likewise, and the inside of the body become visible as the outside now is.

A. E. DOLBEAR.

* * *

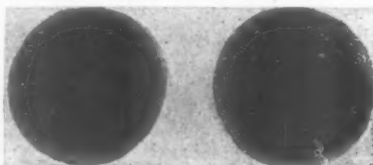


he New Photography.—On the fourth of January, Professor Roentgen, of the University of Würzburg, announced his discovery of a new kind of ray, differing from any previously known to science. These rays are invisible; they pass with varying degrees of readiness through wood, cardboard, rubber, flesh, glass, and metal. They produce fluorescence upon striking certain substances and act upon the photographic plate. It is this last fact taken in connection

with the power of the rays to permeate opaque bodies that has created the great popular interest in the discovery.



Nearly every one has seen the beautiful light effects produced by sparking electricity through glass tubes from which a portion of the air has been removed. In such a tube the discharge seems to pass mainly from one of the wires leading into the tube to the other leading out; the terminals of the wire in the tube being called the one the anode, the other the cathode. If the vacuum is sufficiently high we have a Crookes tube. In such a tube the discharge does not appear to pass so directly between the cathode and anode, but colored rays are shot in straight lines from the cathode across the tube to a glass at the opposite side. The direction of these rays in a Crookes tube are entirely independent of the position of the anode. These cathode rays have been recognized for a long time, they are visible, but do not pass through many transparent substances and do pass through some opaque bodies, as aluminum. The cathode rays are deflected by a magnet, which is not the case with Roentgen's rays. It has not been found possible either



to reflect or refract the new rays. The discoverer thinks that his "X" rays originate at and proceed from the point at which the cathode rays strike the glass of the tube, they are not cathode rays, but are produced by them.

The Roentgen photographs, so called, are really the shadows upon the plate of those bodies which are more or less impervious to the rays. Roentgen photographed iron weights in a wooden box, the iron casting a shadow and the wood scarcely stopping the rays at all. The skeleton of the hand was photographed because the bones are much less permeable to the rays than the flesh. It is not necessary to remove the slide from the plate-holder, as is usually done when making the negative, for the "X" rays pass through such slides. The photographs have been produced at various laboratories in this and other countries. Probably no scientific discovery, only a month old, was ever so widely advertised. The nature of the rays are not yet determined. If they are found to be incapable of refraction, it indicates that they travel with equal velocity in all substances, and therefore are probably ether waves, but not transverse like light. Roentgen thinks that they are longitudinal ether waves.

The discovery promises to be of the greatest importance, both theoretically and practically. Its theoretical importance lies in its probable aid toward a better knowledge of the ultimate nature of matter and energy, its practical value is too evident to need mention.

The objects illustrated in this note were photographed on February 9th by the new method, in the laboratory of the military academy by the writer and his assistants, Lieutenants Davis and Russell. The objects lay upon the outside of a common photographic plate-holder, the plate being inside, and separated from them by the usual opaque slide, which is, of course, entirely impervious to common light. The coin to the left was covered by a strip of wood three-sixteenths of an inch thick, which does not appear in the photograph.

S. E. TILLMAN.

* * *



The Recent Antarctic Discoveries.—

At the beginning of the year 1895, and well up to its middle course, the directest definition that could, perhaps, be given to the antarctic regions was that they represented an area of the earth's surface which was entirely destitute of animal and vegetable life. Birds there were, it is true, in the air, and animals of various kinds in the sea, but on the land surface itself there was not a vestige of a land fauna or flora, and on the rocks not even a shred of seaweed or crust of lichen. Sir James Clark Ross had penetrated the region, a half century ago, to beyond the 78th parallel of latitude, and it has been seen and visited several times since,—although never to that far point,—but no one had planted a foot upon the terra firma of its confines. The land, whether a continent or an ice-bound series of islands, was assumed to be buried beneath a vast and continuous mantle of snow, the thickness of which might have been, as some have argued, anywhere from 10,000 to 50,000 feet. In our limited knowledge of a region which was assumed to cover not less than three or four millions of square miles, the announcement that came to the geographers who were recently assembled at the International Geographical Congress in London that foot had finally been set upon the forbidden land, and that from it had been obtained the first traces of growing organisms, was a noteworthy surprise. The whaler *Antarctic*, cruising after whales in the waters south of New Zealand, was the vessel that successfully followed in the course of Ross, and to the narration of C. E. Borchgrevink, a Norwegian scientist who in the interests of discovery subjected himself to the annoyances which associate themselves with "shipping before the mast," we owe this newest contribution to polar knowledge. The vessel left Melbourne, Australia, on September 20, 1894, and after various vicissitudes in its course through

the "pack," succeeded on New Year's eve in crossing the antarctic circle. On the 22d of January a position as far south as the 74th parallel of latitude had been obtained, when, no whales appearing, the course was again directed northward. A landing was made at Cape Adare, on Victoria Land, in latitude $71^{\circ} 45' S.$ —the first that had ever been made on the mainland of what is assumed to be the antarctic continent. From this point of partially uncovered rock and pebble, and from a small island lying off from it, were also obtained the first traces of a growing vegetation within the antarctic realm—a strange contrast to the condition of the opposite realm of snow and ice, where, as in Siberia, giant forest trees are still met with at almost the same distance from the pole. The distinctive broad features which stand out in connection with this cruise are: open water, which would have permitted penetration to a much higher point than was actually reached, and the comparative mildness of the climate. The lowest temperature reached was $25^{\circ} F.$ (maximum, 46°), while the average for the two months of January and February was 31° . The feasibility of antarctic exploration is clearly demonstrated through this cruise.

ANGELO HEILPRIN.

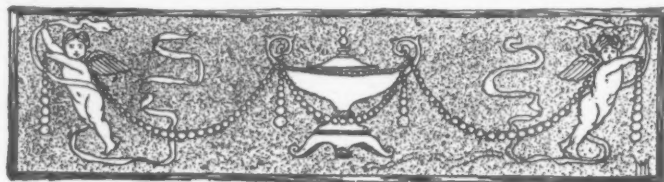


n Alaskan Gold-Mine.—The Apollo Consolidated Gold-mine is in a remote position, lying about one thousand miles a little south of west from Sitka, on the island of Unga. It is a property of considerable importance, inasmuch as its yield is at the rate of about \$300,000 a year. It is also of much geological interest. It is sunk on a zone of fracture in lava (andesite) of Tertiary age, resembling in this and other respects the deposits of Bodie in California. The age of the lava is well determined by the occurrence of fossils in immediate connection with the same rock at a distance of a few miles from the mine. The dislocating forces have not opened a clean fissure in the developed position of this property, partly on account of the rock's own irregular structure, and partly because the present workings are near the original surface. It is manifest that any fissure as it reaches the surface will tend to divide into branches and to splinter the rock, because the walls at the outcrop are free to yield in various directions.

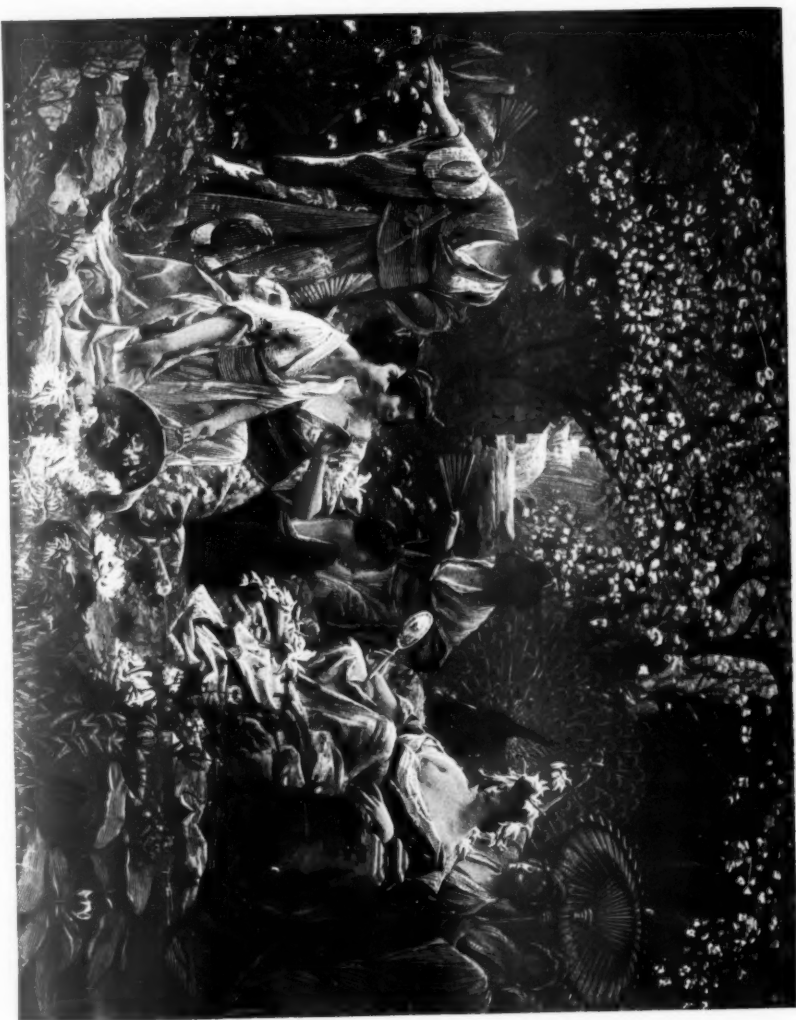
The fractured zone shows many irregular interstitial spaces which have been filled with quartz, this mineral crystallizing by preference on fragments of lava with a very pretty radiated structure. The ore possesses two striking peculiarities. A very large part of its value (eight or nine dollars per ton) is due to the presence of finely divided free gold which is not mingled with sulphurets, and is so abundant as often to stain the quartz yellow. Sulphurets occur in about the ordinary quantity, but they are usually massed in the neighborhood of the gold instead of being mingled with it. The ore also contains at some points considerable quantities of filamentous native copper, a very rare constituent of gold ores. Of course, its presence proves that gold and copper are deposited under very similar conditions.

Though there are no other working mines in this area, prospecting is in progress, and there is reason to believe that the product of the region may reach much larger dimensions.

GEORGE F. BECKER.



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"THE GODDESS OF THE EVENING," BY GUINSAU.





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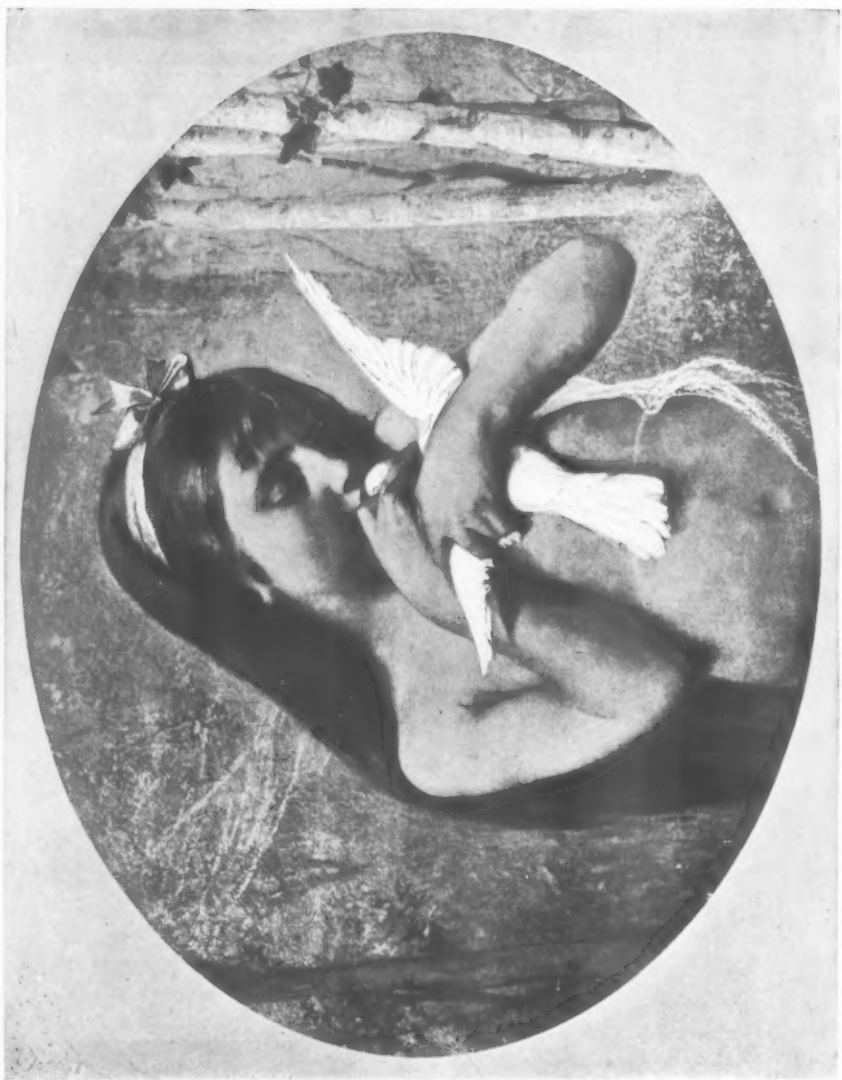
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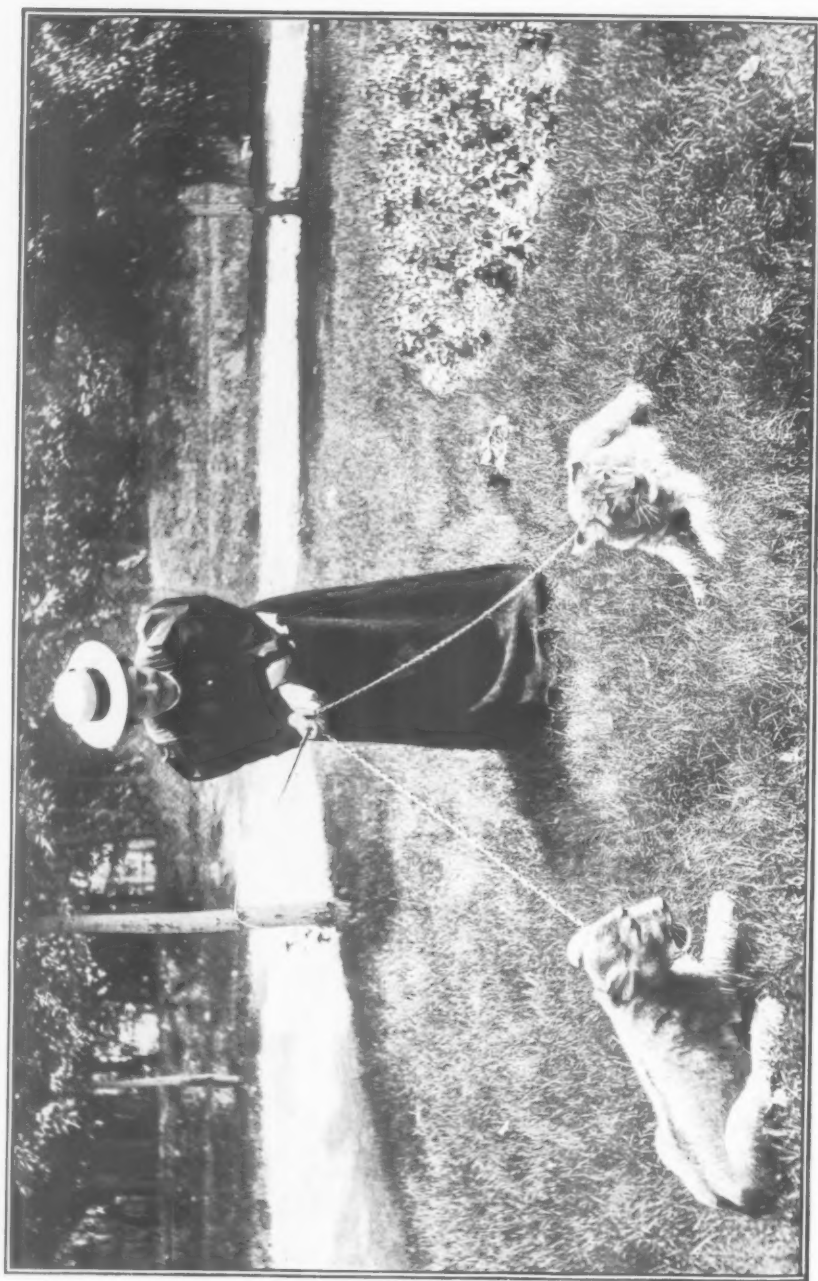
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ANIMAL TRAINING.



MRS. JOHN ELITCH AND HER FAVORITES.

ANIMAL TRAINING.



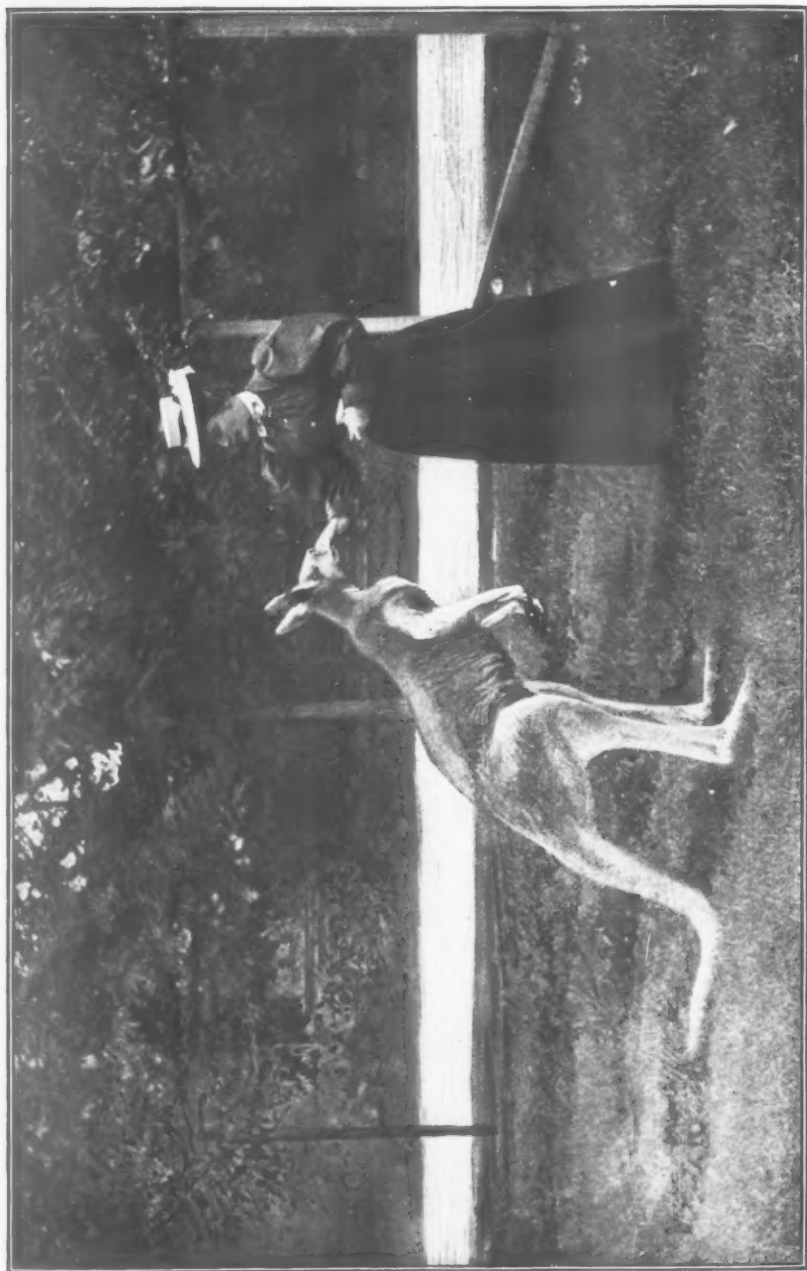
MRS. JOHN ELITCH AND HER FAVORITES.

ANIMAL TRAINING.



MRS. JOHN ELITCH AND HER FAVORITES.

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MRS. JOHN ELITCH AND HER FAVORITES.

SOME EXAMPLES OF RECENT ART.



PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES BY MISS BEN-YUSUF.

SOME EXAMPLES OF RECENT ART.



"WINTER."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY R. L. CURRAN.

RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.



A DECORATIVE STUDY BY R. L. CURRAN.

RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.



"A FINANCIAL PROBLEM."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY EDWIN R. JACKSON.

RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.



"MAUD MULLER."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY R. P. BELLSMITH.

RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.



PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY R. L. CURRAN.

PEARS' SOAP



HIS OPINION OF PEAR'S SOAP

TO THE PUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES. "If cleanliness is next to godliness, soap must be considered as a means of grace, and a clergyman who recommends moral things should be willing to recommend Soap. I am told that my commendation of PEAR'S SOAP has opened for it a large sale in the United States. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it that I ever uttered."

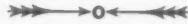
A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

Henry Ward Beecher

PEARS' soap is NOW universally acknowledged to be the BEST TOILET SOAP IN THE WORLD, and PEAR'S shaving stick will on comparison also assert its superiority over all other shaving soaps in any shape or form. 20 International awards. "Made by Pears in Great Britain" on each cake. Sold by all druggists and store-keepers.

There are soaps offered as substitutes for Pears' which are dangerous—be sure you get Pears'

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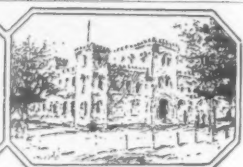
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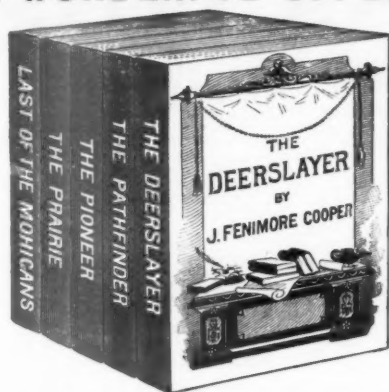
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Burning up fat

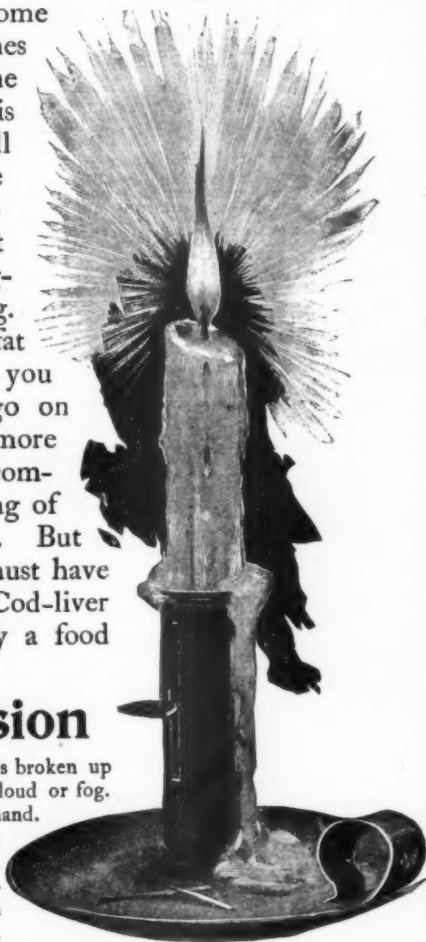
A MAN is all the time burning up fat. This fat has got to be in as constant supply as the air he breathes. Every minute of life depends on it. It has got to come from somewhere; if it does not come from the food direct, it comes from the fat stored up in the body. It gets stolen without his knowing it; but his friends tell him of it. They say: "You are getting thin. You are not looking well." They are right; but they do not recognize the full significance of what they are saying.

If you are not getting the fat you need from your usual food you are getting thin. One can go on losing fat a little while with no more serious harm than some discomfort to himself, and the causing of some anxiety to his friends. But there is danger ahead. You must have a food you *can* get fat from. Cod-liver oil is that food. It is as truly a food as if it were nothing more.

Scott's Emulsion

is cod-liver oil made easy. In it the oil is broken up into particles finer than water drops in cloud or fog. The work of digestion partly done beforehand. The tiny drops of oil slip easily through the wall of the intestines into the blood.

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Bottles as shown or

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Made in the

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CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
WHITE LILAC
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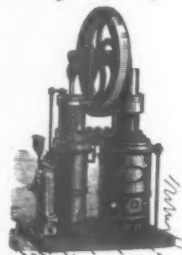
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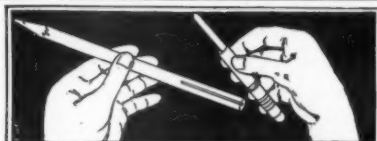
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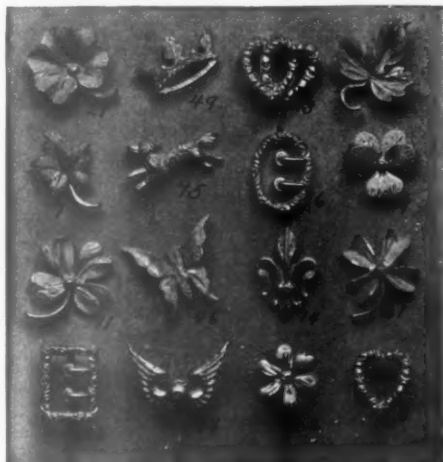
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WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A.

Best Advertising Medium in Pennsylvania, : : : : *Because,*

FIRST—It has an average weekly circulation of over 60,000 copies, 65 per cent. of which lies within Pennsylvania, thus constituting the Largest Circulation in the state outside Philadelphia; balance of the circulation is in other surrounding states.

prominence to advertisements than 95 per cent. of all newspapers published.

THIRD—Advertising patrons retain space year after year, thus proclaiming satisfaction with results obtained.

SECOND—Advertising in its 8 to 16 pages is limited to 3 columns, thus giving greater

FOURTH—It goes into the HOMES, and is read by every member of the family, old and young.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

Following is the correct report of the regular issues of **PENNSYLVANIA GRIT**, published at Williamsport, Pa., during the year 1895 :

JAN. 6...58,930	APR. 7...62,602	JULY 7...55,910	OCT. 6...58,813
" 13...60,670	" 14...61,487	" 14...55,384	" 13...59,170
" 20...61,090	" 21...60,733	" 21...54,944	" 20...59,542
" 27...61,828	" 28...60,265	" 28...61,311	" 27...59,124
FEB. 3...62,222	MAY 5...59,097	AUG. 4...58,535	NOV. 3...59,596
" 10...61,716	" 12...59,363	" 11...57,717	" 10...60,472
" 17...62,598	" 19...58,068	" 18...57,227	" 17...61,618
" 24...61,560	" 26...57,768	" 25...57,630	" 24...63,250
MAR. 3...61,871	JUNE 2...57,331	SEP. 1...55,586	DEC. 1...65,201
" 10...61,938	" 9...54,703	" 7...55,214	" 8...66,178
" 17...62,130	" 16...55,990	" 15...54,514	" 15...68,905
" 24...63,212	" 23...59,803	" 22...54,642	" 22...67,679
" 31...63,624	" 30...55,650	" 29...65,382	" 29...83,046

TOTAL..... 3,142,839

$$3,142,839 \div 52 = 60,439$$

The total number of copies printed, sold to agents, delivered to subscribers—actually circulated—during the year 1895, was 3,142,839, which, when divided by 52, the number of issues, shows the average to have been 60,439 copies.

The circulation of **GRIT** during 1896 bids fair to average 70,000 copies.

An advertisement in **PENNSYLVANIA GRIT** will bring better results, at about one-tenth the cost, than one placed in 100 different county newspapers, the "limited amount of space" devoted to advertising purposes making the smallest announcement attractive. Sample copies and rates sent upon application to New York or Chicago office.



GRIT PUBLISHING CO

A. FRANK RICHARDSON

New York—Chicago.

D. LAMADE

General Manager.

....THE FRENCH.... CARRIAGE COMPANY,

83 & 85 SUMMER ST.,
...BOSTON,
MASS.,



Solicit the inspection or correspondence of intending purchasers of fine pleasure carriages.

Unusually complete facilities for the manufacture of fine vehicles enable us to offer the most approved patterns and exclusive improvements in points essential to style and comfort, at remarkably moderate prices.

Illustrations and particular specifications furnished prospective buyers. Kindly state character of carriage desired

THE FRENCH CARRIAGE CO., 83 & 85 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

...Fly=Time Coming,



with screen doors hung, the incessant *slamming* begins.

Agents Wanted.

CALDWELL SCREEN DOOR CHECK

prevents the slam. It closes the door noiselessly and quickly. Easily applied and warranted perfect.

By mail 50 cents, or of hardware dealers.

CALDWELL MFG. CO., 10 Jones St., Rochester, N. Y.



NEW IDEA IN TRUNKS

The Stallman Dresser Trunk is a portable dressing case, with drawers instead of trays; the bottom is as accessible as the top. Costs no more than box trunk. Shipped C. O. D. with privilege to examine. 2 cent stamp illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN, 47 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.



\$5 Printing Press

Prints your own cards, envelopes, etc. Our \$18 press prints circulars or small newspaper. Fun, pastime, money saving, money making. For old or young. Full printed instructions for type setting, etc. Send 2 stamps for catalogue and samples to the factory.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

WHY IS IT

that we build and sell more PHAETONS than all other factories combined?



REASON:

We build PHAETONS exclusively. We study points of excellence in this one class of vehicles alone. We get the cost down to a right price—a surprisingly low price when real merit is considered.

RESULT:

Low prices for best Phaetons built.

Send for our illustrated booklet and prices on different styles. You can order direct or through your dealer.

Address Sales Department.

THE COLUMBUS PHAETON CO.,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.



While the famous "pebble tread" is an admitted advantage, yet the construction of the VIM single tube tire is what makes it strong and fast. ❀ ❀

**Boston Woven Hose &
...Rubber Co...**

Boston, Chicago,	New York, St. Louis,	Cleveland, San Francisco.
---------------------	-------------------------	------------------------------

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Majestic. Superb in design, faultless in construction, best grade of material, never out of order. 30 years manufacturing high-grade firearms and five years making bicycles has taught us something.

MAJESTIC BICYCLES - MESINGER RATTAN SADDLES

\$4.00 EX. PAID IT'S THE RATTAN MAKES IT WHAT IT IS. **\$4.00 EX. PAID**

Saddle. Prevents as well as cures any injury. It is correct in every way and is built by



men who have spent their lives building saddles. Specially adapted for long runs and century heats.

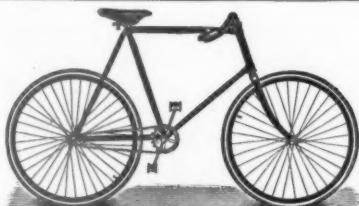
RATTAN IS WOOD FIBRE, CANNOT STRETCH AND IS NOT AFFECTED BY DAMPNESS.

It costs a few cents more than others, but!!!!

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

HULBERT BROS. & CO.

26 WEST 23RD. ST N.Y.C
SPORTSMEN'S GOODS & CLOTHING.



Charter Oak Bicycles, \$65.

Earned an enviable reputation in '95. Great improvements have been made in the '06 wheel. Large Tubing, Barrel Hubs, Adjustable Handle Bars. The same dust proof bearings as last season. Great value for little money. Apply early for '06 agency. Sole Agent for Mass. and Conn., also for Tribune Wheels.

A. H. POMEROY, (Bicycle Dept.) 98 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.



The merits of the Bellis cycle, which is of the highest grade and handled by the best dealers only, cannot be set forth fully in the space of an advertisement, so an illustrated descriptive pamphlet will be gladly sent to any address.

BELLIS CYCLE CO.,

130 South Penn Street,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

One of the prime advantages claimed by riders of the

"Imperial Wheels"

is the great speed that can be obtained with little exertion.

"the go-lightly kind"

They are so firmly put together that Machine and Rider seem as one.

Set on an Imperial and try it.

Send for '96 Catalogue.

AMES & FROST COMPANY

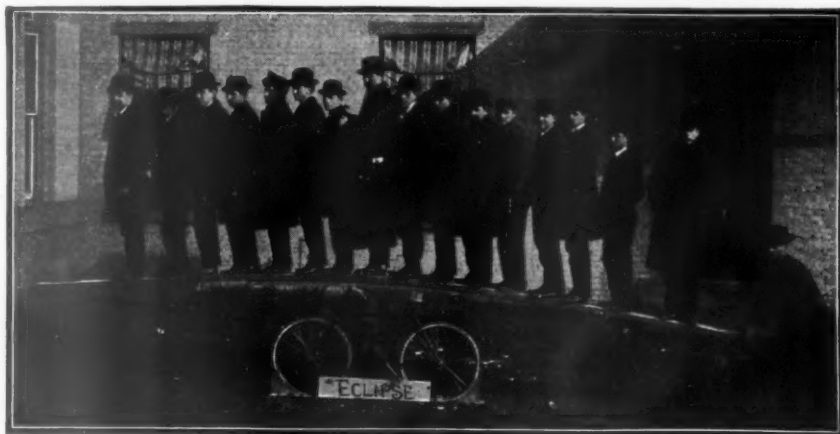
CHICAGO, ILL.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

ECLIPSE BICYCLES

They Stand the Test

2,448 Pounds on our Regular Stock, Road Wheel



THIS PHOTOGRAPH was taken in front of our factory. The entire weight of sixteen men, aggregating 2,448 pounds, rests on wheel. The stand was grooved to hold wheel in place, and man at end and guy wires kept plank from twisting.

Strong—Light Running—Perfect Workmanship

An immense new factory, fitted only with up-to-date machinery and the best materials obtainable at any price, have enabled us to build a wheel that, for accuracy of adjustment, rigidity, speed, ability to "get there," KEEP AWAY FROM THE REPAIR SHOP, stands unequalled.

Eclipse Cycles Are Fast.

TANDEM :: COMBINATION TANDEM
LADIES' DROP AND RATIONAL
MEN'S ROAD AND RACER

ECLIPSE BICYCLE CO., Drawer C, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Branches: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Indianapolis, & Hamilton, Ont.

Send
For.....
Artistic
Catalogue.

CRESCENT BICYCLES

"SKY HIGH"



WESTERN WHEEL WORKS

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

SEND FOR CATALOG

AGENTS EVERYWHERE

PHOENIX BICYCLES

8th Year They Stand the Racket



We have been building Bicycles since 1889, and experience counts.

Our Wheels Are High-Grade

In name and reality.

We cater to the critical, and guarantee every wheel.

STOVER BICYCLE MFG. CO.
Send for Catalogue **FREEPORT, ILLINOIS**

Eastern Branch—575 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Western Branch—1510 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Smalley Bicycles

HAVE NO EQUAL

Riders who know a good Wheel when they see it, praise

The "Smalley" The Handsomest Wheel You Ever Saw

Dozens of Improvements. Aluminum Silver. Maroon Band. Black Enamel Finish. Weight, 17-25 lbs. Have you seen our

"Mother of Pearl Queen?"

Write for elegant New Catalogue.

Plymouth Cycle Mfg. Co., Plymouth, Ind.

Maverick Bicycles

DO YOU RIDE ONE?

If not, why not? No other wheels in the world stand so high in the estimation of cyclists, because Waverleys are built on honest value lines, and the purchaser receives full value for the investment.

SEND TEN CTS. IN STAMPS FOR A PAIR OF OUR NEW CARD COUNTERS.

ARE MADE IN THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED FACTORY IN THE WORLD.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.

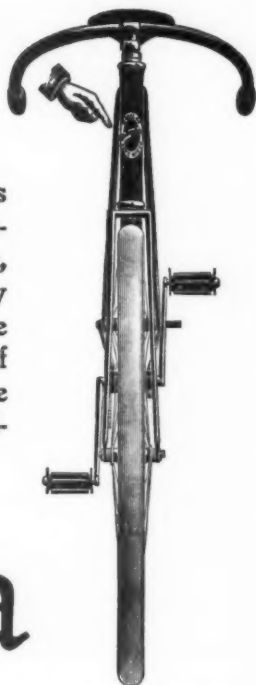
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Most Popular in the world.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

21 Experts

compose the Bicycle Council that passes upon each detail of Columbia construction—engineers, metallurgists, designers, keen-eyed men of science. ♣ And they do no guessing. Back of them is one of the most complete Departments of Tests in this country. ♣ Such accurate scientific methods must produce standard machines.



Columbia Bicycles

\$100 TO ALL
ALIKE.

Standard of the World

Hartford Bicycles are next best, \$80, \$60, \$50.

♣
The Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.
♣

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONN.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Toughened Steel Like a gun barrel—



carefully selected material—
expert workmanship—scientific
adjustment of parts—strength—
beauty—lightness and speed, are
the strong points of



THE ENVOY

(For Men)

AND

THE FLEETWING

(For Women)

\$75 price.

\$100 quality.

Catalogue Free.

These Bicycles are built slowly and carefully
and with a constant and thorough inspection of
material and work.

BUFFALO CYCLE CO.,
301 Mass. Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.



Skilled Workmen

without exception. They are
the sort of people that make

Ben-Hur
Bicycle

They know how to combine the greatest
strength with the least weight and how to
produce the finest finish.

The Ben-Hur Bi-
cycle represents the
highest stage of the
art—4 elegant models
—\$85 and \$100.

This name-plate
insures you against
substitution.

Ask your dealer
for them. Send for
handsome catalogue.
Mailed free.



CENTRAL CYCLE MFG. CO.,

255 S. Meridian St.,

Indianapolis, Ind.

Gladiator Cycles



Perfect
Machines,

Scientific
and
Practical.

Strong
Light
Speedy

TWO MODELS:
\$ 85 and \$ 100.

[TRADE MARK]

Catalogue free on application.

Responsible Agents and Dealers
Should Write Us.

GLADIATOR CYCLE WORKS

109-115 W. Fourteenth Street, Chicago

MONARCH

JANUARY. FEBRUARY. MARCH. APRIL. MAY. JUNE.

JULY. AUGUST. SEPTEMBER. OCTOBER. NOVEMBER. DECEMBER.

IN THE WORLD
OF CYCLING
MONARCH
REIGNS
SUPREME

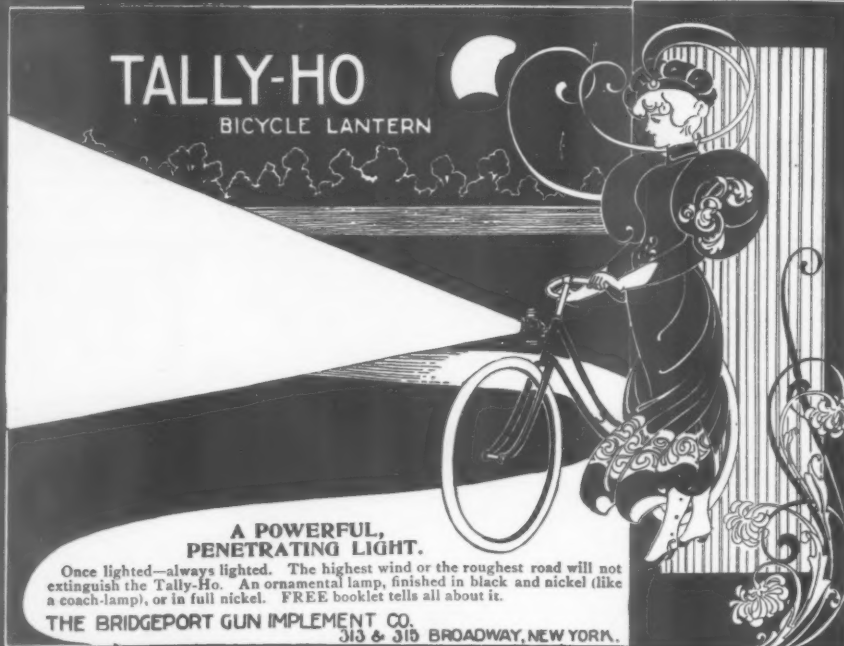
KING OF BICYCLES

FOUR STYLES \$80 & \$100
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

MONARCH
CYCLE MFG. CO
CHICAGO
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

TALLY-HO
BICYCLE LANTERN



A POWERFUL, PENETRATING LIGHT.

Once lighted—always lighted. The highest wind or the roughest road will not extinguish the Tally-Ho. An ornamental lamp, finished in black and nickel (like a coach-lamp), or in full nickel. FREE booklet tells all about it.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO.
313 & 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Spalding
Bicycle



**ITS NAME ITS
GUARANTEE.**

SENT FREE—HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

A. C. Spalding & Bros.

NEW YORK. CHICAGO. PHILADELPHIA.
FACTORY AT CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD OF BICYCLES,
ATHLETIC SUPPLIES, BICYCLE SUNDRIES, CLOTHING

Billiards for Club or Residence.
Pool
Bowling

Largest Stock in the world
Lowest prices. We manu-
facture and ship direct
from factory. Mammoth
Catalogue Free. Write to
us before you buy

B. A. STEVENS, Lucas and E Sts., Toledo, Ohio.

Shave Yourself with Comfort.

Our pamphlet will help you do so.
Send 2c stamp to C. KLAUERNIG
& BROS., 175 West
William St.,
New York.



**WE
PAY
POST-
AGE**

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

DO YOU SMOKE?


\$2.00 FOR 100.



DOMINOES The Finest Hand Made Long Filler
Prepaid anywhere in U. S.
Fine, fragrant, absolutely pure
tobacco; no artificial flavors. Guaranteed satisfactory

STOGIE CIGAR.
EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., Wheeling, W. Va.
Sample box, (12) postpaid, 80 cents.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



Demand a "Garford"

The Fast Saddle
The Easy Saddle The Perfect Saddle
The Guaranteed Saddle

Complete line of Spring and Racing Saddles.
Write for Handsome Booklet.
GARFORD MFG. CO., ELYRIA, O.




THE TRUSS DOES IT, MAKES "THE AMERICA" AS STIFF AS ONE SOLID PIECE OF STEEL

WE OWN THE PATENT
INTERNATIONAL MFG. CO.
CHICAGO



Liberal Views
on the
Bicycle Question
Right Prices
on the
Bicycle in Question



The Hawthorne

—highest grade that can be—\$85. Others, good enough for most riders, \$45 and less. Other Bicycles may be as good as THE HAWTHORNE, none can be any better. Our word for that. Do you care to pay \$25 or \$35 more for a wheel upon which higher praise could not be bestowed justly, than to say "It is as good as 'The Hawthorne'". If not, send for our Catalogue "H," a beautifully illustrated and typographically perfect book, that tells only of bicycles and cycling sundries, and tells ALL about them. We'll mail it free for the asking.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
111 to 115 Michigan Ave. CHICAGO


We Employ Thousands



of responsible persons of both sexes to distribute our advertising in part payment for a **HIGH GRADE** Acme bicycle. **Strictly First Class.** Shipped for examination. No work required until bicycle proves as represented. We are the only large manufacturers in the country who sell direct to individuals. Investigate. Write for particulars to

F. K. FERNALD, Manager.
ACME CYCLE CO., Elkhart, Ind. U. S. A.

The Highest Modern touch
and the finest product
of the century.



Synthurst

Made by
Experts of
17 Years' Experience.

Art Catalog Free.

McKEE & HARRINGTON,
173 GRAND ST., NEW YORK CITY.

A SPECIAL MADE BICYCLE

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

WOLFF AMERICAN HIGH ART CYCLES

"FINEST WHEELS ON EARTH"



9 NEW MODELS

**Singles, Tandems
and.....
Duplex Wheels**

SEND FOR HIGH ART CATALOGUE, FREE.

For 12 2-cent stamps we send the following High Art Productions, free from advertising matter:
"Love's Strategy," illustrated poem, by James Barton Adams
"A 20th Century Elopement," lithograph from painting, 20x28 in.
R. H. WOLFF & CO., Ltd., foot E. 118th St., NEW YORK.



**AT COASTING
IT WINS**

THIS IS A TRUE TEST OF THE EASY RUNNING QUALITIES OF A BICYCLE. THE DUST PROOF BEARINGS AND OTHER INIMITABLE POINTS OF PERFECTION OF

THE WARWICK

MAKE IT THE EASIEST RUNNING OF WHEELS. THIS A GREAT FEATURE FOR WOMEN RIDERS. IT'S THE WHEEL.

IF THE RIMS ARE VERMILION IT'S A WARWICK. SEND FOR CATALOGUE FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

BUILT ON HONOR
WARWICK CYCLE MFG CO.
SPRINGFIELD MASS

They differ on the **MONROE DOCTRINE**

but fully agree—that

THE LIGHT, FAST, EASY-RUNNING STEARNS
(THE YELLOW FELLOW)
is the *smartest bicycle yet produced.*

E. C. Stearns & Co. Syracuse, N. Y.; Toronto, Ont.; Buffalo, N. Y.; San Francisco, Cal.
The Tinkham Cycle Co., N. Y. City, Agents, 300-310 W. 59th St.

Windsor
BICYCLES



**The American Beauties
For 1896....**

Provoke love at first sight and hold it captive.
Bicycling should be pure happiness. It's sure to be if you ride a

Windsor....\$85 and \$100

For Catalogue, address

SIEG & WALPOLE MFG. CO....Kenosha, Wis.

Branch Houses—Chicago, Milwaukee, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles, Cal. Address all Correspondence to Kenosha, Wis.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

THE REMINGTON



IN THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE

STANDS OUT AS THE
PERFECTION OF * *
BICYCLE CONSTRUCTION

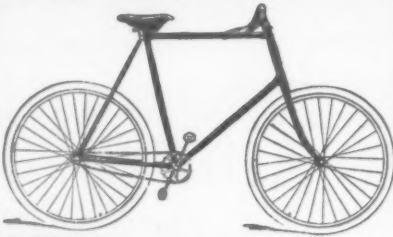
IT LED EVERYTHING IN '95
IT WILL INCREASE ITS LEAD IN '96

Catalogue now ready

REMINGTON ARMS Co.

MAKERS

313-315 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY.



What are Hand-made Bicycles?

Hand-Made Bicycles are among
Wheels what Whitman Saddles
are among Equestrian goods;
Made by the same concern;
After precisely the same care-
fully conscientious methods;
Backed by the same guarantee:

The **Whitman,**
\$100.00

The **Patriot,**
\$85.00

The embodiment of every charac-
teristic of honest construction;
The concentration of every feature
that makes a Bicycle desirable.

Fast? Certainly.
Easy Running? None Easier
Durable? Beyond Compare
And wholly free from "fads."

"WHITMAN MEANS EXCELLENCE."

The Whitman Saddle Company,
118 Chambers St., New York.

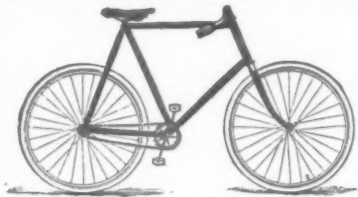
Illustrated catalogue on application. If our wheels are
not on sale in your town, write for agency.

ERIE

Bicycles are
**HONEST
BICYCLES**
\$75⁰⁰ Worth \$100

Material Construction } Unexcelled
Finish }

...SEND FOR CATALOGUE...
QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.



What a Wheel Should Be!

Strong....Light...Swift...Handsome

"Gendron"

Bicycles

FULFILL ALL CONDITIONS

Truest Bearings—Most Rigid Frame—Swiftest—
Lightest—Strongest. Our handsome booklet tells
all about them. What is your name.

Gendron Wheel Co, Toledo, O

...Wise buyers buy

**White
Flyers**

Strength
Speed
Comfort

...ALL COMBINED IN...

**Barnes
Bicycles**

...SEND FOR CATALOGUE...

The Barnes Cycle Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

You will make no mistake
if you buy a

"NEW HAVEN"



\$100.

Do
you
want
to
know
why?

BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST!

The Proof you can have by
asking for our de-
scriptive catalogue, which we wish
every bicycle rider to have.

Reliable Agents wanted everywhere.

MANUFACTURED BY

The New Haven Bicycle Works, New Haven, Conn.

ISAAC N. DANN, Pres.

E. F. MERSICK, Treas.

GEO. WOOD, Supt.

ORGANIZED 1884.

CAPITAL \$100,000.

Factory occupies 2 1/2 acres.

WITHOUT EXPENSE

Any dealer will equip your new wheel
without additional expense with the

HUNT HYGIENIC

SADDLE

UNEQUALED
:: COMFORT




First are woven leather strands, pliable yet tough
as an Indian bow-thong; next a layer of fine
quality felt for a cushion; over all a cover of
handsome leather. : : : : :

PREPAID \$4.00 TO ANY
FOR ADDRESS.

Many other styles described at length
in our catalogue. Send for it.

HUNT MFG. CO., Box 1140, Westboro, Mass.



I'VE A JOHNSON, AN IVER JOHNSON


and it's the best wheel I ever rode. I examined them all, and it excels in at least five ways :::

1. Fewer parts and fewer brazed joints than other cycles.
2. Fork Crown and Neck are a continuous forging.
3. No "struck-up" tube connections, but drop forgings instead.
4. Flush joints everywhere.
5. Every part interchangeable and exact.

The Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works of Fitchburg, Mass., have a world-wide reputation and experience as expert metal workers on an enormous scale, making their name on a bicycle a guarantee of perfection.

Our line of **Fitchburg Cycles**—the best seventy-five dollars' worth on the market—are also shown in free art catalogue.

Art Catalogue Free
if you mention
this
magazine.



BICYCLE

Owes its unprecedented popularity to the singleness of purpose which governs its manufacture.

Determined to make the Best—and the Best Wheel ONLY—we waste no time, thought or capital on any lower grade. THE LIBERTY is first; there is no second.

LIBERTY CYCLE Co.,
4 Warren Street, New York.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

AN ELEGANT AND COMPLETE LINE OF

BICYCLES

SEND TWO-CENT STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

E. C. MEACHAM ARMS Co.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Overland
Cycles

\$45, \$65, \$75. Guaranteed equal most \$100 models. Handsome, high grade, light, also 5 1/2 lb. surpassing all.

\$100. Agents wanted. Catalogue free. **Rouse, Hazard & Co.,** Makers, 28 G. St., Peoria, Ill.



EUROPEAN



BICYCLE TOURS

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

Ten Weeks' Tour leaves N.Y. June 15, \$350

Seven Weeks' Tour leaves Aug. 1, \$225

—Send for Prospectus—
C. H. SMITH, 224 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Request brings catalogue.

The Best Bicycle?



The McIntosh-Huntington Co.,
26 Long St., Cleveland, O.

"Built Like a Watch"

REPUTATION
WORLD WIDE

made on
its
own
merits.



Send Stamp for Catalog.

STERLING CYCLE WORKS
GENERAL OFFICES:
274-276-278 WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO

Schoverling, Daly & Gale, 309 Broadway, New York.
Pacific Coast Branch: 314 Post St., San Francisco.

EUROPE

Thirty excursions to Europe. Ocean tickets by all lines. Send for "Tourist Gazette." F. C. CLARK, 111 Broadway, New York.

Anatomical Pneumatic Bicycle Saddle
Price \$5.00.



A broad, soft, easy-riding saddle, suited to man's and woman's anatomy. Prevents all jar, soreness or injurious pressure to the highly sensitive parts. Agents Wanted. Circulars free.

Pneumatic Saddle Co.,
105 & 107 Chambers Street, New York.

THE ONLY
PERFECT **CYCLE SEAT**



Patented. Demand this seat. It is the only seat that will get it for you. Can be widened to fit any rider and adjusted to any pitch. Latest improved and only automatic seat, each side separate. Works naturally with each leg. No pressure against sensitive parts.

Your Doctor will Endorse It.

Dr. M. A. WALKER, Denver, Colo.—"Received your saddle and put it on at once. Am very much pleased with it, as it certainly does away with the harmful pressure exerted by other saddles." It is an Especially Good Ladies Saddle. Every dealer should send for our circulars and price list. This is the coming seat. We make cane, wood, leather or padded seat, with or without springs. Illustrated circulars explain why and how this is the only safe and perfect saddle on the market. Write us. **AUTOMATIC CYCLE SEAT CO.,** 401 ROOD BLK., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

K

**BICYCLE
COMFORT**

ON A
KEATING

CONFIDENCE FROM CONFIDENCE IS THE SECRET.
CONFIDENCE IN THE CURVED CENTER TUBE AS A STRENGTHENER.
CONFIDENCE IN THE LONG SPEEDY CHAIN.
CONFIDENCE IN THE SCIENTIFIC CONSTRUCTION OF THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST BICYCLES.
CONFIDENCE THAT THE ORIGINATORS OF LIGHT BICYCLES ARE BUILDING NO LOW GRADE MACHINES.

CONFIDENCE
KEATING
IS
345 DGS AHEAD OF THEM ALL

KEATING WHEEL CO.
HOLLYWOOD, U.S.A.



SPEED and SAFETY

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE IT'S RIGHT

You will insure your comfort and pleasure in riding if you insist on having Hartford Tires. They cost most, but they give satisfaction.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Branches—100 Chambers Street, New York.
335 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

CRAWFORD Bicycle



Has never
been surpassed
in any point requisite to
bicycle perfection

Nine styles. For ladies
and girls, men and boys.

THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO., Makers.
Factory and Main Offices—Hagerstown, Md.

BRANCH (NEW YORK CITY)—70 and 72 Reade Street.
HOUSES: 1ST. LOUIS—608 North Fourth Street.

BIGELOW & DOWSE CO., Boston,
New England Agents.

If..

The E. Howard & Co Cycles

Are as good as Howard Watches
they must be perfect. Our reputa-
tion backs up every wheel we make.

For Men and
Women.

\$100.

Send for Catalogue.

The E. Howard Watch & Clock Co.

383 Washington St., Boston.

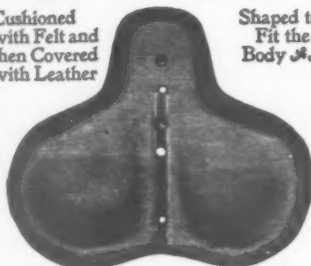
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Shaped to
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It Yields Most in the Center.
Under Weight of Rider it Hollows out like a
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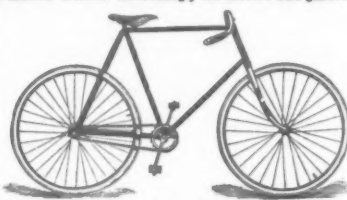
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who
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experts
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line.



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style,
work-
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and
finish.

Easy
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A Ladies' Wheel. Exceedingly handsome and graceful.

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THAT attracts the critical rider, making him a confirmed "UNIONIST."

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**BEST
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Detachable cranks; patent barrel hubs, requiring but one oiling a season; ball holders in all bearings which are absolutely dust proof; adjustable handle bars; guaranteed in every particular by an old house of established reputation.

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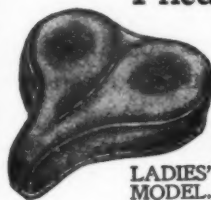
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Manhattan, 28 in. - \$60.

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Gives a firm seat, as hard or as soft as each rider desires, without sag or any change of shape, and the side motion of similar saddles is entirely dispelled. It prevents sweating, chafing, and all discomfort, and is especially desirable for ladies, for it holds the rider like a chair, the entire weight being supported by the bones of the pelvis, which alone touch the saddle.

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is soft, flexible, absorbs all vibration; it is speedy, holds championships everywhere; and, what is most important of all in any pneumatic tire, it is easy to repair

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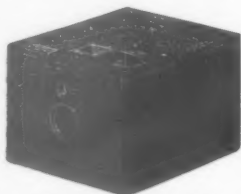
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It produces, uniformly, the very
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 $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4} \times 4$ inches, and makes a photo $2 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

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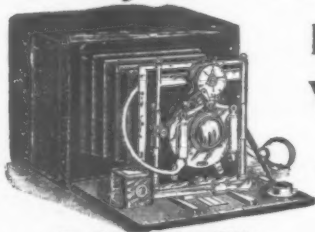
The construction of this camera is first-class in every way; has an
achromatic lens, time and instantaneous shutter; also, automatic indicator
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Improved
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Bo=Peep Extra,
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SIZE OF CAMERA, 4 5/8 x 4 5/8 x 6 INCHES.

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Tripod

Handsomely Finished in Leather.

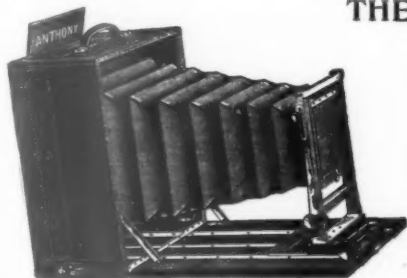
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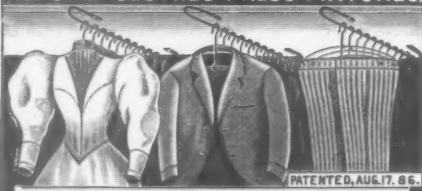


This lower cut is **Joe Jefferson's knife**; blades like surgical tools; long file in the back; choice pearl, in kid pocket, \$2; ivory, \$1.50; stag, \$1.25. Sample of our 2 blade, 75c. Jack Knife, 48c.; 3 blade Stock Knife, \$1; Pruning, 75c.; Budding, 55c.; Grafting, 25c.

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Rare Seeds at Less than Quarter their Value.

A special and unequalled offer for trial to gain new customers by well-known Philadelphia firm of Seed-Growers. The most beautiful novelties that have been grown at our famous **FORDHOOK FARM.**

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To every one who asks for

it we will also send, FREE,

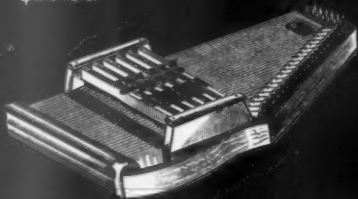
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WRITE TO-DAY as this advertisement may not appear again and such rare flowers were never before offered for so little money.

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Style 6.
\$25.00.



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The Autoharp

Easy to Play.
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This beautiful instrument has become the most popular of all our styles among people of musical taste. It has six chord-bars and ten shifters, permitting a very wide range of the best music to be executed upon it.

ALL MUSIC DEALERS sell this style, or we will send it prepaid on receipt of price—\$25.00. Full satisfaction guaranteed.

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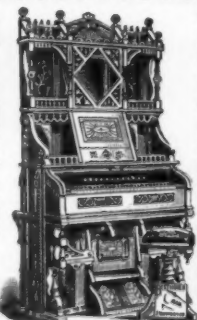
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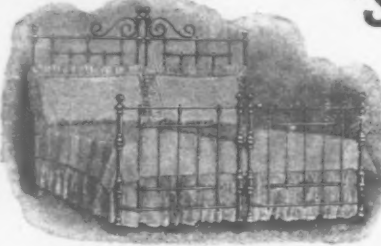
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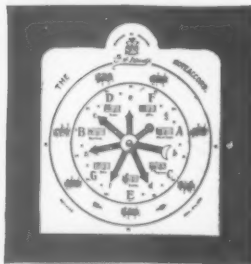
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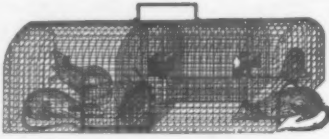


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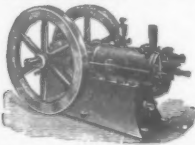
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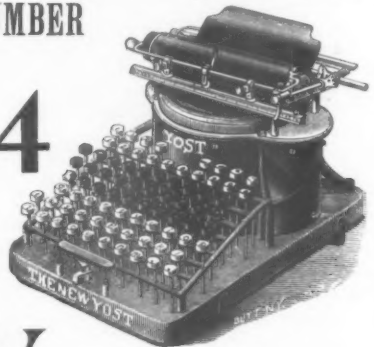
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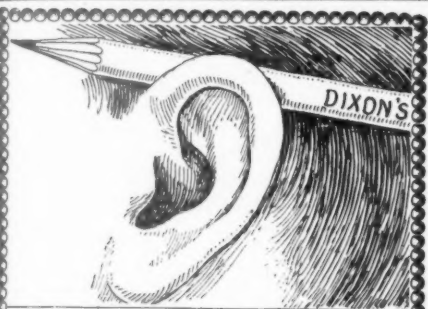


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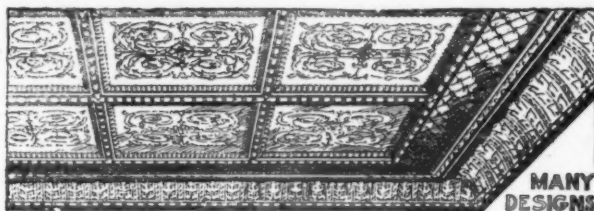
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A NEW BOTANICAL DISCOVERY

A BLESSING TO HUMANITY.

The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.



The Kava-Kava Shrub (*Piper Methysticum*.)

Of Special Interest to all Sufferers from Kidney or Bladder Disorders, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Female Complaints and Irregularities, Blood Impurities, and other maladies caused by improper action of the Kidneys.

A FREE GIFT OF GREAT VALUE TO YOU.

A short time ago our readers were made aware of a valuable new botanical discovery, that of the Kava-Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it, *piper methysticum*, found on the banks of the Ganges river in East India. From a medical standpoint this is perhaps the most important discovery of the century. The use of the Kava-Kava Shrub, like other valuable medical substances, opium and quinine, was first observed by Christian missionaries among the natives of India as a sovereign remedy for Kidney diseases. Speaking of the use of the Kava-Kava Shrub by the natives of India, Dr. Archibald Hodgson, the great authority on these diseases says:

"Intense heat and moisture of this tropical climate acting upon the decaying vegetation renders these low grounds on the Ganges the most unhealthy districts found anywhere. Jungle fevers and miasma assail the system, and even the most robust constitutions yield to the deadly climatic influences. The Blood becomes deranged and the Urine is thick and dark-colored and loaded with the products of disease, which the Kidneys are vainly endeavoring to excrete from the system. Under these conditions the other organs become affected, and life hangs in the balance. Then when all the remedies of modern medical science fail, the only hope and harbor of safety are found in the prompt use of Kava-Kava shrub. A decoction of this wonderful botanical growth relieves the Kidneys and enables them to carry off the diseased products from the Blood. The Urine becomes clearer, the fever abates and the intense suffering and nausea are alleviated. Recovery sets in and the patient slowly returns to health."

Of all the diseases that afflict mankind, Diseases of the

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Kidneys are the most fatal and dangerous, and this being the case, it is but natural that the discovery of the Kava-Kava shrub—Nature's Positive Specific Cure for Diseases of the Kidneys—is welcomed as a gift to suffering humanity. Alkavis, which is the medical compound of the Kava-Kava shrub, is endorsed by the Hospitals and Physicians of Europe as a sure Specific Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Brick-Dust deposits, Rheumatism, Liver Disease, Female Complaint, pain in back, and all diseases caused by impurities of the Blood due to defective action of the Kidneys.

Rev. W. B. Moore, of Washington, D. C., Editor of the "Religious World" writes of the wonderful curative effects of Alkavis.

"For several years I was a sufferer from Kidney troubles, and could obtain no relief from physicians. I used various Kidney remedies but with no success. I had given up all hopes of ever recovering my health, until hearing of the marvelous cures effected by your Alkavis, decided to try same. After using the first bottle I began to experience relief, and following up the treatment was permanently cured. I cheerfully recommend your excellent Alkavis to persons afflicted with Kidney and Rheumatic disorders as the best remedy known."

Dr. A. R. Knapp, a well-known surgeon and physician of Leoti, Kansas, voices the opinion of the doctors and writes:

"The case I ordered Alkavis for has improved wonderfully. I believe you have in Alkavis a complete specific for all Kidney troubles."

Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Indiana, was cured by Alkavis of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder trouble of ten years' standing. He writes:

"I have been treated by all our home physicians without the least benefit. My bladder trouble became so troublesome that I had to get up from five to twelve times during the night to urinate. In fact, I was in misery the whole time and was becoming very despondent. I have now used Alkavis and am better than I have been for five years. I know Alkavis will cure bladder and kidney trouble. It is a wonderful and grand, good remedy."

And even more wonderful is the testimony of Rev. John H. Watson, of Sunset, Texas, a minister of the gospel in thirty years' service, stricken down at his post of duty by Kidney disease. He says:

"I was suddenly stricken down on the 22d of June with an acute attack of kidney trouble (uric acid gravel). For two months I lay hovering on the border line of life, and with the constant care of two excellent physicians, I only received temporary relief. My family physician told me plainly the best I could hope for was temporary respite. I might rally only to collapse suddenly or might linger some time. But the issue was made up and as I had for years warned others to be ready, so now more than ever I must needs put my house in order and expect the end. Meantime I had heard of Alkavis and wrote to an army comrade (now principal of a college) who had tried it. He wrote me by all means to try it as it had made a new man of him. At the end of two months and then only able to sit up a little, I dismissed my physicians and began the use of Alkavis. In two weeks I could ride out in the carriage for a short time. The improvement has been constant and steady. I am now able to look after my business. I feel I owe what life and strength I have to Alkavis. I am fifty-five years old, have been a minister over thirty years, have thousands of acquaintances, and to every one of them who may be afflicted with any kind of kidney trouble, I would say, try Alkavis."

Another most remarkable cure is that of Rev. Thomas Smith, of Cobden, Illinois, who passed nearly one hundred gravel stones under two weeks' use of this great remedy, Alkavis.

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AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

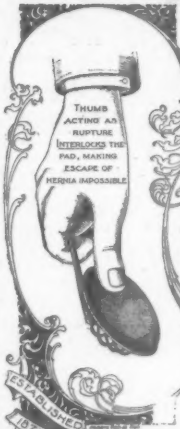


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Manufacturers of high grade hair preparations. **WANTED.** Register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery. **AS IT MAY NOT**
Wool for \$1,000 for failure or the slightest injury. **EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.**
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Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs and microbes which cause diseases of the respiratory organs.

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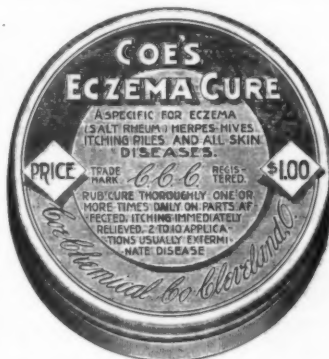
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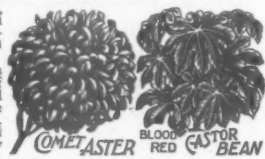
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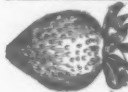
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heart recalls a dif-
ferent scene, but
all remember well
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sunshiny
afternoons drag-
ged their slow
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feeling akin to
city grew into real
admiration for
the "young suc-
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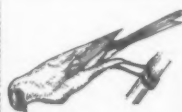
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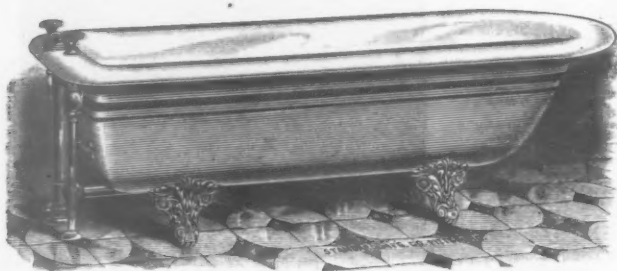
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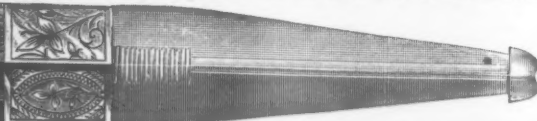
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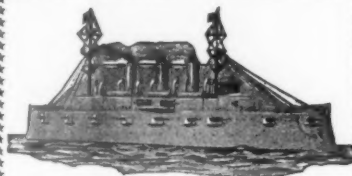


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A Pretty Girl.
A Beautiful Form.

A Flexibone Moulded Corset

ENHANCES EITHER.

THEY DO NOT LOSE THEIR SHAPE.
Sent direct, postpaid, if not obtainable from your dealer.

Price, \$1.50, \$2.00.
Brocades, \$3.00.

Write for booklet, "Corsets, and How to Select Them."

CORONET CORSET CO.
Jackson, Mich.

To
The Orient
In Search of Rugs.

A richly illustrated and carefully written sketch on Oriental weaves and the weavers; in Mosques, Bazaars and Khans among the peoples of Mohammed and Buddha, from Turkey to India.

Sent gratuitously to any address by

W. & J. SLOANE,
Broadway, 18th & 19th Streets,
NEW YORK.

Mothers Are Invited

... TO ...
SEND FOR SAMPLES.



\$2.00.

\$3.00.

Sailor Suit good navy blue flannel with extra pants, cap, cord, whistle, 4 to 12 years. \$2.00 post-paid.

Double-breasted Suit of good navy blue cheviot, with extra pants and cap, 4 to 14 years. \$3.00 post-paid.

We especially recommend these to readers because they are of good materials, well made and we believe them to be in all respects the best special values ever offered through the columns of THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Samples of cloth **FREE** to any address if you write direct to the makers.

SHAUGHNESSY BROS.,

24 West 125th St.,

NEW YORK.



THE ÆOLIAN GRAND.

THE ÆOLIAN.



IF you are a lover of good music there is nothing you can possibly purchase that will give you the same amount of pleasure that an Æolian will. Among those to whom we have sold Æolians are men whose means are sufficient to enable them to possess every luxury that money can buy. They have their country seats, their yachts, their boxes at the opera—every form of amusement is theirs. Among all their available sources of recreation and pleasure there is nothing that gives them more genuine enjoyment than the Æolian does, not only for a few weeks, while it is a novelty, but for year after year. Many of them have had their instruments for three or four years, and they tell us that they enjoy them more to-day than at any time since they first bought them.

COMPLETE SATISFACTION AFTER EXTENDED USE.

Many of these men have purchased more than one instrument: all of them, with few

exceptions, have exchanged for the best if they originally purchased one of the less expensive styles. There can be no better evidence of complete satisfaction than this. A man does not put more money into a thing that he has tired of, or that has not been more than satisfactory to him.

These are facts. The people are people you know.

There are the Drexels of Philadelphia, members of the famous banking-house. Mr. A. J. Drexel, Jr., has three Æolians. The late A. J. Drexel, and John R. Drexel also purchased instruments. Others of the firm of Drexel & Morgan have appreciated the Æolian—notably J. Pierpont Morgan, John W. Paul, and the late J. Hood Wright, in whose family we have sold three instruments.

The Armours of Chicago, are believers in the Æolian—P. D. Armour, P. D. Armour, Jr., J. A. Armour, and K. B. Armour all have instruments.

Ex-Mayor Edwin H. Fitler, of Philadelphia, has purchased three Æolians. His son, Edwin H. Fitler, Jr., has bought one, and W. W. Fitler one.

Hon. Charles F. Warwick, the present Mayor of Philadelphia, has had an Æolian for nearly two years. In December last he called with a friend who purchased three instruments upon the Mayor's recommendation.

F. G. Bourne, President of the Singer Manufacturing Company, has bought four of our instruments. President Diaz, of Mexico, has purchased two, and the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia three.

Pope Leo XIII., President Cleveland, Queen Victoria, Cardinal Satolli, Andrew Carnegie, William Rockefeller, George Gould, O. H. P. Belmont, Ogden Goelet, E. D. Morgan, Charles Lanier, and a list of people who represent the most cultured and critical classes in this country and Europe, own and enjoy the Æolians.

A SIGNIFICANT ENDORSEMENT.

We have purposely avoided reference in this advertisement to the endorsements the Æolian has received from professional musicians, but the one from Campanini, the famous tenor, is so singularly appropriate just in this connection, that we cannot refrain from including it. He says:

"You asked me to express my opinion of the Æolian. I think the fact that after having used one for several months in New York, I became so attached to it that I purchased another for my home in Italy, is the strongest evidence for my appreciation of its many excellences. No one who understands good music can hear the Æolian without purchasing one if he can possibly afford it."

THE PECULIAR FASCINATION OF THE ÆOLIAN.

The secret of the Æolian's fascination lies in the fact that the player is complete master

of it. It is sensitively responsive to his every feeling.

He renders the music just as he thinks it should be played. He controls every slightest change of tone and tempo.

He can play just what he wants to hear, and he can play it just when he wants to hear it.

He is independent of every one. The music he loves best is always ready waiting the pleasure of his mood.

Æolians cost from \$210.00 to \$750.00.

Catalogue upon application.

THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY,

18 West 23d Street, - New York.

GEO. WHIGHT & CO., General Agents, 225 Regent St., London.

The M. Steinert & Sons Co., Corner Boylston and Tremont Sts., Boston, Mass.

The M. Steinert Sons Co., Providence, R. I.

" " New Haven, Conn.

" " Springfield, Mass.

" " Worcester, Mass.

" " Lowell, Mass.

" " Portland, Me.

" " Bridgeport, Conn.

C. H. Heppe & Son, 1117 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Lyons & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

Messrs. Cluett & Sons, 49 State St., Albany, N. Y.

" " 263 River St., Troy, N. Y.

D. H. Baldwin & Co., 158 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

Kohler & Chase, 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.

Sanders & Stayman, 13 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

" " 934 F St., Washington, D. C.

F. J. Schwankovsky, 238 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The B. Dreher's Sons Co., 371 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

The Whitney & Currier Co., 219 Summit St., Toledo, O.

The Pratte Piano Co., 1676 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canada.

A. & S. Nordheimer, Toronto, Canada.

J. L. Orme & Son, Ottawa, Canada.

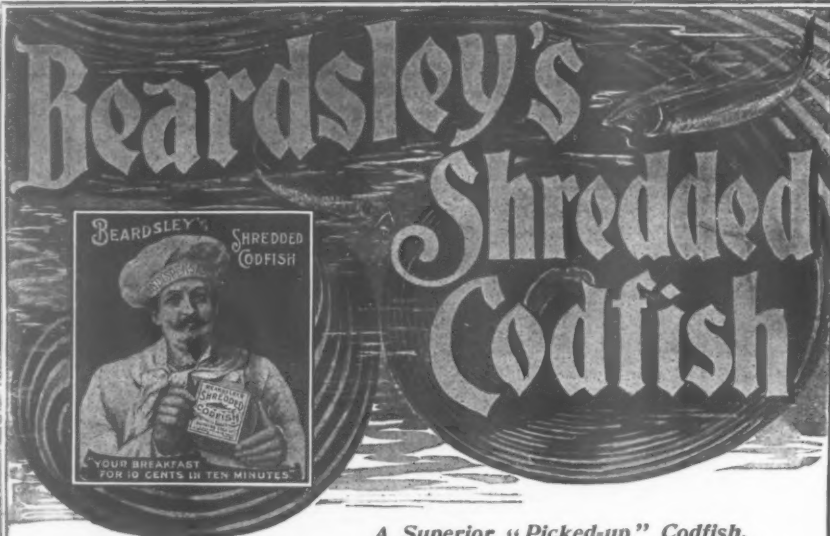
Foster & Waldo, Minneapolis, Minn.

Walter D. Moses & Co., Richmond, Va.

W. H. Johnson Co., Ltd., Halifax, N. S.



A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF MR. THOS. A. EDISON'S LABORATORY, LLEWELLEN PARK, N. J. (SHOWING ÆOLIAN.)



Beardsley's Shredded Codfish

A Superior "Picked-up" Codfish.

All chefs and housewives pronounce it perfect, and many manufacturers "try" to imitate it. All good grocers sell only the genuine article—"Beardsley's."

J. W. BEARDSLEY'S SONS, 184 West St., New York City.

*The Standard
for 50 Years.*

**The EDDY
REFRIGERATOR**

Perfect in every respect.
Built to last a life time.
Slate shelves, cold dry
air, and everything that
years of experience and
money can contribute to
make the best refrigera-
tors in the world.

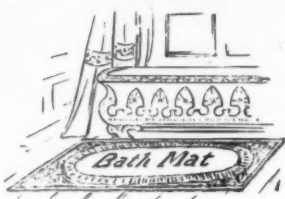
MANUFACTURED BY
D. EDDY & SONS,
Boston, Mass.
(DORCHESTER DISTRICT),
The Oldest Refrigerator Man-
ufacturers in the U. S.

If your dealer
does not have
them, write to the
manufacturers.

**THE "LEONARD"
CLEANABLE
IS A PERFECT
REFRIGERATOR**



EIGHT WALLS, MOVEABLE FLUES, AIR
TIGHT LOCKS, METALLIC ICE RACK—
PRESERVES FOOD BEST WITH LEAST
ICE—ANTIQUE ASH—GREAT VARIETY
—ABOVE STYLE, 25x17x41, \$9.50—WE
PAY FREIGHT—CATALOGUE FREE.
GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.
10 TO 30 OTTAWA STREET,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.



Bath Mat of Turkish Terry—similar to a heavy Turkish Towel, and protects the bather from the damp floor—it is our latest German importation—a novelty that is useful and ornamental—size, 31 x 42—weight, 22 oz.

\$1.00

Large bleached Turkish Towel—size, 22 x 49—price, including postage, 17c.

Jordan, Marsh & Co.

Boston, Mass.

**It's
FLAT**

There is no part of the Brighton Garter that could in any way damage a stocking or hurt the leg. There is no way for it to get loose or let go, once you put it on. It's the only garter with a perfectly flat fastener. The

Brighton
SILK GARTER
(Trade Mark Registered)

is made of the finest silk elastic web, in various colors, and is better than the best fifty-cent garter you ever saw. The price of the Brighton is but 25 cents. Ask your furnisher, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price—25 cents.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,
431 Market St., Philadelphia.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

**once
finished,**

your next concern is the wear of your skirt. Any binding may look well enough in the beginning, but if you don't want to be perpetually mending—

Insist on having

TRADE - S.H. & M. - MARK

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding and the mending is saved.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and name, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City

**Your
New
Gown**

No matter how pretty or costly, may be entirely ruined by the use of inferior dress shields. : : : : :

**CANFIELD
DRESS SHIELDS**

are reliably waterproof, and are guaranteed to protect the waist from damage by perspiration. You may be offered the "just as good" shields. Don't take them. Insist on having CANFIELD DRESS SHIELDS.

For Sale Everywhere.

Canfield Rubber Co., 73 Warren St.
New York



SEE HOW FLEXIBLE!

New style, No. 224, at \$1.00, extra long waist. For young girls' needs—for study, gymnastics, for everyday wear—there is no waist so yielding, so free from undue pressure and restraint, affording such support to the figure and imparting such grace of contour as the

**FERRIS' GOOD SENSE
CORSET WAIST**

for Misses. Made in all sizes for Women and Children also. Long or short waist, high or low bust. Children's 25c. to 50c. Misses' 50c. to \$1. Ladies' \$1 to \$2. For sale by all retailers.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE.

F.P. CORSETS



CREATE HANDSOME FORMS

Will give the wearer satisfaction every time. If not for sale at your dealer's, send \$1.00, the price of the F. P. Corset, style 41, to
BIRDSEY, SOMERS & CO.,
85 Leonard St., New York.



63c.

Long nainsook slip—
an especially pretty
and sensible little day-
robe. The fullness is
gathered to the neck-
band, and falls in wide,
full folds; both neck
and full sleeves are
edged with embroid-
ery in neat pattern;
wears and washes well
and is offered at the
low price of 63 cents.
By mail, postage paid,
5 cents extra.



Catalogue containing 700 illustrations
of things for children, and more than
700 Reasons why the "Child-
ren's Store" is the
place to buy them, free for 4c. postage

60-62 West 23d Street, New York



LADIES

Send this
adv. and
15c. in

stamps and we will mail you one quar-
ter lb. Sample of Best T imported.
Any kind you may order. **Good
Incomes—Big Premiums, etc.**

C. M.
Box 289.
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



**This
Trade Mark**

stamped on every
garment insures you
genuine

YPSILANTI

BRESE REFORM UNDERWEAR

the most perfect, most healthful, most de-
lightfully comfortable underwear made.

Endorsed by physicians.

Send for catalogue and our new book, entitled
"Modern Underwear and How to Wear It." Free.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO.,
YPSILANTI,
Mich.

Tailor-Made Suits, \$7.50.

THE stylish suits which we show in our advertisements give you only a hint of the many which we illustrate in our catalogue. To every lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost, we will mail, *free*, our handsomely illustrated Spring Catalogue of Ladies' Suits, Skirts, etc., and more than FIFTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make these garments. We make every garment to order and guarantee the perfection of fit, finish and style. We pay express charges to any part of the world. Our catalogue illustrates:



Tailor-Made Suits, \$7.50 up.

(In Serges, Mixtures, Coverts, Whipcords, Homespun, etc.)

Mohair, Outing and Blazer Suits, \$7.50 up.

Mohair, Cloth and Moreen Skirts, \$5 up.

Silk, Satin and Crepon Skirts, \$10 up.

Bicycle Suits, \$6 up.

Duck, Crash, Teviot and Pique Suits, \$4 up.

Capes, \$3 up. Jackets, \$4 up.

We also make finer garments, and send samples of all grades.

Write to-day for catalogue and samples by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 152 and 154 West 23rd Street, New York.

A Perfect Hair Brush,



made of pure bristles, inserted by a patent process which prevents them coming out, and outlasts five ordinary brushes. That's the way with

Dr. Scott's

Electric Hair Brush,

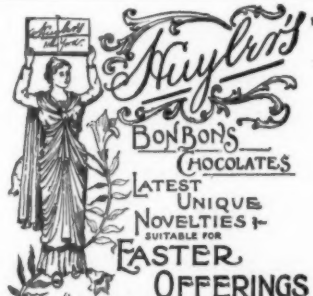
the best brush in the world: it cures Dandruff, Headache, Neuralgia, Falling Hair, and Diseases of the Scalp. **Prices, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.**

Quality the same in all; the price differs only according to size and power.

At all Stores, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, "THE DOCTOR'S STORY," a valuable book, free.

GEO. A. SCOTT, Room 5, 844 Broadway, New York.

Agents Wanted. Quick sales. Liberal pay. Satisfaction guaranteed.



663 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Candies sent by mail or express to all parts of the world

IT IS . . .

NOT PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH

BUT REALLY ECONOMICAL . . .

To Buy the Shawknit Half-Hose

OUTWEARING ALL OTHERS, THEY ARE FOUND TO BE

THE CHEAPEST IN THE END

LOOK FOR THE TRADE-MARK



WHICH IS STAMPED ON THE TOE.

SOLD BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

Descriptive Price-List, free, to any applicant.

Beautiful Castle Calendar, free, to any applicant mentioning this publication.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
LOWELL, MASS.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

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3 Days to California

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from Chicago.

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4 Days from New York and Boston.

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New Fast Daily Passenger Service.

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The "California Limited,"

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Santa Fé Route,

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leaves Chicago every day at 6.00 p. m., reaching

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Los Angeles at 6.05 p. m., and San Diego at 10.00 p. m., the

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third day following.

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A Strictly First-Class Limited Train.

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and Superb Vestibuled Pullman Equipment with

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All Fast trains from the East

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connect with this train.

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George T. Nicholson,

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General Passenger Agent,

Monadnock Building,

Chicago, Ill.

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WHAT

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst

SAYS:

I AM making faithful use of the genuine **JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT**, much to my satisfaction and bodily improvement.

Yours sincerely,

C. B. Parkhurst.



Ask for the genuine
JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.
All Others are Worthless Imitations.
Avoid substitutes.

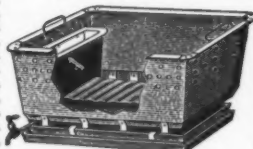


It's fun—not hard work—to make ice cream in the

LIGHTNING FREEZER—Runs Easy

None makes it quicker. "Freezers and Freezing," with recipes by Mrs. S. T. Rorer, free.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia.



By the Use of the...

Removable Galvanized Ice Compartment—

The Gurney Patent Refrigerator

"Can be kept absolutely **PURE** and **CLEAN**."
"Secures the lowest average temperature, with the least consumption of ice." Packed with *Mineral Wool*. Hardwood of finest finish. Ask your dealer for the **GURNEY**, or send for catalogue. **Gurney Refrigerator Co., Fond du Lac, Wis.**

The only

Stoneware Lined Refrigerators

We sell direct. No middleman's profit to pay. We pay the freight. Send today for a catalogue, free. See if you want Stoneware Lining.

PEOPLE who buy zinc-lined or wood-lined refrigerators simply don't know of these. We want you to know of them. Let us send you a catalogue to tell you. If there is a new kind better than the old, you certainly want to know it.

The old kind gets damp and musty. Ours are dry and pure. The old kind wastes ice. Ours save their cost in a few seasons. Zinc lining is poisonous, unhealthful—you can't keep it clean. Stoneware is everlasting and perfect.

Monroe Refrigerator Co.,

... Box 6, Lockland, Ohio.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

32^D ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, PRESIDENT.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1896.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate, - - - -	\$1,725,718.65
Cash on hand and in Bank, - -	1,498,281.50
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, -	5,030,290.17
Interest accrued but not due, - -	190,872.35
Loans on collateral security, - -	1,426,982.42
Deferred Life Premiums, - -	279,301.92
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies, -	265,741.38
State, county, and municipal bonds, -	3,317,597.12
Railroad stocks and bonds, - -	3,389,302.75
Bank stocks, - - - -	1,073,414.00
Miscellaneous stocks and bonds, -	1,227,718.10

Total Assets, - - - \$19,425,220.86

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, \$14,431,110.00	
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't, 1,241,692.94	
Present value of Matured Instalment Policies, - - - -	330,890.00
Special Reserve for Contingent Liabilities, - - -	406,244.08
Losses unadjusted and not due, and all other Liabilities, - - -	354,037.58
Total Liabilities, - - -	\$16,763,974.60
Surplus to Policy-holders, - - -	\$2,661,245.76

STATISTICS TO DATE**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**

Number Life Policies written, - - -	86,163
Life Insurance in force, - - -	\$87,355,158.00
Gain during 1895, - - -	2,980,628.00
New Life Insurance written in 1895, -	15,422,712.00

Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.
Returned to Policy-holders in 1895, - \$1,002,300.78
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, 10,686,687.28

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Policies written, - -	2,219,004
Number Accident Claims paid in 1895, -	12,556
Whole number Accident Claims paid, -	278,216
Returned to Policy-holders in 1895, -	\$1,242,287.54
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, -	18,454,252.00
Returned to Policy-holders in 1895, -	\$2,244,588.32
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, -	29,140,939.28

JOHN E. MORRIS, Acting Secretary.
GEORGE ELLIS, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.
S. C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Massachusetts BenefitLife Association,

[FOUNDED 1878.]

Exchange Building, 53 State St., Boston.

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR 1895.

Insurance in force Dec. 31, 1895, \$112,568,780.00	
Policies written during the year, - - -	22,862
Insurance written during the year, \$24,115,750.00	
Amount carried to Surplus Fund during the year	\$264,693.61
Dividends paid to Policy-Holders during the year	\$424,269.14
Cash Assets	\$1,165,410.93
Total Membership	51,940
Amount paid in Losses	\$1,703,958.34
Total amount paid in Losses since organization	\$11,856,494.25

The following is an extract from report of recent examination of the Association:

"The Company and the certificate holders are to be congratulated upon the correctness and clearness with which the books and accounts are kept and the careful manner in which the business is conducted."

Signed,

GEORGE S. MERRILL, Ins. Commissioner, Massachusetts.

S. W. CARR, Insurance Commissioner, Maine.

C. W. BROWNELL, Insurance Commissioner, Vermont.

ALBERT C. LANDERS, Ins. Commissioner, Rhode Island.

WM. M. HAHN, Superintendent of Insurance, Ohio.

GEORGE A. LITCHFIELD, President.

W. G. CORTHELL, Treasurer.

Mention this publication.

"DO NOT STAMMER."

JOHNSTON'S INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IS ENDORSED BY

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, Ex-Postmaster Gen., Phila.

Bishop CYRUS D. FOSS, M. E. Church, Phila.

Prof. HORATIO C. WOOD, M.D., LL.D., and

Prof. HARRISON ALLEN, M.D., University of Pa.

Send for 56-page pamphlet to 1085 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Principal and Founder.

STAMPS

for Collections, 10c all different, Bolivia, etc

10c.; 310 assorted, 10c. Illustrated catalogue

for 1895 free. Shaw Stamp & Coin Co., Jackson, Mich.

—ONE OF—

Chr. Hansen's Junket Tablets

(OR HOUSEHOLD RENNET TABLETS)

dissolved in a little water and added to a quart of luke-warm milk, converts it into a delicious dish of Junket, relished by the healthy and the sick, by grown persons and children, alike.

A VIAL of Junket Tablets should be found in the pantry of every household; then, if you have sweet milk, you are always prepared to make, at short notice, a dessert which pleases everybody.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers in vials holding 12 Tablets each and retailed at 15 cents. 12 vials in a box.

Chr. Hansen's Anti-Dyspepsia Tablets

contain the pure rennet matter in a form which makes it as pleasant to take, as it is harmless and effective.

One or Two of these Tablets taken after a meal immediately relieves you of any discomfort which otherwise may be felt on account of imperfect digestion.

Put up in diamond shaped bottles in two sizes, retailed at 25c. and 50c. respectively. For Sale by Druggists.

D. H. BURRELL & CO., - Little Falls, N. Y.



Sleep, Sound and Refreshing

visits the nursing
mother and her
child if she takes

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK

It is a **food drink**—the greatest aid to nature in building up the weakened system—a flesh producer and blood vitalizer. The palatable nutriment of pure malt and hops.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers'.

Prepared by **ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION, St. Louis, U. S. A.**

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

THE WESTERN METROPOLIS

EVERYONE WHO
KNOWS ANYTHING
ABOUT BUFFALO
KNOWS THAT
THE EXPRESS
IS ITS
LEADING PAPER.

OF THE EMPIRE STATE



The best circulation for first-class advertisers

A vertical rectangular advertisement for the Empire State Express. At the top, a banner reads "THE RUMBLE OF THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS IS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD". Below this, text states "AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD" and "HOLDS THE RECORD FOR". The central image shows a globe with a train track curving around it, and the words "THE FASTEST REGULAR TRAIN IN THE WORLD" are superimposed on the globe. At the bottom, it says "THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS of the NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD". A small copyright notice is at the very bottom: "COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEORGE H. BOWELL, GENERAL PUBLISHERS AGENT."

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

MARK!

WHEN YOU WANT A POINTER

REGARDING YOUR WESTERN TRIP

ALL ON YOUR NEAREST TICKET AGENT OR ANY DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT OF THE

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

OR ADDRESS
CHAS. S. FEE
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Rubifoam



A dainty dentifrice for dainty people who look upon their teeth as precious pearls.

A loving husband and father holds the portrait of his dear ones as above price.

None the less valuable are sound, healthy teeth.

Good teeth can be had until well advanced in life through daily use of the perfect liquid dentifrice Rubifoam.

It preserves and beautifies; its cleansing qualities are unsurpassed: Harmless, Beneficial, Healthful.

Price, 25c. at Druggists.
Sample vials free. Address
E. W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headaches, Racking Colds or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing Constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure.

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable.

Manufactured by
California Fig Syrup Co.

Sold everywhere in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



EPICURES

ALL FIND IN

"BLUE LABEL"

TOMATO
KETCHUP

The one perfecting touch
that elevates the joys of
eating to the realms of
pure delight.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
Purveyors of Table Delicacies
In Glass and Tin
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



TRIUMPH IN COOKERY
READY TO SERVE

VAN CAMP'S

- BOSTON BAKED

PORK AND BEANS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

COMES IN NEAT TINS—3 SIZES.

Send six cents in stamps and we will
mail you a sample can of the goods.

VAN CAMP PACKING CO.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



HUCKINS' SOUPS

Are Strictly Pure
Stock Soups

made from the best selected Beef, Veal, and Poultry. *Positively* no extracts or gelatine used. If you want pure, unadulterated Soup, insist on having "**Huckins'**" — 19 varieties.

Send 20 cents to pay express, and we will send
you two $\frac{3}{4}$ pint cans as samples—your choice.

J. H. W. HUCKINS & CO.

18 and 20 Waterford Street, Boston, Mass.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Put up in Quarts,
Pints and $\frac{3}{4}$ Pints.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

CALIFORNIA in 3 Days



Route of the
"Overland Limited"

VIA THE
**CHICAGO,
UNION PACIFIC
AND
NORTH-WESTERN LINE**

**LEAVING CHICAGO
DAILY**

VIA THE
Chicago & North-Western Ry.

THROUGH
SLEEPING AND
DINING CARS
TO
SAN FRANCISCO
AND
LOS ANGELES

BUFFET, SMOKING,
AND LIBRARY CARS.

PRINCIPAL EASTERN AGENCIES:

New York:

Boston:

Chicago:

423 Broadway
287 Broadway

5 State St.
292 Washington St.

208 Clark St.
191 Clark St.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

SAMPLES FREE

FREIGHT PREPAID

Alfred Peats Prize WALL PAPER

We will mail you samples free of our Prize Patterns, 1896 Series, together with our guide, "How to Paper, and Economy in Home Decoration." If you will send us a description of the different rooms you have to paper, and what they are used for we will carefully select the patterns and colorings most suitable.

Our new \$1,000 Prize Designs are the most artistic and delicately colored papers in the market, and are better made than those of any other manufacturer.

Prices 10 cents and up per roll.

The New York World says: "*None so beautiful, so perfect or offered so cheap.*"

The Chicago Tribune says: "*They will be in great demand by people of artistic taste.*"

Over 2,000,000 rolls of other paper carried in stock. Prices marked in plain figures on each sample,

3 cents and up per roll.

WE PREPAY THE FREIGHT.

Send to us for samples and you will positively get the latest colorings and designs to select from.

AGENTS WANTED. One agent wanted in each town, who can furnish good references, to sell from our large sample books on commission, and to whom we can refer all requests for samples in their vicinity. Experience not necessary. Agent's outfit, complete, \$1.00.

Prices and Samples are Our Best Argument.

Write to nearest address.

41-43 W. 14th ST.
NEW YORK.

ALFRED PEATS

143-145 WABASH AVE.
CHICAGO.



Eager to get it—

Sozodont
Pure and Pleasant.

—Safe and Agreeable.
Economy to Use It.

This popular dentifrice is always delightful and effective. Used every day, the powder (accompanying Liquid Sozodont) twice a week, it insures better teeth, firmer gums and sweeter breath. SOZODONT is known the world over, having stood the test of half a century as the standard dentifrice of America. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Sample Free by mail if you mention this magazine. Address HALL & BUCKEL, Props., New York.

**A Symbol
of Purity**



Containing a large percentage of purest glycerine—undeniably the most healthful and healing ingredient of a perfect toilet soap. The trade-mark "No. 4711" on each tablet.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y., U. S. Agents.

Send for illustrated circular, or soc. for sample cake.

Electric Lustre Starch



**Best Laundry Starch in the World.
Makes Shirts, Collars, and Cuffs look like new.**

Requires no boiling. Will not stick to the iron. House-keepers are delighted with it. Blue packages, 10 cents each. For sale by grocers. Sample free.

.....ELECTRIC LUSTRE STARCH CO.,
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Cock-a-doodle doo—
My dame has lost her shoe;
But CUPID Hair-Pins held
her hair—
Or she'd have lost that too.

It's in the **TWIST.**

By the makers
of the famous DeLONG
Hook and Eye.



Richardson & DeLong Bros.,
Philadelphia.



Galatea Cloths

for

Ladies' Skirts

. . . and . . .

Boys' Suitings.

These stylish, washable, and exceedingly durable goods, are shown at "The Linen Store" in large assortment. There are Navy, Cadet, and Light Blue, Brown, Tan and Black grounds; striped with white, and white grounds striped with these colors and red.

Price 25 and 35 cents per yard.



Registered Trade Mark.

For these same purposes there is also shown a great variety of Fancy Cotton and Linen Ducks ranging in price from 40c to \$1.00 per yard.

Our assortment of all the better grades of Wash Dress Fabrics is one of the most complete in the country.

James McCutcheon & Co.,

"THE LINEN STORE."

14 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.



The Attention of Ladies
is specially called to the
numerous advantages of

"SELVY" BRAND
Polishing Cloths

(Trade-mark registered at Washington, Aug. 6, '95.)

Now being sold by all leading stores throughout the country, at 10 cents upwards, according to size. They entirely do away with the necessity for buying expensive wash or chamois leathers, which they out-polish and out-wear, never become greasy, and are as good as new when washed. Sold hemmed ready for use, and should be in the hands of all domestic and other servants.

For sale by all Dry Goods Stores, Upholsterers, Hardware and Drug Stores, Cycle Dealers, etc.

Wholesale enquiries should be addressed,
"SELVY," 351 and 353 Broadway, New York.

Jackson

Waist.

A New
Dress



To fit satisfactorily, and give an added grace and charm to the figure, must have a properly molded shape of Corset waist as a foundation. The Genuine **JACKSON CORSET WAISTS** Are so constructed as to easily conform to the figure, and lend an elegance to the fit of a costume. Moreover, they are health-giving waists, and a help to Bicyclists and all those who enjoy outdoor recreation.

Send \$1.25, waist measure, and say whether you want White or Drab, and we will mail you a pair, postpaid.

JACKSON CORSET CO.,
JACKSON, MICH.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.



There is a great difference in . . .

CHOCOLATE BONBONS

.... Those who know the difference buy

Lowney's

"Name on
Every Piece."

SEND 10 CENTS FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE.

P. S.—If you wish to buy a pound or more and your dealer will not supply you, we will send on receipt of retail price: 1-lb. box 60 cents; 2-lb. box \$1.20; 3-lb. box \$1.80; 5-lb. box \$3. Delivered free in United States.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., - - 95 Pearl St., Boston.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Elmira Telegram

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY WEEKLY PAPER

ELMIRA, N. Y., FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

To Whom it may Concern :

As follows is the exact report of the circulation of **ELMIRA TELEGRAM** of each issue during the year 1895 :

JAN. 6..100,413	APR. 7..104,890	JULY 7..101,617	OCT. 6.. 99,716
" 13..101,600	" 14..102,700	" 14..101,512	" 13..100,210
" 20..103,020	" 21..103,085	" 21..102,319	" 20..101,376
" 27..104,563	" 28..102,915	" 28..101,614	" 27..100,412
FEB. 3..102,012	MAY 5..103,714	AUG. 4..102,019	NOV. 3..102,091
" 10..103,915	" 12..102,865	" 11..100,812	" 10..102,760
" 17..101,947	" 19..102,455	" 18..101,412	" 17..101,266
" 24..102,719	" 26..101,987	" 25..101,719	" 24..100,511
MAR. 3..105,099	JUNE 2..103,110	SEPT. 1..100,600	DEC. 1..100,890
" 10..104,336	" 9..103,514	" 8..100,821	" 8..100,446
" 17..104,618	" 16..102,760	" 15..100,712	" 15..101,210
" 24..105,400	" 23..103,047	" 22..102,040	" 22..101,813
" 31..104,213	" 30..102,971	" 29..101,914	" 29..100,947

Making total "Known Circulation" during 1895, of 5,316,627, an average of 102,242 COPIES PER WEEK.

Why it is a Good Medium

ITS CIRCULATION.—As will be seen by the above statement, the circulation of the **ELMIRA TELEGRAM** is not of the fair weather, sensational, or booming kind. It's a steady, healthy, regular patronage, going into the homes of people who have the money to buy and who have the money to patronize the people who advertise in it.

POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE.—The **TELEGRAM** is popular with the masses.

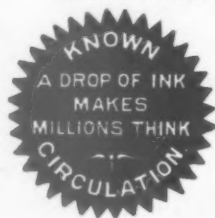
THE LADIES LIKE IT.—Having Special Departments for the ladies.

IT'S NON-POLITICAL.—Being a non-political paper, it is taken by members of all parties.

THE BEAUTY OF ADVERTISING IN THE TELEGRAM is that it has so few advertisements all are bound to read them.

TRY IT ONCE.—If you have any doubts about it, just give the **TELEGRAM** a trial. You will never regret it.

WHERE IT CIRCULATES.—70,000 of the **TELEGRAM'S** circulation is confined within the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, and Vermont. The balance is sold in the New England, Middle, and Central States.



The Telegram Printing Co.

A. FRANK RICHARDSON
New York—Chicago.

H. S. BROOKS
Pres. and Gen. Manager.

**502 per cent. more Insurance issued in
1895 than ten years ago.**

The record of 10 years:

1885.	\$28,860,882	•	1895.	\$150,000,000
	insurance issued	•		insurance issued
	in 1885.	•		in 1895.

THE

Prudential Insurance Co.

of America,

has made more rapid progress during its 20 years of business than any company doing a life insurance business.

Every year has been a greater success than the previous year.

The Prudential issues modern life insurance on a modern, liberal and absolutely safe basis, nothing speculative, nothing to take chances upon, simply make your payments and you are absolutely certain to get your money.

We have a little "Book L," "Life Insurance for the Average Man," which tells in plain, simple language how every policy has a Guarantee Cash value, a cash loan, paid-up insurance, or the policy will be extended and paid in event of death for several years without more payments. Address,

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.,

Newark, N. J.

John F. Dryden, Pres.

Copyright 1896.—Baker-Whitman Company, N. Y.

THE "PRACTICAL" Trousers Hanger and Press

KEEPS TROUSERS "Smooth as if Ironed."

It is **automatic in action** and **adjusts itself** to any thickness of material. It will **positively remove** all traces of marks and wrinkles caused by turning the trousers up on a rainy day. It **does not mark** the cloth by ugly cross-marks (all other devices do). It is **so easy to use** as to be

"QUICKER THAN CARELESSNESS,"

and if after a trial it does not give satisfaction, return it, and **WE WILL REFUND.**

PRICE 75 CENTS EACH. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price in stamps or otherwise. Or we will send, express paid, **SIX** of the **PRACTICAL TROUSERS HANGERS** and **THREE CLOSET RODS** (which are described below) for \$5.00. We sell hundreds of such sets.



Also, the **PRACTICAL CLOSET ROD**, price **25 cents**, postpaid. It is made of wrought steel, nickel-plated, is 9 inches long, and constructed with a detachable socket.

Did you ever go to your closet and find several coats, a pair or two of trousers, and perhaps some of your wife's dresses, all hanging on the same hook and on top of just the garment you wanted? Well, this never happens when you use our devices and arrangement. The picture shows

why. It also indicates the capacity of a Rod, and shows how three rods can be advantageously used.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO.,

427 Walnut St., Philada., Pa.

We send you free on request facsimile letters of some duplicate orders (the strongest kind of testimony) and our illustrated circular



THE REGAL

This is our Swell English Custom Toe with double sole, extension edge, sewed with Irish Linen Cord.

The best shoe on earth.

Made in Calf, Russia Calf, Patent Calf, and Enamel.

Sold only at Regal Stores. **\$3.50**
Send stamp for Catalogue A. **A Pair.**



STORES: 109 Summer St., Boston; 115 & 117 Nassau St., 1347 Broadway, 291 Broadway, New York; 357 Fulton St., Brooklyn; 1305 F St., N.W., Washington; 69 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.; 78 Dorrance St., Providence; 219 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore; 119 North Main St., Brockton; 103 Dearborn St., and Dearborn St., cor. Washington, and 237 State St., Chicago.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

HOME PHOTOGRAPHY IS EASY . . .



Made with Pocket Kodak.

when your camera is built on our "cartridge system." It enables you to load and unload the camera in broad daylight—no fumbling around a dark room for missing keys or pins. Everything but the developing is done in daylight, and we do that if you wish it—or you can do it yourself.

THE \$5.00 POCKET KODAK, for pictures $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ inches.

THE \$8.00 BULLS-EYE, for pictures $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Both are built on the "cartridge system." They embody the refinement of photographic luxury. From the fine leather covering to the inmost soul—the lens, they are perfect, and being perfect they make perfect pictures.

Free pamphlet tells all about them.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Kodaks,	}	\$5.00 to \$100.00.
Kodets,		
Bulleys,		
Bulls-Eyes,		

Rochester, N. Y.

We are preparing a
new edition of our little
Cook Book, giving a
number of simple and
helpful recipes for

Armour's

Extract of Beef,

and shall be glad to put
your name on the list of
those desiring copies.

Kindly send your ad-
-dress to

Armour & Company. Chicago.

Why "Ideal"?

Because—it is easily filled, easily kept clean—the ink flows freely, but not too fast—any kind of writing may be done with it—and it is always ready for use. Good reasons for calling it . . .

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Money back if you want it.

Send at once for an Illustrated Price-list with testimonials (if your dealer will not supply you), and order of us. Mention *Cosmopolitan*.

L. E. Waterman Co.,
(a'96) 157 Broadway, New York.



The \$1000 Rambler

all silver-embossed, jeweled with amethysts and pearls, with gold parts, created a sensation at the New York Cycle Show.

It was generally remarked, however, that the beautiful

\$100 Rambler Bicycles

are fully as rich, tho' not so gaudy. *Ramblers* were voted

**The Standard Wheels for
People of Good Taste.**

HANDSOME CATALOGUE FREE.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY Mfg. Co.
CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON,
NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, DETROIT.

Vigor belongs to health.

Health to well-fed bodies. It's easy to feed some people, but proper nourishment for the invalid, the convalescent and the dyspeptic is hard to obtain.

Somatose

*A Perfect Food,
Tonic and Restorative,*

for the pale, thin anæmic, dyspeptic and overworked, and those needing improved nourishment; strengthens and nourishes the system; restores the appetite; increases the weight.

Somatose is for sale by all druggists
in 2-oz., $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1-lb. tins.

Pamphlets regarding "Somatose" mailed free.

Schiffelin & Co., 170 and 172 William St., New York, Sole Agents.

Runkel Bros' Somatose-Cocoa

A superior Cocoa with 10% Somatose for nursing mothers, invalids and convalescents. A desirable addition to the diet and a pleasant beverage, nourishing and stimulating, for table use.

Runkel Bros' Somatose-Chocolate
(10% Somatose), for eating and drinking.



Sick people well

know the value of tasty and appetizing food—that *stays* tasty. Here's the value of

SOMATOSE BISCUIT

CONTAINING
10 PER CENT
SOMATOSE
A DRY EXTRACT
OF MEAT



FOR DYSPEPTICS AND CONVALESCENTS

Made by The American Biscuit & Manufacturing Co., New York; palatable, digestible, stimulating and strengthening, for bicycle rides, on fishing or hunting trips, or when traveling.

Somatose-Biscuit are for sale by druggists at 60 cts. per box, or sent by manufacturers, charges paid, on receipt of price.



WORLD'S FAIR JUDGES AWARDED
VOSE PIANOS
 HIGHEST HONORS
 FOR ACTION, MATERIAL, CONSTRUCTION
 CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION TO
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
 175 TREMONT ST. BOSTON, MASS.

USE E. R. DURKEE & CO'S SALAD DRESSING

IVORY SOAP

99¹¹/₁₀₀ PURE

"A good complexion needs no artificial toning or heightening." Use a pure soap like the Ivory and leave nature to do the rest.

The PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

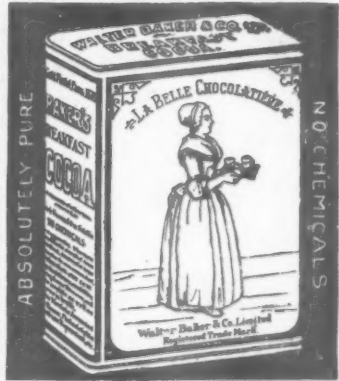
If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.

Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa

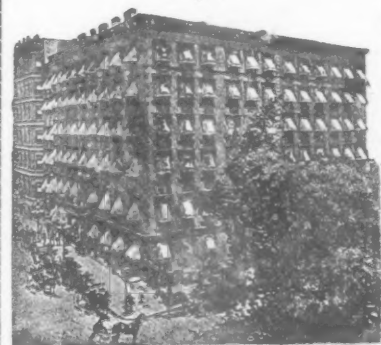


Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

Made at DORCHESTER, MASS.

It bears their Trade Mark "La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can. Beware of imitations.



"THE WESTMINSTER" NEW YORK

Corner of 16th Street and Irving Place, one block east of Broadway at Union Square close to all the good theatres and all the good shops. Convenient to L roads, cables and horse cars—BUT OUT OF THE NOISE. A quiet, cozy, comfortable, elegant, homelike, inexpensive hotel, where weary sight-seers and shoppers may find enjoyment, rest and recuperation after a busy day. American plan, \$1.50 per day. "A Little Book about a Big City," free, if you write for it.

J. E. K. ANABLE, Proprietor, 119 E. 16th St. New York

GET RICH QUICKLY A FORTUNE IN AN HOUR can be made by inventing something new
 EDGAR TATE & CO. Send for list of 100 INVENTIONS WANTED and patent book free. Patents procured through us sold without charge. Solicitors of United States and Foreign Patents, Trade Marks, Designs, and Copyrights. 245 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Branch Houses in all Countries.

you Sleep
 Vapo-resolene
 Group Vapo-resolene, Asthma, Catarrh, etc.

Capo-Resocene, Ishima, Catarrh, 19